BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 3: No. 9

A Monthly Journal for Men & Women

MAY EDGINTON
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BEVERLEY NICHOLS
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SEPTEMBER
1931

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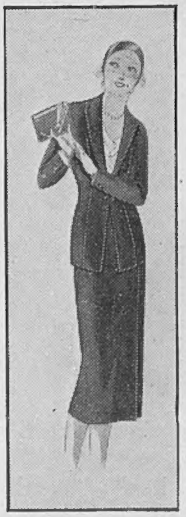
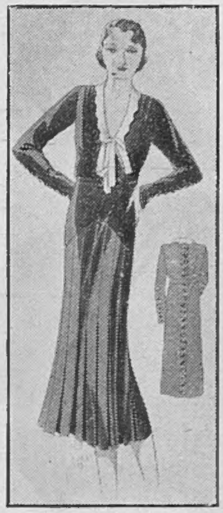


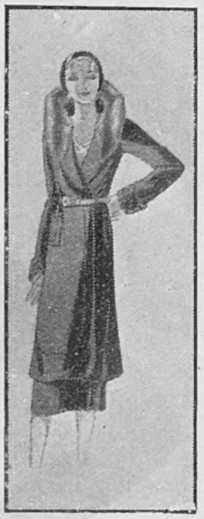
"auteuil"

a perfectly tailored costume in black hopsack features the square-cut coat on the lines of a dinner jacket, with the popular link fastening. the waist is defined to give the long slim hip line. coat lined with crepe de chine. **21/-** monthly
cash 7 gns.



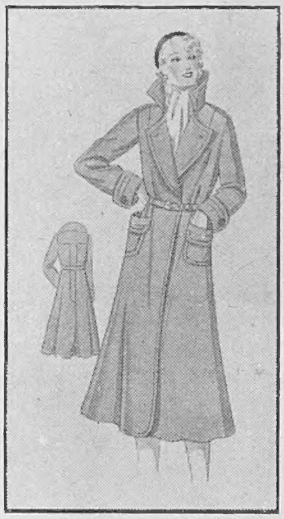
"efficiency"

the practical frock that will be chosen for street wear in the coming season, or for the house or business is fashioned of the light weight wool romain. buttons on the cuffs and down the back. collar of georgette to contrast. in black, navy and one or two colours. **10/6** monthly
cash 3½ gns.



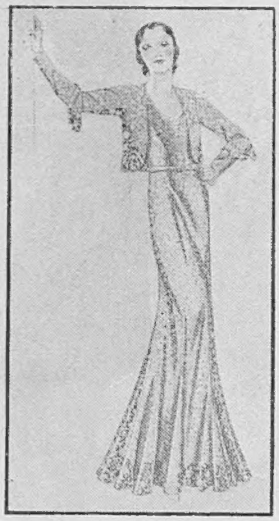
"le bourget"

something of the effect of the tunic is shown in this unusual suit of a fine soft woollen in dyed peschaniky, and the skirt that shows below its three-quarter length is in a buttoned wrapover style. coat lined with crepe de chine. **22/6** monthly
cash 7½ gns.



"guardee"

the coat for sports and travelling cannot be better chosen than when it is, as here, made in a good wearing tweed, in the guardsman type. cut with the swing of the skirt that is so effective and showing the deep collar that buttons cosily to the neck. lined throughout. in several mixtures. **15/-** monthly
cash 5 gns.



"corolada"

a delightful dinner or evening ensemble made of the new nottingham cotton lace. has gown and matching coatee and shows the ornamented sleeve that is so much in favour. obtainable in several shades. **12/-** monthly
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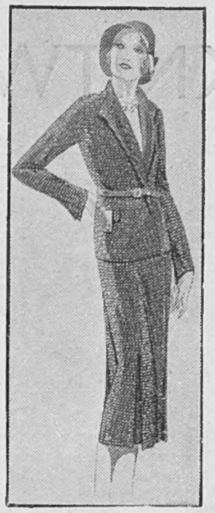
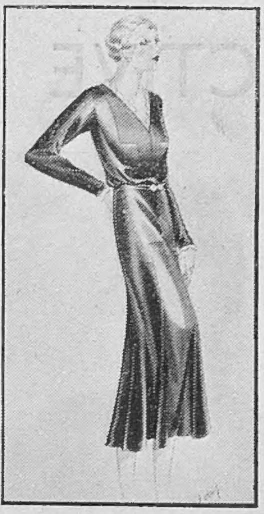


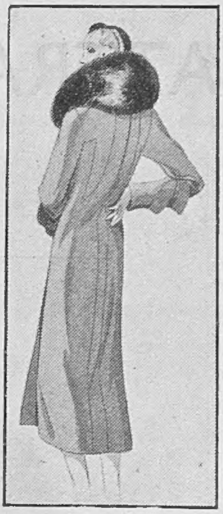
"gleneagles"

the choice of a most interesting material, namely a tweed-chenille weave, lends added interest to a cardigan suit. popular length coat. most cleverly trimmed with leather, complemented by a slim pleated skirt that fits perfectly on the hips. **15/-** monthly
cash 5 gns.



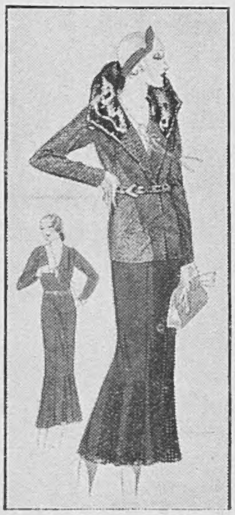
"lady agnes"

smart afternoon gown of a supple black satin. this style uses the reverse of its material to give interest to the encrustations on both bodice and skirt. lingerie finish of the turreted edge in white georgette on the cuffs and at the neck. **15/-** monthly
cash 5 gns.



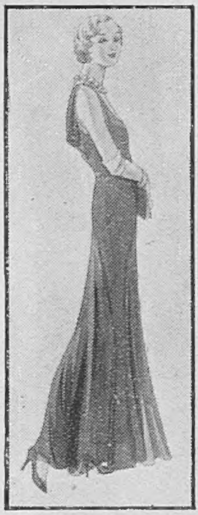
"la société"

the softest skins of baby lynx, dyed to a deep black, form the collar that is the highlight of this charming coat. unusual strappings on the sleeves also show the trend of cuff trimmings. lined throughout. in a fancy woollen hopsack, this can be copied in light or dark green, blue, red, rust, brown or black. **21/-** monthly
cash 7 gns.



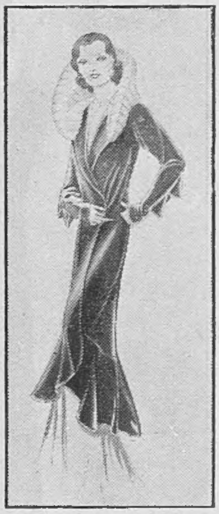
"manana"

the ideal trotteur suit for the first autumn days comes in the newest of colours for this season . . . green and black. soft wool mousse forms the dress, and over this is worn the ubiquitous jacket in a diagonal feather basque weave in black and green **24/-** monthly
cash 8 gns.



"ingenue"

evening gown with the softly draped cowl back and gathered front with its cleverly cut upward line. made of silk georgette, and can be copied in many new shades. slip of crepe de chine. **13/6** monthly
cash 4½ gns.



"la senorita"

the new length of the evening coat is shown in this model of supple black chiffon velvet with its deep and most becoming collar of clipped lapin. the low placed flare of the skirt shows the uneven line that is coming into favour. lined throughout. **18/-** monthly
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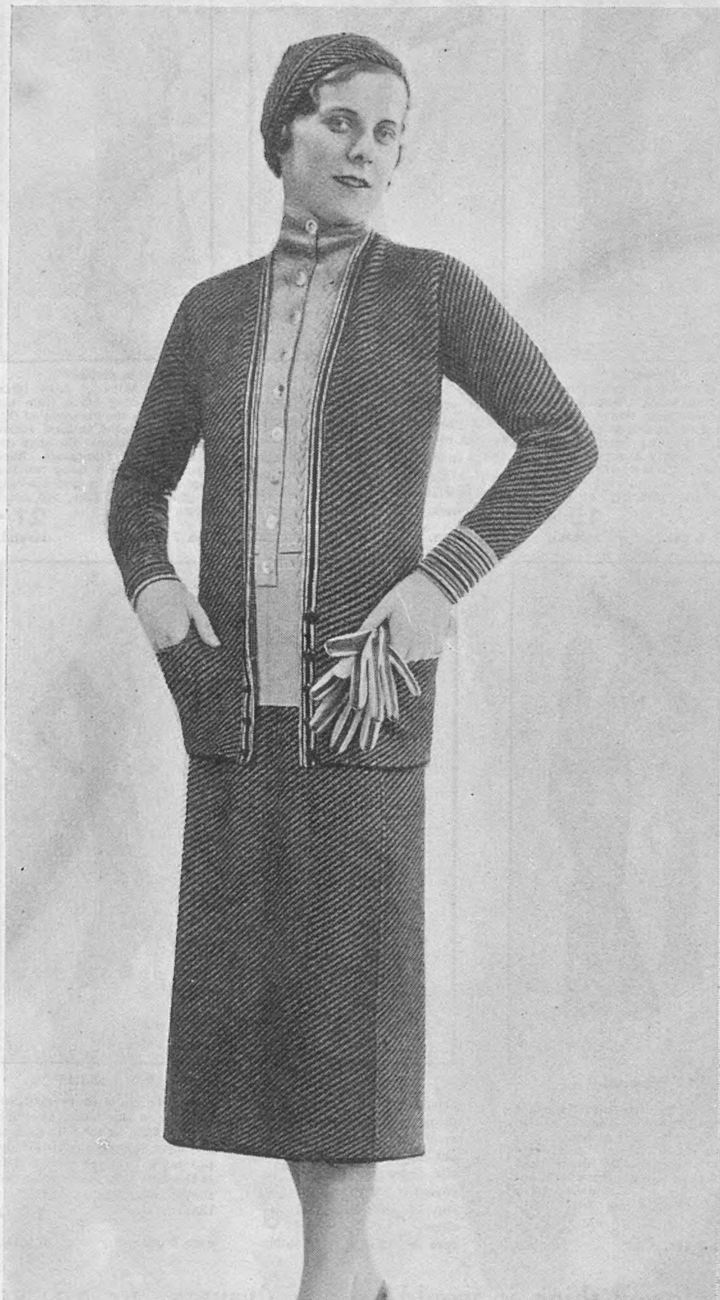

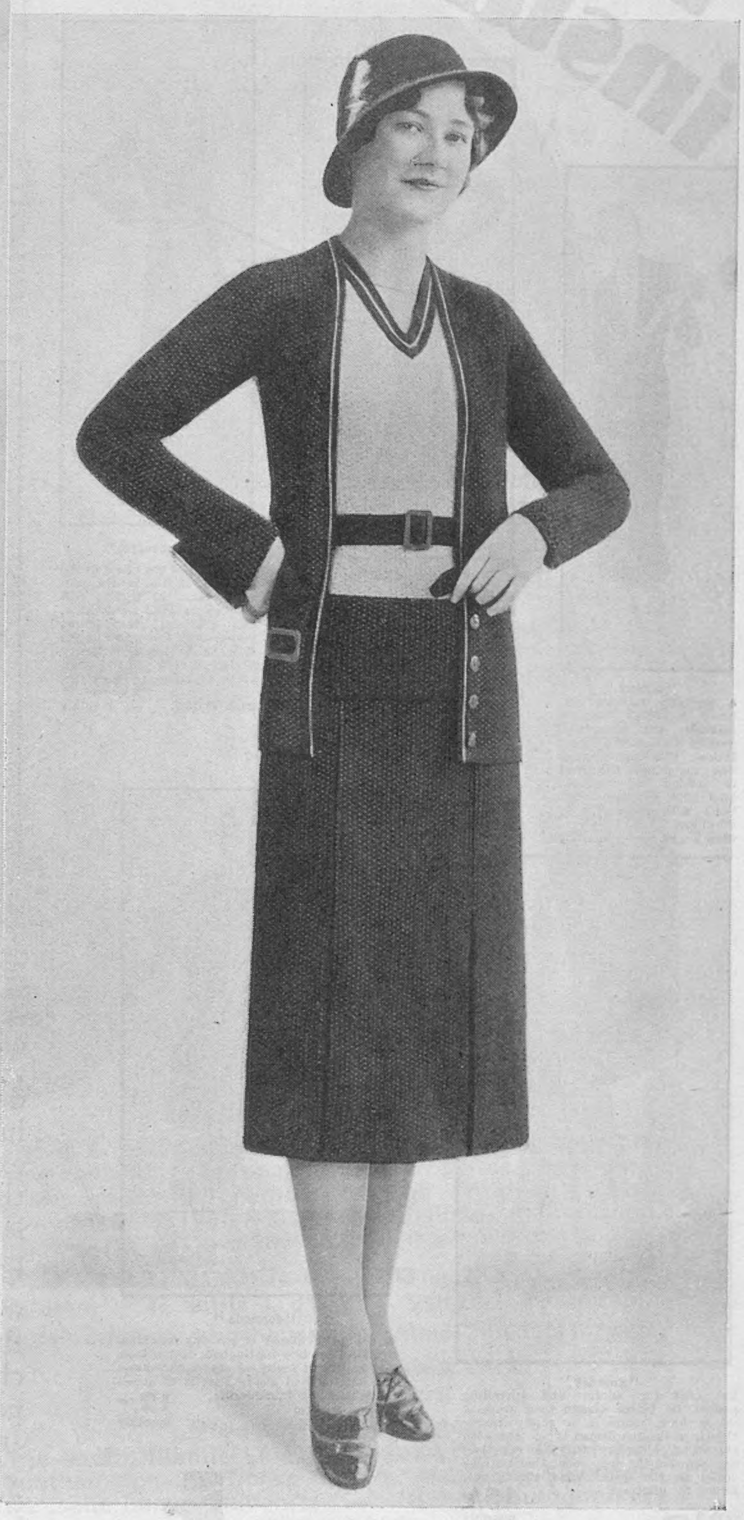

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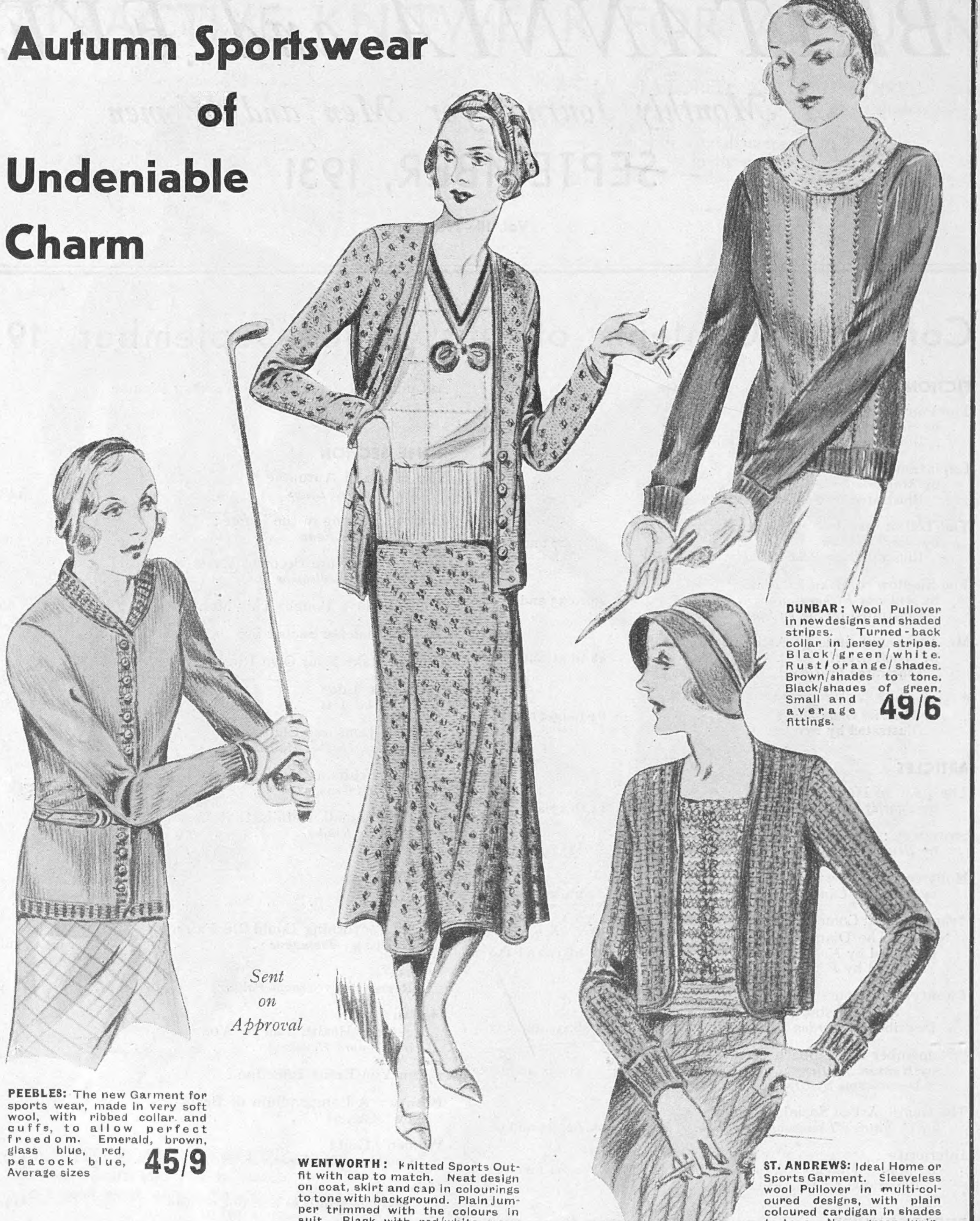
Autumn Sportswear of Undeniable Charm



DUNBAR: Wool Pullover in new designs and shaded stripes. Turned-back collar in jersey stripes. Black/green/white. Rust/orange/shades. Brown/shades to tone. Black/shades of green. Small and average fittings. **49/6**

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WENTWORTH: Knitted Sports Outfit with cap to match. Neat design on coat, skirt and cap in colourings to tone with background. Plain Jumper trimmed with the colours in suit. Black with red/white, navy with royal/white, cherry with black/white, chocolate with mustard/white, black with silver/white. Small and average figures. Price complete **94/6**

ST. ANDREWS: Ideal Home or Sports Garment. Sleeveless wool Pullover in multi-coloured designs, with plain coloured cardigan in shades to tone. Navy, green, lupin, royal scarlet. Average and small fittings. Pullover **25/9**

Cardigan, 35/9.

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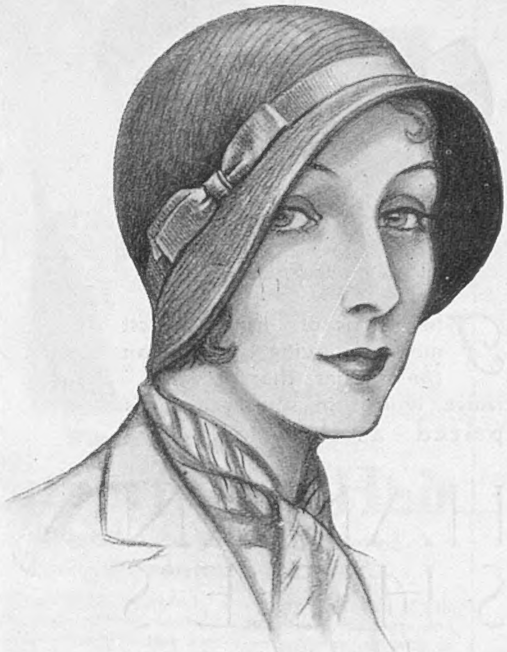
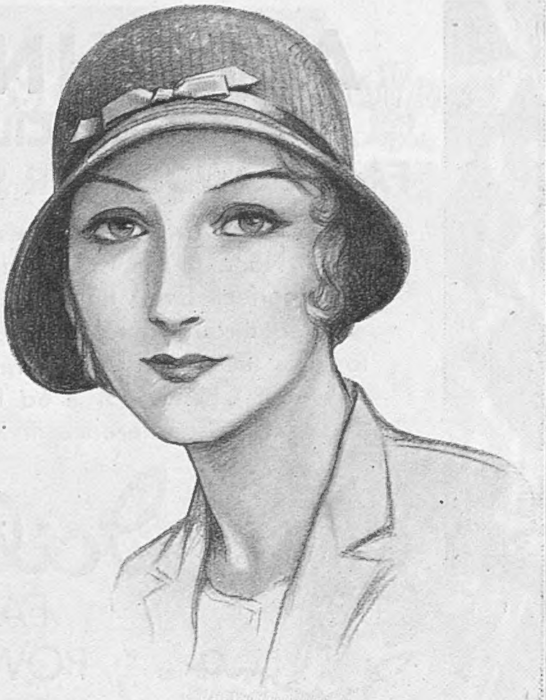


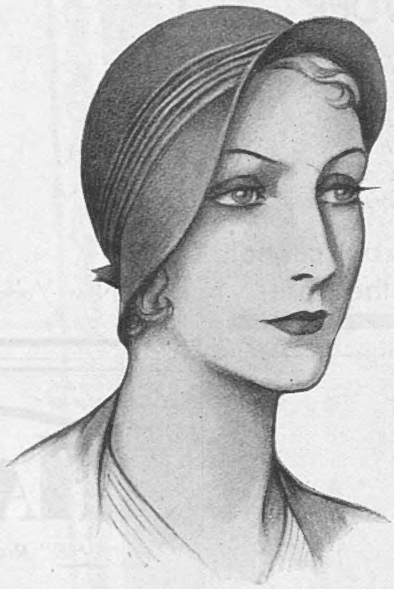
V.726—Pull-on Hat in stitched Beeswing Felt, suitable for country wear. In small and medium fittings and in several colourings.

Price
25/9



V.727—Attractive Hat in Rough Felt for golf and country wear. In several fittings and colourings.

Price
25/9



V.722—Smart Felt Hat, copy of model, with brim rolled up slightly on one side. Finished with tucks round crown. In small and medium fittings and all the newest colourings.

Price
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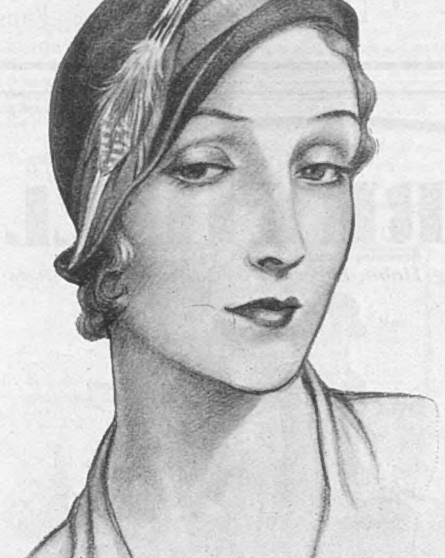

V.715—Charming Hat in soft Velour, lined Felt, trimmed with Quill Mount, in self or contrasting colours. In several fittings.

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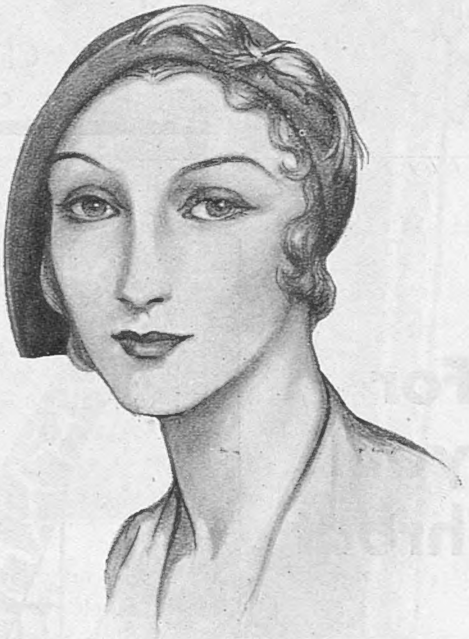
2½ *Gns.*



V.716—Attractive Cap in Felt with brim slightly rolled across face and finished with Plumage Mount. In small and medium fittings and several colourings.

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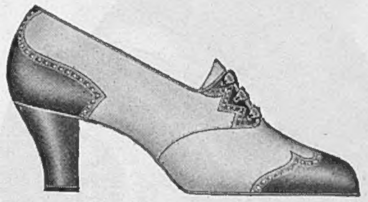

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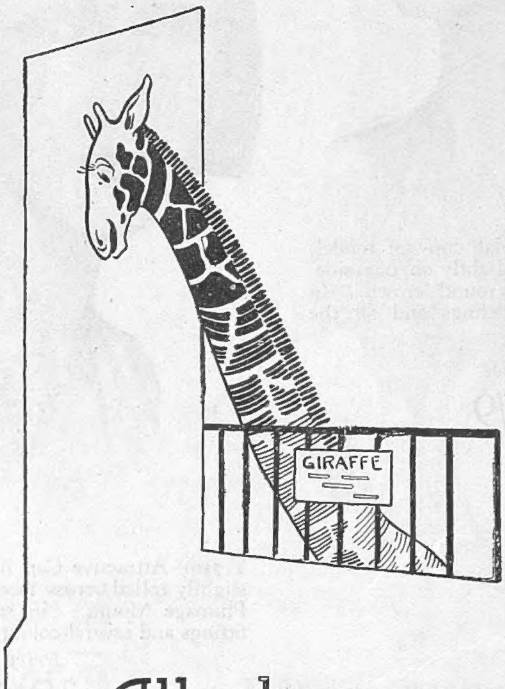

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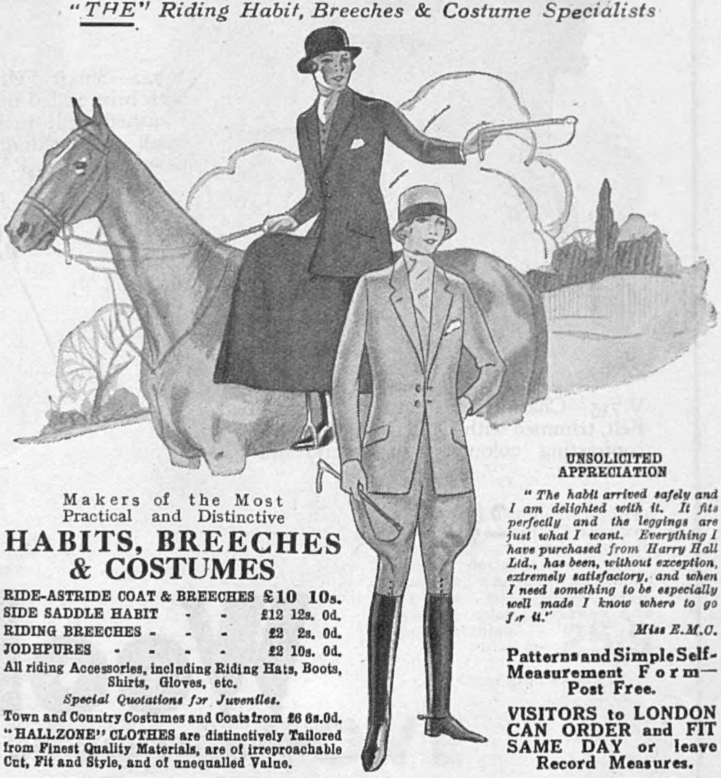

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THIS FREE COUPON or copy of same to be sent with your name and address and 3d. stamps.

Mrs. Hudson: Please send me free full information and instructions to cure superfluous hair.

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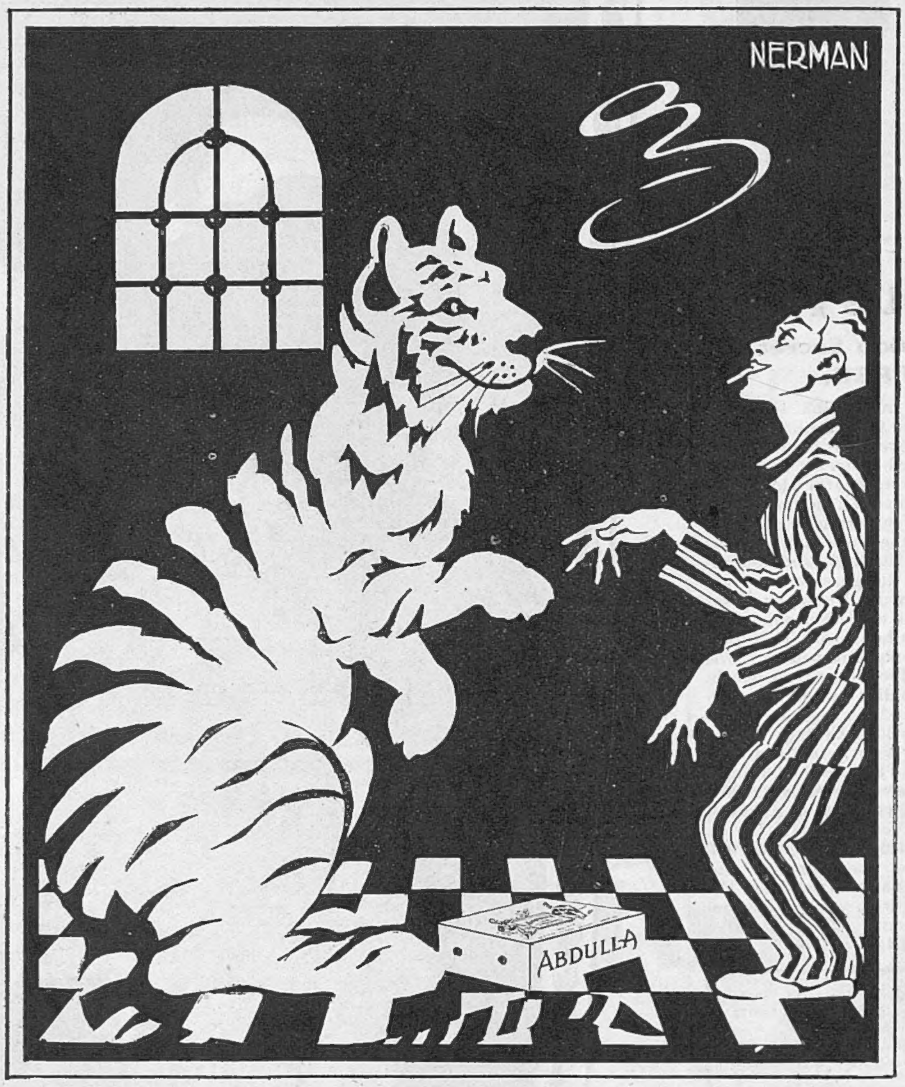
"Thrillers" by Abdulla



THE SMILING TERROR.

Harold paid a visit at his Cousin's invitation
To "The Gibbet," miles from anywhere,
Cunning Captain Throttle, a most shady Poor Relation,
Was the wealthy Harold's only Heir;
Through the faded smoking-room both sinister and creepy,
Rang a growl like thunder—"What was that?"
Captain Throttle answered, "Dear old boy, you must be sleepy—
"It is just the mewing of a cat!" . . .

Drugged and battered Harold woke to find himself hobnobbing
With a Tiger in a secret den,
Harold smoked Abdulla since his heart was madly throbbing,
And the Great Beast loved him there and then!
When the wicked Cousin drew the iron bolts next morning
He was slain and eaten at a bound!
Harold lit up gaily, and the Tiger meekly fawning
Dogged his footsteps like a faithful Hound.

F. R. Holmes.

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VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

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BRITANNIA & EVE

Vol. III, No. 9 *A Monthly Journal for Men and Women* SEPTEMBER, 1931

Editorial—

UNIFORMITY— and What Then?

IT is difficult to take pride in national characteristics without being accused of either insularity or Jingoism or both. But it is not impossible. It is difficult to jib at American phrases, American clothes, American music and American drinks, confronting us in every corner of Europe, afloat as well as ashore, without giving the appearance of anti-Americanism. Yet that, again, is not impossible.

Let us do both, not by decrying things American, which have their virtues at the proper time and in the proper place, but by realising that uniformity is a detestably monotonous thing, as alien to nature as a blue gooseberry or a brook flowing uphill.

The English youth holiday-making on the South Coast wears, in his tens of thousands, the hat of the American sailor, not because he has any particular enthusiasm for the American Navy, but because some wily wholesale hatters, with an eye on film influence, have flooded the market with them.

Hardly the smallest French town is without its American bar, with a gramophone voice crooning songs of "honeys" and "sweeties." In Spain and Italy there is now American sanitation, which is an improvement, and American jazz, which is not.

Let us not forget that change is good for the soul and that travel should not be merely a question of alteration of climate and a different coinage. New York is one of the loveliest cities in the world, but we do not want it to sprawl into every nook on this side of the Atlantic. Nor need it, for the cinema, though powerful, is not all-powerful.

International jealousy is a question that does not enter. A Seville thoroughly English is as great a monstrosity as a Seville thoroughly American. It should only be thoroughly Spanish. So let those American sailor's hats vanish from English heads, even if those of our own Navy do not take their place—which would be palpably absurd.

When the British take joy in what is British, dull uniformity will receive a blow. For there *is* joy to be found in such fashion, and patriotism does not always need an apology.

A "Back Stage" Vignette of the Music Halls

By

Beverley Nichols

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

The Pantomime HORSE

POLLY put down the telephone receiver and stood very still, looking straight in front of her. There was agony in her heart.

How should she ever tell him—the poor old man who was lying upstairs? How *could* she? It would be the last blow.

She continued to stand there, her hands still clutching the telephone, her eyes fixed on the opposite wall. Mechanically she studied the pictures, which were closely hung from floor to ceiling. All of them were pictures of a horse—the same horse—the original, celebrated Miko, as interpreted by old Joe and young Joe. Old Joe was her father, and for forty years he had been the horse's front legs, or, as he more elegantly phrased it, had "played the lead." Young Joe was her brother, and for twenty-five years he had been the back legs. Between them they had provided one of the funniest music-hall turns that the English stage had ever known. And now . . .

Polly's eyes grew dim as they rested on some of the pictures. That one at the Hippodrome, for instance, taken only ten years ago, where Miko was the centre of a whole group of stars. How proud old Joe had been then! Something of his pride, something even of his dignity, seemed to shine through the heavy canvas head, giving Miko an expression that was not merely grotesque, but grand, almost noble. And the snapshot, much enlarged, where Lord Lonsdale was shown at the circus, riding on Miko's back. What an honour that had been! Old Joe had insisted on bearing the whole of the aristocratic burden on his own back, leaving young Joe to wobble the tail a little aimlessly, so that his lordship's seat was somewhat precarious. But it had been all the funnier for that very reason.

And then her eyes rested on the finest trophy of all—the poster for the command performance before the King and Queen at the charity matinée. Every time she read the wording she was filled with a glow of pride, for they topped the bill—or rather they footed it, which is better still when one's name is preceded by that magical little conjunction . . . "and."

AND
MIKO
As presented by his world-famous trainers,
OLD JOE AND YOUNG JOE,
in some of his most comical equine
evolutions.

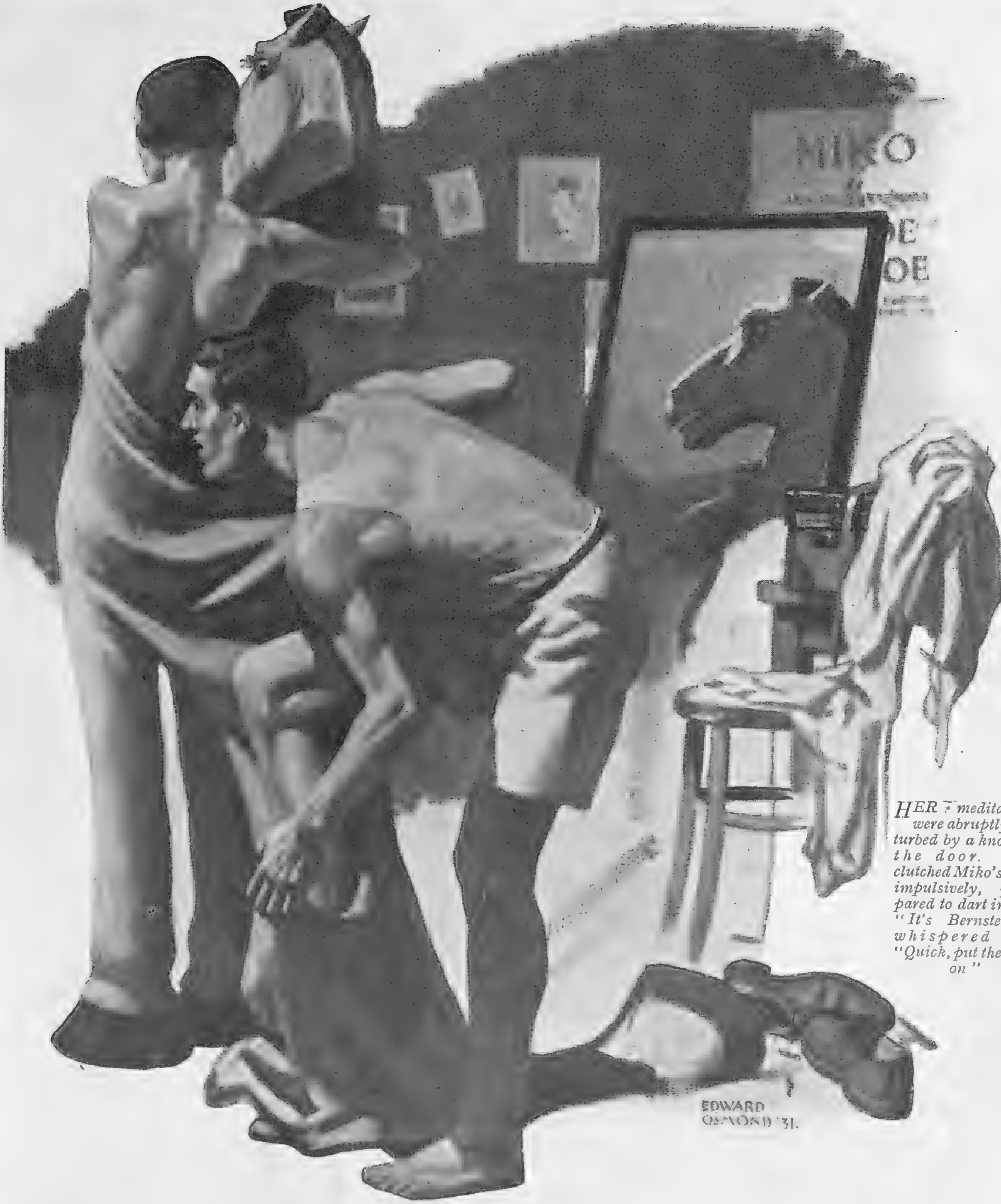
That is, indeed, what they were—"equine evolutions." Any phrase less elaborate would have failed to express the brilliance of Miko's technique, the astonishing range of his expressions, the endless ingenuity of his capers. And now . . .

POLLY, pulling herself together, walked sharply across the room, and sat down in an upright chair. She wanted to think.

This was the situation. Mr. Solomon Bernstein had just rung up. Mr. Bernstein was the manager of the Elkington Palace of Varieties. At this institution Miko was billed as the chief attraction of the forthcoming pantomime, now in active rehearsal, for Christmas Eve was only a fortnight away.

And Miko—or rather the front legs of Miko, in the person of old Joe—had not attended a single rehearsal. This, as M. Bernstein observed, was very serious. Mr. Bernstein had been as amiable as possible about it. He said that he knew it was not old Joe's fault, that nobody could help having bronchitis. All the same, unless he could receive a definite assurance that old Joe would be well enough in a few days to ensure a week's active rehearsal, he would be forced—really forced—to employ Santos and Pantos, who were the interpreters of the rival horse, Asphodel. (As if he needed to remind Polly of that!)

It was this last threat that had hurt Polly most. For years their little household had been overshadowed by the existence of Santos and Pantos and their evil steed. Sometimes Polly would toss in her sleep, and dream that Asphodel was galloping closer and closer, intent upon their destruction. She would wake up with the clatter of his hoofs ringing in her ears, feel his hot breath at her back, see the glare of his eyes fixed upon her. Especially was she haunted by those eyes, for Santos and Pantos, with a hateful disregard for artistic tradition, had fixed



HER meditations were abruptly disturbed by a knock at the door. She clutched Miko's head impulsively, prepared to dart inside. "It's Bernstein!" whispered Joe. "Quick, put the head on"

in Asphodel's head a pair of electric eyes, which had been a sensational success.

To-day, it seemed that Asphodel was indeed upon them with a vengeance.

Well, she had better get the hateful business over and break the news. Wearily she rose to her feet, deliberately averting her eyes from the pictures of past triumphs. She smoothed her hair before she left the room. The mirror showed her a tall, gaunt woman of forty, with sad eyes.

Then she went upstairs and knocked at his door. "Come in!"

Old Joe lay back in bed. He had long white hair, and a skin like parchment, which seemed almost luminous against the brilliant scarlet of his flannel nightgown. Polly had often thought it a pity that so fine a head should be perpetually concealed in the interior of Miko. She thought so now as she stood before him.

"Well, what is it?"

"I've been talking to Mr. Bernstein."

"What's he say?"

Polly paused and swallowed. Then she said timidly:

"He's worried about rehearsals."

Old Joe sat up. "So that's it, is it?" And he snorted.

"He wants to know when you're coming," went on Polly. She felt very embarrassed under old Joe's haughty stare. "You see, to-day's December 10th, and they open Christmas Eve . . ."

"Don't talk to me of no dates," interrupted old Joe. "I know my job, don't I? And I'm not coming to no rehearsals."

"*What?*"

The old man was still fairly calm, fairly reasonable.

He said: "Miko's a star. Miko comes on alone. There's nothing *to* rehearse. Anyway, even if there was, I couldn't." And there was something genuinely pathetic about him as he admitted this. "I know myself. I've got it bad this time. Even a fortnight's none too long to get back my strength. But—I'll do it." He nodded his head proudly. "I'll be there, on Christmas Eve."

"Oh—*father!*" Polly was a picture of dismay.

Old Joe looked fierce. "What's the matter now?" he demanded.

And then, with her eyes brimming with tears, and her voice so unsteady that old Joe had to order her to say things over and over again, she told him the whole dreadful story of Mr. Bernstein's threat, of the imminent engagement of Santos and Pantos, and their hated Asphodel.

"Asphodel?" he cried. "Asphodel?" It was some time before he could grasp the full import of what she was telling him. When he did at last realise the situation, every other emotion was drowned in a torrent of wrath. There was no self-pity, no alarm—only a fierce wrath, akin to the thunders of the Old Testament.

"Tell him," he cried, "that if ever Asphodel is spoken of again, I'll sue him for breach of contract! Tell him that if he thinks of putting that mangy brute on a decent stage, he'll make himself a laughing stock throughout the profession! Tell him that Miko was a star before *he* went to his first pantomime! Tell him that I've been at this job for forty years! Tell him that . . ."

The rest was lost in a fit of coughing. He leant back exhausted and closed his eyes. With his hand he motioned her away; it was as though a king had spoken. There was nothing to be done except to execute his commands.

Polly left the room.

In the hall she met young Joe coming in. He was a thin shadow of his father: the same aquiline nose, the same slightly drooping shoulders, but cast in a smaller mould, as befitted one who was eternally cast to play the rôle of the hinder quarters.

"What's up?" he asked, seeing Polly's white face.

She motioned him into the little parlour. There she told him.

AN hour later Polly again put down the telephone receiver and stood very still. And this time the dominant emotion in her heart was sheer terror.

"Well, it's done."

"Yes, it's done." Joe wiped his forehead with a spotted handkerchief. During Polly's last telephone conversation with Mr. Bernstein he had sweated profusely.

The gist of that conversation had been to the effect that "old Joe was *much* better, Mr. Bernstein," that "of *course* he would be coming to rehearsals in a week's time, Mr. Bernstein."

All of which may puzzle the general reader, in view of old Joe's recent ultimatum. It is therefore necessary to explain that young Joe, with an unexpected display of daring and initiative, had developed his plan of Polly "playing the lead"—developed it to fantastic lengths. He had proposed, in fact, that Polly should secrete herself in the front part of Miko during rehearsals, unknown to old Joe, unknown to Mr. Bernstein, unknown to anybody except their two selves. Thus, Asphodel, at least, would be thwarted. In the meantime old Joe would have a full fortnight in which to recuperate.

So far, so good. There was only one drawback to this ingenious arrangement, which was that Polly, though she had a heart of gold, a frame of steel, and a really capable head for figures, was the clumsiest woman that God ever created. If it were possible to fall down a flight of stairs, she fell down them. If one could slide on a rug, on that rug she slid.

Polly gave utterance to her fears.

"Oh, Joe," she said, "do you think I *can?*"

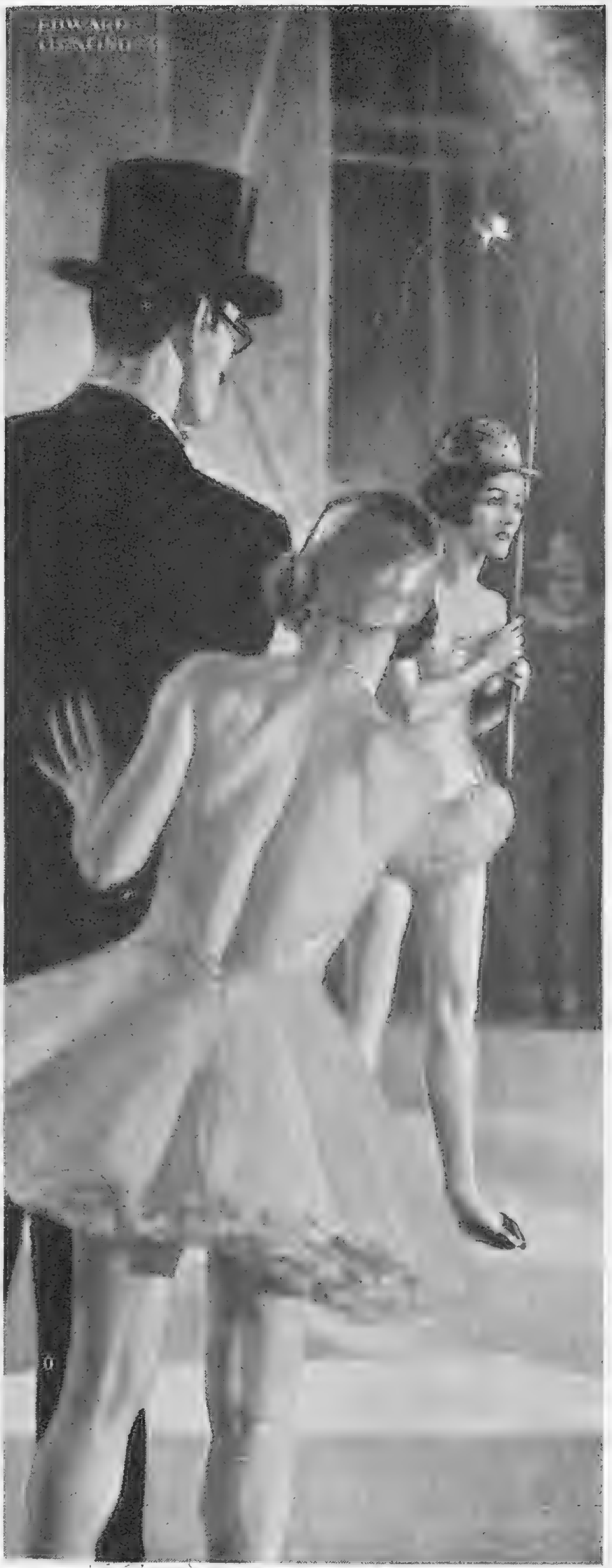
"There's no thinking about it. You've got to."

"There's so little time."

"There's a week. We can be at it all day. We'll start without Miko—going through the paces, till you know 'em. Then we'll get into Miko, to get you used to the feel of him. Then we'll get Joette round to put the polish on." (Joette was the little comedienne who was part of Miko's turn. All she really did was to dance around with a whip and look pretty.)

Polly threw back her head.

"I'll do it!" she said.



NEVER had Polly suffered as she suffered in the ensuing week. It was a week of feverish, furtive rehearsals. There was only one place in which those rehearsals could take place—the cellar. It was a rambling old cellar, typical of the archaic architecture of their mid-Victorian locality. It had been built in a period when men (and women) "stayed where they were put," and could afford, in consequence, to lay in a stock of wine which would last them, and their sons, through many years of hard drinking. Of course, in old Joe's day, there had been no wine. Such luxuries were long forgotten.

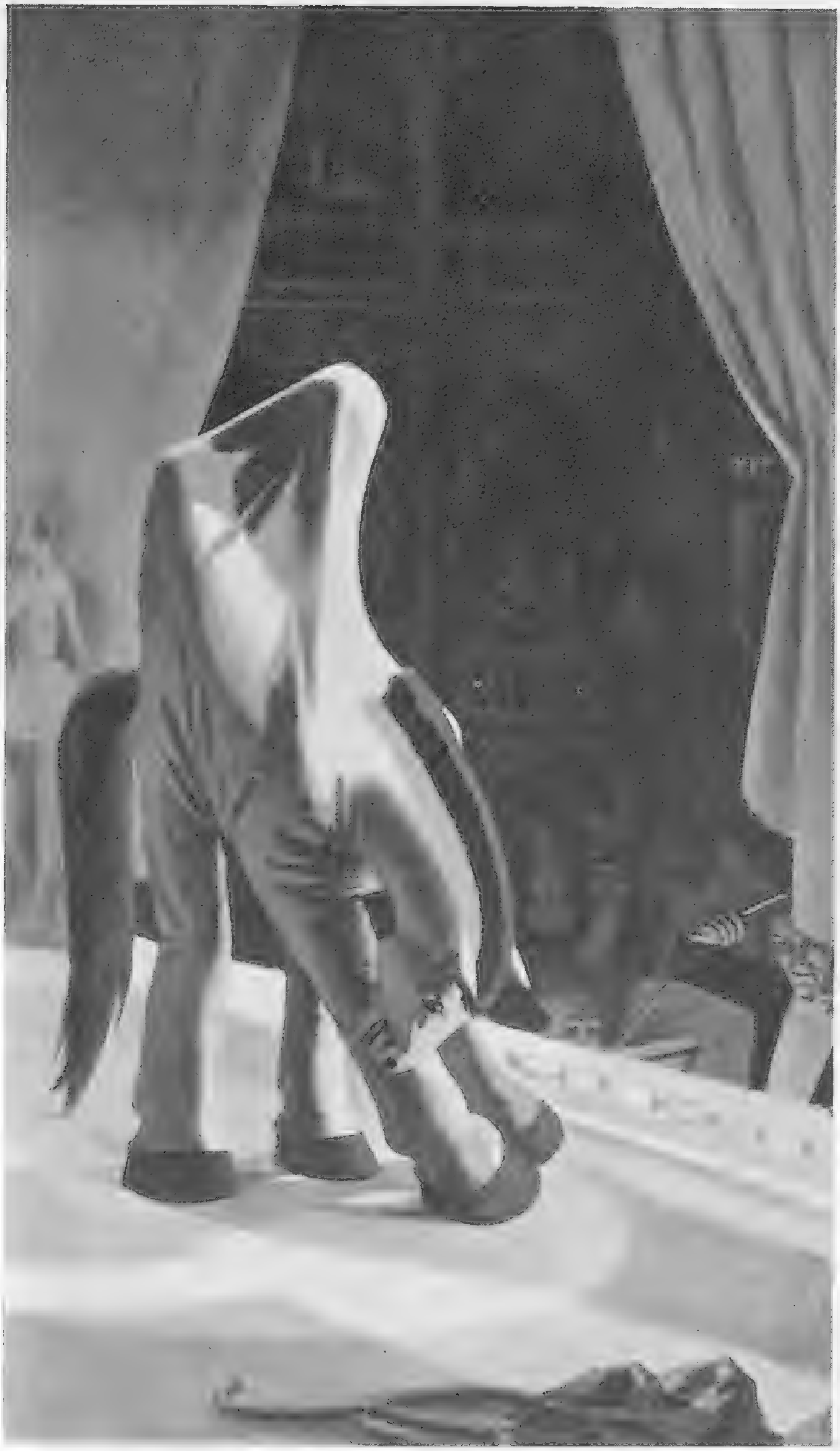
But though the wine had long since vanished, with the departure of gentility, the *débris* remained. Years of old Joe's tenancy had but added to its accumulated disorder. Whenever an old pantomime "prop" had served its purpose, old Joe had growled "Shove it in the cellar." Whenever a touring trunk had reached its last legs—straps broken, keys lost, hinges missing—old Joe had growled "Shove it in the cellar." To Polly's eternal credit, she cleared it all out in a day—quietly, swiftly, ruthlessly. And at the end of the day she was utterly exhausted and lay prostrate on her bed, too tired to sleep. The next day rehearsals began in earnest. And many times Polly retired, worn out, to her corner, and said that she could not go on. For young Joe was a stern trainer.

"Start on the left foot," he would say for the twentieth time. "Otherwise you miss the turn and then you'll have us on the floor. The *left* foot. Damn it, Polly! don't you know your left from your right?"

At times she was so confused by the twists and turns and chassis that she felt indeed that she did not know left from right, nor head from tail.

At the end of the second day she had only mastered the simple, elementary movements of Miko's first entrance. Even this she knew only theoretically.

The third day was rather better. She had slept well; she was more mistress of



EVEN Joette realised at last that something was wrong. Slowly the rear part of Miko dragged the front part across the stage . . . the audience shouted its acclamation

herself. They were able to go through the whole turn. She made innumerable mistakes, but she went to bed more hopeful. And at the end of the fourth day she was positively jubilant. By ceaseless application, by repetition *ad nauseam*, she really had mastered the business, even down to the bow at the end of the second encore.

It was the fifth day that plunged her and young Joe into fresh depths of despair, for this was the day on which she first entered Miko. And the whole thing was a grotesque failure.

She could not walk a step without stumbling. The head was so heavy that her neck seemed as though it would break. She could not see out of the eyes. Worst of all, she could not breathe. Time and again she would stop with a jerk, so that young Joe sprawled behind her on the floor, and she sprawled too, tearing at the buttons down the front, and pushing her distressed, crimson face through the hole in the chest.

It was all so humiliating. The first fine rapture had fled. Nothing was left except this terrible breathless scramble, this fantastic, painful groping in the darkness.

She sat down, with Miko's head lolling at her back, and cried and cried.

"I'll never do it," she gasped.

Young Joe sensed a crisis. He exercised all his self-control.

"You *are* doing it," he said.

"I'm not. I'm awful." Which was very true.

"I tell you what," said young Joe. "We'll make a few simplifications."

"It's this head," said Polly. "It's so heavy. And I can't see anything."

"I know. Just you step out of that for a minute."

Sniffing gloomily, she did so.

For the next hour young Joe busied himself with Miko. Hitherto Miko had been sacred—not a hair of his mane must be removed, not a spot on his skin touched. But now, in this fearful emergency, Miko's feelings did not count any longer. The heavy leather padding in the head was ruthlessly stripped away; the slits under the eyes were gashed open; the mouth was widened.

After this it was better. At least, Polly could *see*; at least, she could lift her head without an effort. She still stumbled repeatedly, but even this was partially cured by stuffing Miko's clumsy feet with newspaper. They worked on and on. By the time they finished it was nearly midnight. But it was a happy Polly who went to bed; for she knew that she would be all right.

The next day confirmed her opinion. Even Joette was forced to admit that if she had not been told, she would never have guessed any other than old Joe was inside Miko.

THERE remained two burning questions. Would they be able to smuggle Polly into the rehearsals? And would old Joe be well enough to play on the opening night?

The latter question seemed to be answering itself as well as could be expected. Old Joe was slowly but surely gaining strength. His recovery was in no small measure due to the mythical rout of the demon Asphodel, as narrated by Polly. Feeling that she was already pledged to a crushing debt of falsehood, she said to herself, "In for a penny, in for a pound," and then found herself taking a real delight in elaborating the situation.

"Of course, Mr. Bernstein was only joking about Asphodel," she said.

"I should say he was," growled old Joe.

"He said he'd rather have a performing seal."

"He said that, did he?" Old Joe chuckled. "And what was it he said about Santos and Pantos putting electric eyes into Asphodel?"

"Ah—about the electric eyes!" Polly paused a moment to think. Then, with a sudden inspiration, she said, "Vulgar! That's what Mr. Bernstein said it was. Just vulgar."

Old Joe nodded gravely. "Just what I think, too. Only

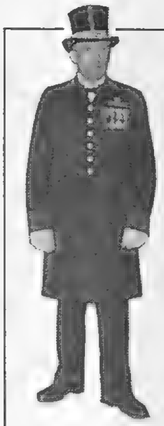
(*Continued on p. 126*)

The £ s d

ALETTO, Maître d'Hotel of the Ritz for 21 years

By Charles Graves

Author of "And the Greeks"



THE only V.C. hotel porter in London—Brooks, of the Dorchester

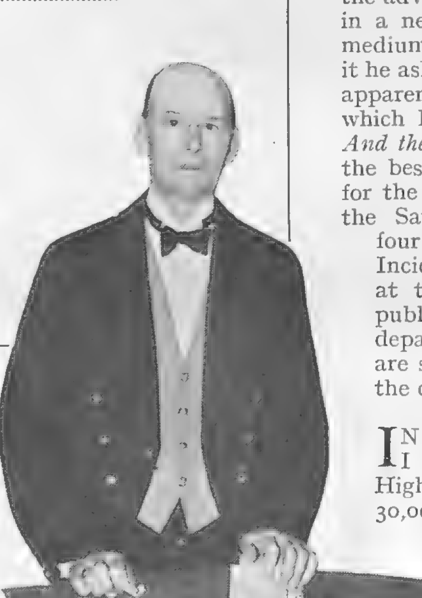
Their Weekly Bill —and Yours

Orchestra	£600
Breakages	£20
Fuel and Light	£90
Salary List—for the people you never see	£200
Ground Rent	£100
Miscellaneous	£200
	£1,210

No wonder they charge you 6s. 6d. for a slice of melon

Right:

TOWNSEND, the head cloak-room man at the Savoy. At one hotel the hat-and-coat men pay £1,000 a year for the concession; at another they guarantee the wages of 30 or 40 other servants who get no tips



OTHER people's money is always a fascinating subject. That is why one of the most popular small features in the daily newspapers is the list of wills and bequests. More fascinating even than the fossilised relics of other people's fortunes is the subject of how other people live, especially when they live expensively. Most fascinating of all, however, is the series of reasons why, if people live expensively, it is made so very expensive for them.

I have always felt an attraction for figures, when they are concerned with High Life as opposed to High Finance. It intrigues me to learn that a certain revue took £3,291 11s. 6d. last week, and that another only took £42 on the Monday matinée. Someone not long ago worked out that his silk hat cost him about £18 a year in the sixpences and shillings with which he retrieved it at night from the cloak-room men of the dance clubs, supper restaurants, theatres and hotels where he had parked it for an hour or two. At a certain famous hotel the three cloak-room men pay £1,000 a year between them to the hotel for the concession of checking the hats and coats. *They pay to be employed.* At another hotel the cloak-room men have to guarantee the wages of thirty or forty of the other hotel servants who, though they work almost as hard, do not get any tips from the hotel guests. In each case the cloak-room men make an average of about £400 a year apiece, on top of what they have had to pay back.

Since the War, tips have increased enormously. At Simpson's in the Strand you used to give the carver a penny for slicing you a cut off the joint. Now you give him sixpence. At the Ritz and the Carlton before the War the commissionaire used to pay only 10s. a week to be allowed to work for his employers. To-day, though I do not know the exact figure, it must run into £100 or £200 just for the privilege. Only last week I received a letter from a well-known commissionaire who had just left the employment of London's most fashionable restaurant asking me if I could get him a job. He lives in a mansion flat in Maida Vale, and probably has a couple of servants; certainly a maid and a charwoman. You may remember the sensation caused by the advertisement four years ago inserted in a newspaper by the hall-porter of a medium-sized hotel on the Continent. In it he asked for offers for his job, of which, apparently, he had the gift, and from which he was retiring through old age. *And the reserve sum was £4,000.* One of the best-known hotel porters in London for the last thirty years was Mockett of the Savoy. Mockett retired three or four years ago, a wealthy man. Incidentally, he wrote his reminiscences at the request of the Savoy Hotel publicity department just before his departure. But I understand that they are still under lock and key in one of the director's strong boxes!

IN my book "And the Greeks" I said that people who constitute High Life in Europe aggregate about 30,000, the vast majority of them being foreigners. In London the nucleus of the High-lifers is about 3,000, though during the Season this number is considerably augmented. Possibly 8,000 people lead the High Life between the end of April and the beginning of

# of High Life

Top left: BEHIND the scenes—the service you pay for, but do not see. The kitchens at Hector's

Behind the Scenes with the Cash Book in the world where Money talks — but not for long

July in the West End. Considering, however, the extraordinary number of first-class dance clubs, restaurants, hotels and hotel-restaurants, this is at first sight an extremely low figure. Think of the Ritz, the Carlton, Savoy, Dorchester, Claridge's, Berkeley, May Fair, Embassy, Malmaison, Boulestin, Ciro's, Maison Basque, Monseigneur, Quaglino's, Sovrani's, Hector's, Bellometti's, Café de Paris, Kitcat, Café Anglais, and the fifteen or twenty other first-class hotels and restaurants. All of these rely for their regular maintenance all the year round on the 3,000 High-lifers who have enough £ s. d. to enable the *maîtres d'hôtel* to have motor-cars, the restaurant managers to ride their own hacks in the Row, and the directors to have houses in Park Lane.

In America they talk of "the 400." It is surprising that the phrase "the 3,000" has not been used more often in England. Perhaps it is because it would not sound exclusive enough. And indeed some of the 3,000 are socially "not so hot," as they say in the United States. But money they have, and must have, in plenty. For it is not as though they spend it all in England. On the contrary, they spend their Easters at Le Touquet and their Whitsuns at Deauville and their Augusts and Septembers in Antibes and Biarritz and their Christmases in Cannes or Monte Carlo or St. Moritz. La Haute Vie is perambulatory. At one minute she is at Ascot. At the next at the Grand Prix in Paris. The day after the Grande Semaine at Deauville the place looks as deserted as Grosvenor Square in August. The high season at Deauville, in fact, lasts for exactly nineteen days. André, the genius of the place, has tried to stretch it for the last three years to twenty-five, and he has failed.

Concentrated gaiety, concentrated spending, and sudden concentrated restlessness. That is La Haute Vie—and that is why it costs so much. There is an old proverb, "The higher you go, the fewer." That can be applied very suitably to High Life. The trouble with High Life at the moment is that there are no 1930 or 1931 profiteers. We have had no boom since the shipping boom of 1919, when there were seven millionaires in one small street in Cardiff alone. The War profiteers, with barely half a dozen exceptions, have all faded out. The wise

"Think of the £20,000 worth of wine in the cellars . . . no interest is being paid on that tied-up capital"

Left: BAPTISTE LAFARGUE *master cellarer of the Savoy Hotel*

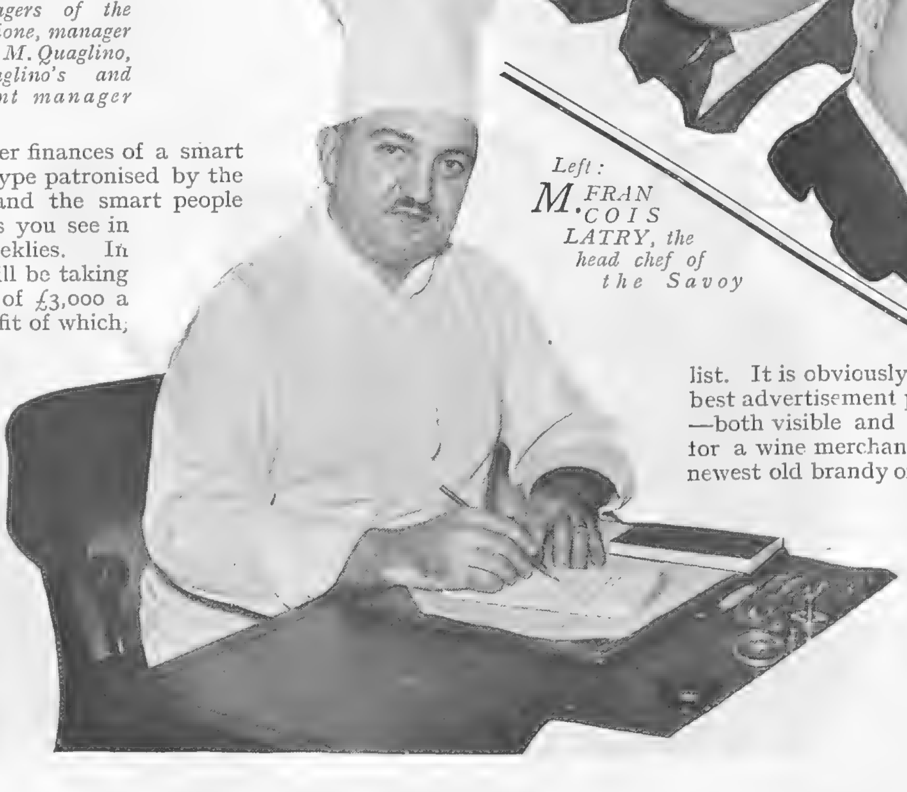
Below: A GROUP *posed by M. Manetta and his assistants of the Savoy grill room to show the waiters' order of precedence. The head waiter receives no salary, but is guaranteed from £1,500 to £3,000 a year. His lieutenant earns about £8 a week; the next grade £3 10s.; the next £3, and the white-aproned men £2 10s. All this comes from the "tronc" or tip-box*

ones have put their money in gilt-edged securities and live in the country. The foolish ones are back where they started. Meantime, though, there are no rich *parvenus* to spend money in the way the Russian grand dukes or the South African diamond kings used to do. And yet High Life goes on almost as gaily as before. It reminds me of what an old gentleman, who has lost all his money but once went everywhere, said to his wife in my hearing the other day. " Oh, well," he said cheerfully, " times may be hard, but I expect we will manage to struggle on in luxury until the end." And he will, although not one-half as many champagne corks pop in the restaurants as they did two years ago, and will again, we hope, in two years' time at the latest.

THAT brings me back to the £ s. d. of the fashionable restaurants, which is one of the most interesting angles on High Life. It is an angle, too, which you will do well to visualise when you are charged 6s. 6d. for a slice of melon at a time when you could buy a whole one for half a crown in the shops. It is not the melon you are paying for. You are paying for the £600 a week orchestra, the £20 a week china and glass breakages, the £90 a week electric light and gas and coal bill, the £200 a week salary list paid to the forty people you never see, like the night watchmen and time keeper and the chef. For you are not paying for service. The service is free. That is to say, the waiters do not cost the restaurant a penny. But I am plunging into this too fast. Let me explain to you the exact inner finances of a smart restaurant of the type patronised by the Prince of Wales and the smart people whose photographs you see in the illustrated weeklies. In boom periods it will be taking money at the rate of £3,000 a week, the gross profit of which, estimated on a regular scale of 60 per cent. of the weekly turnover, is £1,800 a week. " No wonder," you say, when they charge you 3s. 6d. for a grilled kipper. But wait. The cost of the dance orchestra and cabaret varies from £450 to £800 a week. Let's call it £600. The weekly wages list is £200. The lighting is about £45. There is the ground rent, which may be £100 a week, if it is not more. (There are two quite small smart shops in Piccadilly. The ground rent of one of them is £5,000 ; of the other, £7,000. Each is operated at a loss, but they both belong to a chain of shops, and they write off the inevitable trading loss as publicity. You see ?) Various other charges will amount to another £200 a week. You are left, therefore, with a weekly profit of a little more than £650. " Excellent," you say, or " Outrageous," according to the way you look at it, " that means a profit of nearly £35,000 a year ! " But not so fast. Your restaurant will probably close for at least a month in the summer. At any minute some rival establishment may become the fancy of the fickle public. Some new cabaret act may draw the town. " All the same," you will say, " that leaves a very handsome profit. I'd like to be in on it myself." Yes, so would anyone when times are booming. But they are not now. One restaurant I know is losing £1,500 a week. Another is losing £1,000 a week. At a certain smart restaurant within a few yards of Piccadilly the average number of bottles of champagne drunk every night two years ago was 180. The profit on that was about £100 a night. But now it has dropped to about 40 a night. And the receipts of the restaurant have dropped from £3,000 a week to £2,000 a week. That leaves a gross profit of only £1,200 a week, and yet there is just as much overhead as before. That restaurant will be lucky if it makes an average profit of £100 a week on the year. Yes, that is over £5,000 a year. But think of the £20,000 worth of wines in the cellars. No interest is being paid on that tied-up capital. The commissionaire may pay £150 a year for the privilege of calling taxis for the clients. But you are not going to get very fat on your profits. There are thousands of pounds tied up in your restaurant, and you have got to get your normal rate of interest on your money before you can start congratulating yourself on finding a short cut to riches. Mind you, there are certain other perquisites from which a successful restaurant manager can make quite a handsome amount " on the side." I refer to the show-cases of jewellers, milliners, shoemakers, hosiers, and in two instances even publishers, which you see in smart hotels, restaurants, and dance clubs. The average annual charge for each of these is £250 a year in London, and in some instances £500. There is one very popular dance club in London where there are twenty-five of these. Simple mathematics will tell you that this comes to £6,250 a year. What the Ritz in Paris must make out of its 80 yards of showcases I have no idea, but it must be colossal.

Above (reading left to right) :

M. CONTI, restaurant manager of the Café de Paris ; M. Poulsen, part owner of the Café Anglais and Poulsen's Club, Datchet, with M. Stucco ; M. Cavadini, maître d'hôtel of the MayFair ; M. Joseph Vecci and M. Joseph Benini, part managers of the Hungaria ; M. Taglione, manager of the Monseigneur ; M. Quaglino, proprietor of Quaglino's and his own restaurant manager



Left :

M. FRANCOIS LATRY, the head chef of the Savoy

ANOTHER very profitable side line is in connection with the wine list. It is obviously the best advertisement possible—both visible and tangible—for a wine merchant to have his newest old brandy or hock or moselle or champagne on the list and in the cellars of some smart dance club or restaurant. If the wealthy High-lifer likes it at 25s. a bottle in a restaurant he is going to like it still better when he can buy it for his home use at 12s. 6d. The restaurant proprietor is, however, fully conscious of this; and he makes the wine merchant pay through the nose for the privilege. Luigi, the late controller of the Embassy Club in Bond Street, told me that in the case of a certain champagne shipper, he charged £100 for placing his particular brand on his wine list, and also insisted on being given ten cases of it free, so that the profits were 100 per cent. in this case—in fact, in all ten cases—instead of the usual 50 per cent. Restaurant managers, by the way, have rather a pleasant way of disguising the fact that they charge their clients double what they themselves pay for wine. Instead of saying that the selling price is 100 per cent. of the purchasing price, they say that the purchasing price is 50 per cent. of the selling price. It is exactly the same thing, of course, but when said quickly it sounds very much better.

I repeat, however, that this big profit on wine is what enables the restaurant manager to supply his clients with all the High Life luxuries in the way of music, lighting, accessibility in the West End, first-class *chefs*, spotless table-linen, gleaming silver, and first-class waiters, and all the other things which differentiate it from the ordinary eating-house. Incidentally, the London restaurant managers have been wondering whether they could follow the American example of charging not only the cloak-room men and door-men substantial sums for employing them, but also the waiters and head-waiters. In New York, the head-waiter of a fashionable restaurant has to pay as much as £20 a week to keep his job. In London, though, he has to pay nothing, he is paid nothing. The system is that he is guaranteed anything from £1500 to £3000 a year. His lieutenants earn about £8 a week. The next grade of waiters earn £3 10s.; the next earn £3; and the assistant waiters in white aprons get a fixed sum of £2 10s. All these sums come from the "Tronc," as the box in which all the tips received and placed there by all the waiters each day, is known to the initiates.

Head-waiters, who are such an integral part of *La haute vie*, have one very pleasant little perquisite. They are allowed to keep the difference between the guinea charged for table decorations and the half-crown that the dozen carnations cost in the market that morning. In Paris this amounts to good money. For in many of the *boîtes* you will see the same handful of flowers moved from table to table as the clients leave, and each time a hundred francs is put on the bill for them. Half-a-dozen dusty roses may earn as much as £8 in a night this way.

ONE of the most valuable assets of hotels in paying their dividends is a first-class banqueting manager. The banqueting manager needs to have a big *clientèle* among the secretaries of every kind of Masonic, Philanthropic, Sporting, Regimental, and Business Society. If he is friendly with them, and can persuade them to hold their weekly, monthly, or annual banquets at his hotel, his employers, even if they are losing money over the restaurant and the bedrooms, can nevertheless show a handsome profit on the year. The banqueting manager of a famous West-End hotel told me not long ago that in the first ten days of this year his receipts were £3000 more than in the first

(*Continued on p. 125.*)

Pity the poor "Banker"

For the Casino Owners of France—Deauville, Le Touquet, Cannes, Nice—life isn't one long gilded stream of profits. Although the "cagnotte" swallows 5% of the winnings, the Government takes 60% and the local Borough Council from 12% to 18%. The gambling concessionaires operate on the balance, plus 60% of the croupiers' tips

Umberto, manager of Ciro's Club

Ferraro, maître d'hôtel of the Berkeley

Mr. Manetta, manager of the Savoy Grill-room

Charles, maître d'hôtel of Claridges

Santarelli, manager of the Savoy Restaurant

Sovrani, manager and owner of Sovrani's and the Malmaison

Marino Pratesi, manager of the Carlton Hotel

Charles, the Dorchester's maître d'hôtel

STOWAWAY

Marseilles and the Harbour

ADVENTURE, the Englishman's heritage, still breathes its spirit abroad. Eric Muspratt is as confirmed an Adventurer as he is a Stowaway. This is his first Real-life story since his book "My South Sea Island"—a modern challenge to "Robinson Crusoe"—was eagerly read. "Stowaway" is fact, as the author's fellow passengers on the "Rawalpindi" will confirm

IN the lives of all people there are periods which stand out as episodes. There are series of events so formed around a central idea as to remain in our memories as clear cut, consistent and significant—like a carefully written chapter in a book. It is of one of these that I want to tell.

This happened to me from the morning of the 20th June, 1927, onwards. I was in the French town of Marseilles. But I wanted most desperately to get to my home in Australia. And out of my great desire came this story. It is the story of my stowing away on the P. and O. liner *Rawalpindi* and its strange chain of consequences.

To tell the tale completely, I must revert for a moment to the immediately preceding chapter in my life (it is an all-consoling view of life—to see it as a book full of consistent chapters). Two months before I meant to get a ship from Marseilles; but instead I fell in love with a cabaret girl. Her name was Pierrette. Most men fell more or less violently in love with her. Many of them stayed in love.

I had also lived that time very much as an episode or chapter (never so much so before or since). Its central idea was Pierrette, just as the central idea of this story was my getting to Australia. It seemed all important to get a ship for home, make money there, and send for my cabaret girl. My money was all spent and most of my clothes were sold in Marseilles.

That summer morning I made my final farewell to Pierrette. It was the first time that she had said "Adieu" instead of the usual "Au revoir." The words sounded fatally significant in that moment. I went rather dazedly down to the docks to find my ship.

THE *Rawalpindi* was due to sail for Suez at 4 p.m. that day. The long, black-painted mass of the ship towered like a mountain over the wharves and sheds of the dockside. People bustled about like ants beside her. It was very impressive: the busyness of the people, the size of the ship and the importance of it all. It was important to a lot of people, of course. And this added to my own extreme sense of its importance.

I stood looking at the two gangways going on to the ship. It was not easy to get aboard. A quartermaster guarded each gangway. And in addition to this difficulty there were ship's officers, customs officials and policemen, all keeping a keen eye on everybody. It was discouraging. Also a part of my plan had broken down. The night before Pierrette and I had met one of these quartermasters in a bar. He had promised to help me get aboard, and said that he would be in charge of one of the gangways at this time. There was no sign of him now.

I stood there like a burglar contemplating the scene of his crime, and in the midst of the uniformed forces of law and order. Then a diverting little incident occurred. One of the English passengers came up to me and said: "Look here! I'll give you 40 francs for a deck chair. They wanted to charge me 50. But I'll give you 40. Take it or leave it!" I had answered him "But I have no deck chairs," when I noticed that they were stacked all around me. My manner must have been proprietary. But it was a great shame to have missed such an easy 40 francs through lack of presence of mind. The money would have been so much more valuable to me than to him. I was completely broke and very hungry.

There were several German and Scandinavian beachcombers—known to me—waiting and watching for a chance to stowaway. There are lots of desperate men in a town such as Marseilles. It is a place of hard-living people. The varieties and the extremities in the life of the people of this place give a sudden, sharper, and so more recognisable shape to them. These foreign vagabonds were intent upon the same purpose as myself. But they were less keen, less keyed up to their wants, than I. Hence their failure.

The moment remembers itself very visibly when I left this little group of would-be stowaways, with a few words of farewell and badinage in their foreign speech, and moved towards the ship.

Some French dock labourers were carrying cases of cargo up a lower gangway into an open door in the ship's side. I walked out from my fellow conspirators—momentarily spurred to distinction by their codes—and studiously attached myself to the case carriers. It worked. I walked up the gangway in the file of dock labourers. The next moment I was aboard.

The thrill of setting foot upon that ship was unforgettable. A moment of triumph caught between the awful uncertainties of desire and despair, much too fine a point of happiness to last for more than a moment.

A Gripping Narrative of Real-Life Adventure

By Eric Muspratt

Author of "My South-Sea Island"

The door in the ship's side opened on a wide alleyway in 'tween decks. The file of dock labourers carried their cases and sacks down the alleyway to a storeroom. Members of the crew moved about, some of them in the uniform of authority. It all looked rather risky for a trespasser, so I slipped away down a deserted-looking stairway. The steps led down to a small square place with a heavy door in one of its walls. This great door was locked by an elaborate arrangement of bolts and screws. So the place seemed to be a cul-de-sac, and without cover for hiding.

As I stood wondering what to do next, there was a sound of footsteps coming down the steps behind me. I crouched in the darkest corner behind the bottom of the stairway and waited. A man in the blue smock of a butcher descended to my level and turned towards the door. A glance over his shoulder would have discovered me, but instead he proceeded to turn the screws and draw the bolts until the foot-thick door swung open. Leaving it ajar, he entered, and I heard his footsteps going away till there was complete silence.

Hearing no further sound from him, I stepped quickly through the door. An electric light just inside the door illuminated the beginning of a long gloomy chamber; cases and sacks were lined along its walls, and there were more of them in racks just overhead. Whilst looking desperately for a place to hide in, I heard the footsteps returning. In a moment I was crouched against the wall with a large case on each side and in front of me. The butcher walked past. I saw his legs through the gaps between the cases. He slammed the heavy door, bolted and screwed it, and switched off the light from outside. I was left in blackest darkness and perfect silence.

MUCH as I had desired it, the completeness of the darkness and the silence was almost startling. And added to this there was another strange sensation. It was coldness. As time went on the continuation of the darkness and the silence served to strengthen its effect on me. But this was nothing to the continuation of the coldness. It seemed to press harder and harder on me, like a tangible thing.

Boarding that ship, and entering that chamber, I had been in a desperate and rather dazed frame of mind. Trying to think and only remembering. Trying to live and to struggle for the far-off future in Australia, and for the sake of this trying to grapple with the present in order eventually to recapture that which had so suddenly become the past.

At first there was perfect peace in the place; it was a temporary, but perfect haven of refuge in which to remember romantically the past and to dream romantically of the future towards (*Continued on page 92*)

Eric Muspratt, author of "My South-Sea Island"

DINNER de-luxe at the exclusive Mayfair Club in Los Angeles. Douglas Fairbanks is seen with his son standing behind him, and his daughter-in-law, Joan Crawford

Above:

A "HARD TIMES" party given by Mr. and Mrs. Jean Hersholt. The guests came in shoddy clothes, but the party was the reverse of parsimonious. The host, wearing a beard, is on the right of the back row. Miss Margaret Chute is on the extreme right of the front row

In Circle:

THIS Extra Player, June Mathews, found work recently because she had been on the sick-list and hard-up. The Director wanted someone who looked dreadfully ill. She got the job. It is the Extras—"the Standing Army"—who are feeling the slump

SO contradictory is Hollywood to-day that it is difficult to believe the evidence of eyes and ears. On one hand people are screaming of hard times, poverty, sacrifices. On the other, one sees life going on very much as usual. Are the wild tales of overnight ruin gross exaggerations? Is the surface prosperity and continuation of Hollywood's normally extravagant existence just a gigantic bluff?

After spending four and a-half months there this year I can only admit, frankly, that the whole thing is a vast puzzle. I listened, I watched; I was told certain facts, and others thrust themselves on my notice. But when I come to review the situation it is

Those who feel the pinch: the Extra Players, waiting for their one-in-ten chance of work very hard to know just how much Hollywood is glad of a chance to " panic," and just how much of the panicky business is justified.

The situation in the studios is strained. Work goes on, in large quantities, as far as the number of productions is concerned. But whereas last year a programme picture took anything from three to five weeks and a super-production anything from seven to eight to complete, to-day the first takes a matter of a mere ten days, and the second of five weeks at the most, instead of the previous eight.

One of the first people I met in March was an English actor who has established a fine reputation in Hollywood as a sound player of middle-aged parts. His salary averages £100 to £130 a week, when he works. I met him on Hollywood Boulevard, one sunny morning, and stopped to say " Hullo."

" How's work ? " I inquired ; for everyone asks that vital question in Hollywood.

" Well, I've made four pictures since the beginning of this year," he answered. " And this is March."

" That's splendid," was my reply. " Glad you are doing so well."

" Well ? " queried the Englishman. " Well ? Why, each of those pictures represented ONE DAY'S WORK."

This gave me cause to pause, to gasp. " Oh, but, of course, you got a week's salary in each case." I countered, remembering conditions the last time I was in Hollywood, when players who had reached a certain salary and standard were able to command one week's pay, never less, no matter if they worked only half an hour.

The English actor laughed. " Don't be foolish," he said. " You haven't got Hollywood adjusted yet, under its new régime. We are poor here to-day. My dear, I got exactly one day's salary for each of those four films—*four days' money in three months.* And I have been lucky."

"AND I HAVE BEEN LUCKY." I remembered that phrase for a long time. It is so true, I discovered, of over 50 per cent. of the acting population of Hollywood. After all, the star and big contract players number less than 35 per cent. of the total number employed in the studios. The others are all feeling a draught ; all of them are suffering from lower salaries, and quicker production schedules.

In those two directions, definitely, Hollywood's alleged poverty is by no means a myth. But (*Continued on page* 96)

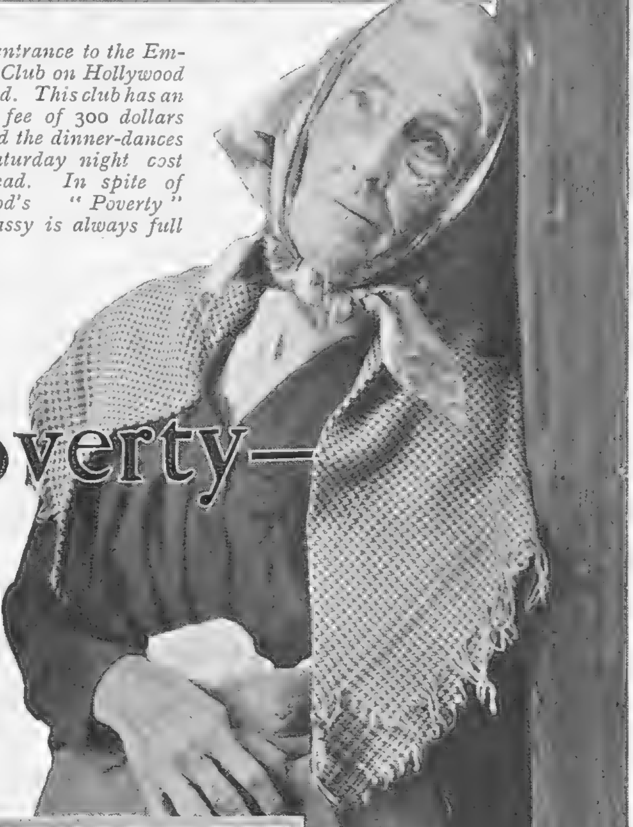
THE entrance to the Embassy Club on Hollywood Boulevard. This club has an entrance fee of 300 dollars (£60) and the dinner-dances every Saturday night cost £2 a head. In spite of Hollywood's " Poverty " the Embassy is always full

Hollywood's Poverty—

Is it a Myth?

A W*anderer* in Film-land *discovers* and *discusses* a *few* facts

By Margaret Chute



MARIE PERCIVAL, aged 78, is one of the " Extras " who are finding work scarce. She has been on the screen for over ten years

Rich Stars who are surviving the Slump

Left to right: Richard Dix, hard hit by two bank failures, but under a big contract; Ann Harding, highly paid; Constance Bennett, almost a millionairess; and Wallace Beery, who has lost money but has since become a star

The *Deep*, Swift Current *of* Drama *runs*, Unheeded *and* Unseen, *in* those still, *unsuspected* Backwaters where T*ragedy* and T*ears* abide *and* Men make

Expiation

The Life-Story of a Sin and a great Sacrifice

By Marjorie Bowen

Illustrated by Sidney Seymour Lucas

I HAVE always liked Essex, partly, perhaps, because few celebrities live there (at least not the advertised or "branded" variety) and no one has "written up" or written down the natives; despite Southend, the place seems abandoned, enclosed in itself in a melancholy solitude that the most hideous districts in the world sombrely invade, then stop short before complete conquest.

I like the red-brick churches with fretted turreting, the wooden fronted houses, the dark ochreish plastering with the zigzag pattern, I like the graveyards with monstrous rococo tombs and flamboyant monuments, massive, cracked and senseless, of the eighteenth and nineteenth century; I should not care to live in this quiet acreage either side of the beautiful Roman road to Colchester, but I like to go there, when I can, and get the flavour of this queer isolation.

Recently I discovered another hamlet, which I will call Dryning, for this is a meticulously true story, and though there is no such name as Dryning in Essex, you would soon find there everything else exactly as I describe it—not twenty-five miles from Piccadilly Circus.

I had an introduction to the doctor at Dryning; a man had told me something about "a queer chap, a queer story," but we were both busy, both in a hurry, and I only noted the name of the village and the name of the doctor.

When next I motored, solitary, into Essex I found the little place and, by luck, the doctor, but he was setting off on a visit and had no leisure for another half-hour.

An affable, capable man, sixty-five or so.

"You want to see Dryning?" he said in amiable amazement, "but there's nothing here, nothing, and never has been. Why, it's the smallest, quietest place——"

"I'm a busy woman," I said, "in the horrid modern sense of busy, always darting from one spot to another, earning my living and because I like it—but sometimes I feel I want nothing—as you say, the smallest, quietest place."

"You're a journalist, aren't you?" he smiled. "Well, there's no 'copy' here——"

"Of course not," I replied, and I thought of what Dick Merriless had said of the doctor's story. Judging from his resolute face, I was not likely to hear that to-day, nor did I want to; the blank serenity of the country was sufficient.

"There's nothing I can show you," insisted the doctor, "nothing. Merriless is an old friend of mine and when he comes here we talk of old times—but for a stranger there's nothing——"

"Don't bother about me. I'll just go and look at the church——"

"Unfortunately, there's nothing in the church."

"I'll go and look at nothing."

He glanced at his watch.

"I'll join you there in half an hour. I can offer a bachelor's luncheon——"

"I bring mine with me—I'm horribly selfish in looking after myself, but I'd love a cup of coffee presently and a seat under your delicious trees."

He was delighted and hurried away on his errand; his house was Caroline, with a little white pilaster porch and huge bouquets of peonies crimson against the old narrow purplish brick.

I LEFT the car by his modest gate and walked to the church; I could see the spire rising to the right in the midst of fields.

I crossed these meadows, overwhelmingly full of buttercups, in which the black and white cattle stood knee deep, passed over a level crossing—a single line which looked somehow as if no train ever passed along—and came to another yellow field, with a footpath leading to the church.

But first to a small house, the vicarage, I supposed; it lay to the left, flat, ochreish blond plaster, two windows upstairs, two windows downstairs, a plain door, and in front two grandiloquent chestnut trees which threw the frontage into greenish shadow.

A humble wall squared off the house and the trees from the field; in this enclosure what space the trees left was filled by flowers and shrubs that looked as if they had been there a very long time and had survived much neglect; syringa bushes, lilac, roses, not yet blooming, valerian, that queer brickish pink, lavender and southern wood.

The footpath ran straight through this garden, the house on the left, the open fields on the right, just in front of the church; the modest wall was the dividing fence between sacred and secular ground; you entered by a low oak gate, the church porch only a few feet in front of you; yet in those few feet were three graves.

No others, for the churchyard lay at the back, just the brick path, and, to the right, the three graves.

I looked at them, idly enough.

Two were together, one headstone, one narrow border of marble, one enclosure of even turf, and the other lay outside with nothing but a low stone to mark the place, yet close as might be to the other two.

I read the names: "Sacred to the memory of James Trant and Kezia, his wife, 1915."

Nothing else; only ten years ago—it seemed, this double grave, so much older than that.

And on the other the inscription was equally brief (there is something sinister in brevity on a tombstone, which is usually so expansive)—"Edward Ferrers, 1900."

I turned to the church; the tower was of wood, old, old grey oak crosswise beams and a conical top of ash-coloured slats, the body brick and rubble with thin Roman tiles here and there.

I entered.

A tiny place; the East window was complete, dated 1600, and a pale blaze of crystal clear colour, the tree of Jesse, delicate and grotesque; there were funeral hatchments of great families, six with different coats, and under the tower you could see those great beams, heavy wedges almost the girth of the living tree, and the dark bell, hanging high up between them.

The church was very small; I thought that the bell must deafen the ringers, and the preacher whisper so as not to deafen the congregation; it smelt of must and decay—so small, so old.

I went out into the wooden porch again; the doctor had just arrived.

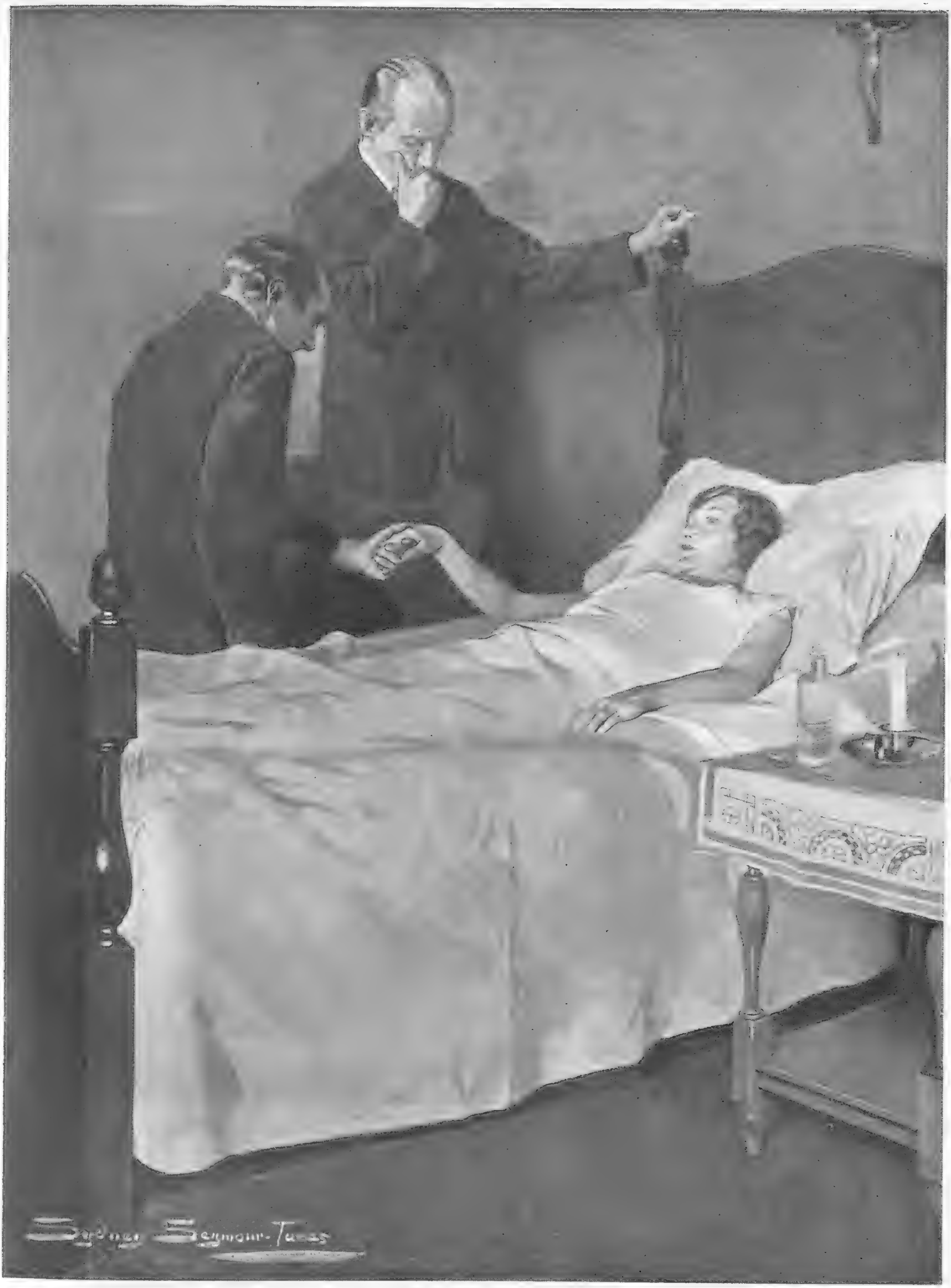
"Do you know," he said, "that wood is six hundred years old? You'd hardly believe it."

"It seems to me six thousand years old," I confessed. "And, after all, what do dates matter? You can't be *older* than old—nor *deader* than dead."

As I left the porch I was on the three graves again.

"Who were these people?" I asked.

"Ah, those!" The doctor gave an



HE went up and took farewell of her with infinite tenderness. I heard her say: "James, I've noticed you use a word, sometimes in your sleep, and I've often wanted to know what it meant, but never liked to ask; perhaps you'll tell me now?"

incurious downward glance. "That was our old vicar and his wife."

"You remember him?"

"Of course, why, it's only——"

He hesitated, and I added:

"——ten years ago——"

"So long as that? Has he been dead so long? How time goes!"

He looked at the date on the grave for himself.

"Dear me! Ten years ago! That's thirty since she died——"

I glanced across the humble wall to the little house behind the chestnut trees.

"I suppose that is the vicarage?"

"Yes, where they lived."

"They lie almost on their own doorstep."

"Yes, they do."

"Tell me about them," I said.

Dr. Conyers seemed surprised.

"There's nothing to tell. Nothing."

"Like Dryning," I said. "Nothing at all."

"Absolutely nothing."

"Still, tell me——"

He frowned.

"About James Trant?"

"And Kezia, his wife," I quoted. "And who was this Edward Ferrers, who lies so close, yet just outside their enclosure?"

He looked at me shrewdly.

"You noticed that?"

"I'm trained to notice," I replied, "it's my job. Tell me the story."

"There isn't one." He seemed amused at my persistency. "Good Lord! A story!"

"Just tell me what you know about them."

"But it is most ordinary——"

"Look here, Dr. Conyers," I interrupted, "what do you think 'stories' are? Something woven out of air? Stories are only just people's lives. Now, here are three people—something must have happened to them, good, bad or indifferent, they must have been stupid, or clever, or kind, or mean—they weren't blanks, you know. Now you tell me what you know of them, and I expect it would make a full-size novel."

He caught me up there.

"Ah, a modern novel! You can fill that by describing how someone swallowed a fish-bone and didn't choke, can't you?"

I assured him some could, but that I couldn't.

"Now, tell me about the Reverend James Trant——"

"Why on earth are you so persistent? Supposing I didn't know?"

"But you do?"

"Well, I do—all there is to know. I was his doctor. I found him here when I came forty years ago—I had thirty years of him, you see—he came here in '65."

"Fifty years he had, then, of Dryning?"

"Fifty years. Just sixty now since he came, a young man then of twenty-five—seventy-five when he died after, as you say, fifty years of Dryning."

"Just the vicarage and the church, and those few cottages."

"Just that," said the doctor with a smile.

I had an impression that the sun was falling bleakly on those graves, that the scrolled flowers of the syringa dropped forlornly on the shaven grass.

"You see," added my guide, "there's nothing in it—just fifty years of Dryning."

We slowly passed through the little gate into the vicarage gardens; how dense a shadow those chestnuts threw! The front of the little house was darkened as if under water.

"Curious to plant such trees just before a house," I remarked. "People seem to go out of their way to sadden themselves these days."

"They've been there for hundreds of years and no one seemed to mind," said the doctor, amused.

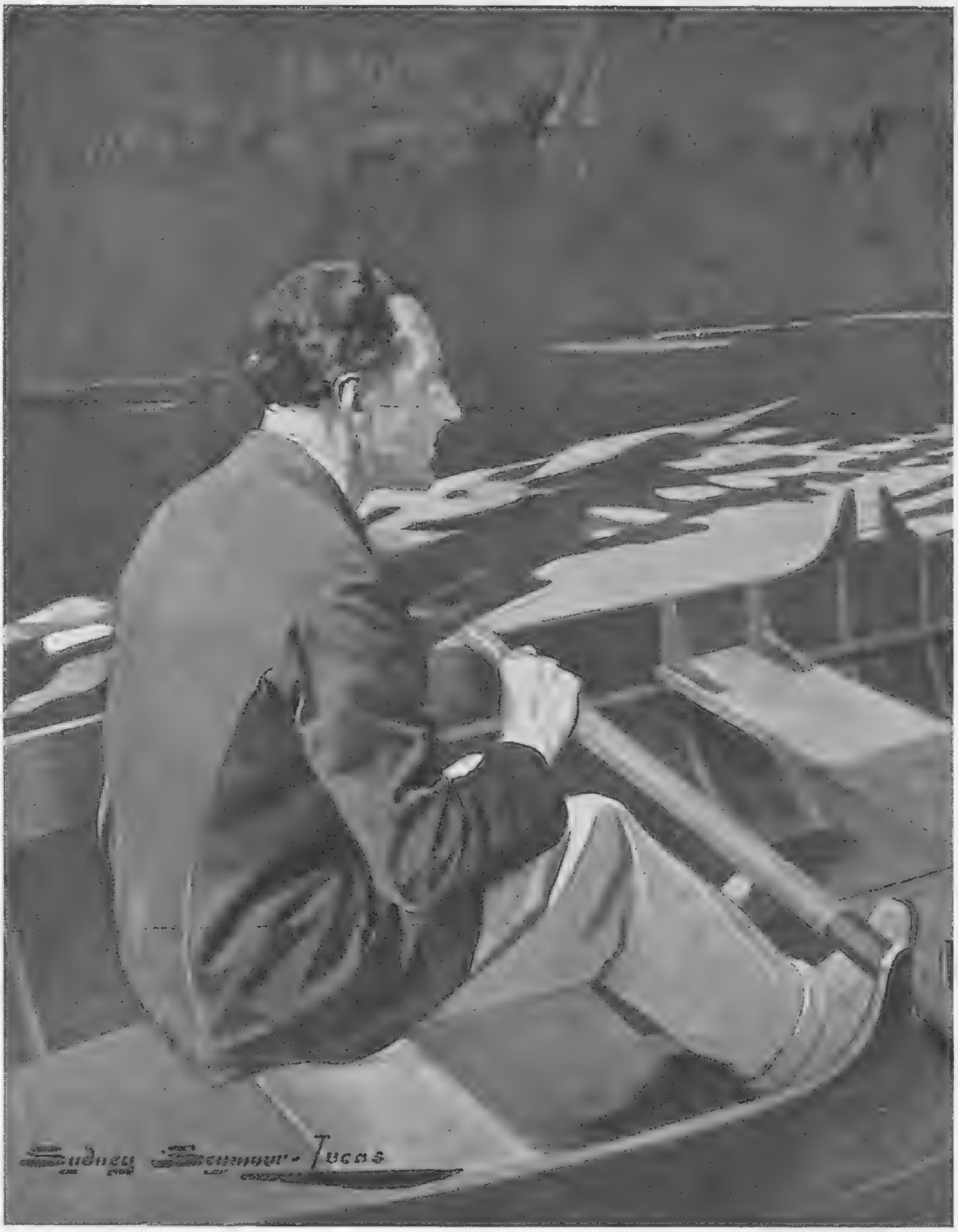
I peered past the masses of sombre foliage at the four windows of the house.

"Who lives there now?"

"Oh, a worm," said the doctor, with frank uncharitableness, "one of those awful High Churchmen; he won't stay."

WE traversed the fields with the high yellow flowers, and the doctor began to tell me what he knew of the Reverend James Trant who had lived fifty years in Dryning.

But the story doesn't begin in Dryning, but in Oxford, somewhere in the early sixties of last century. Story? Dr. Conyers insisted there wasn't one.

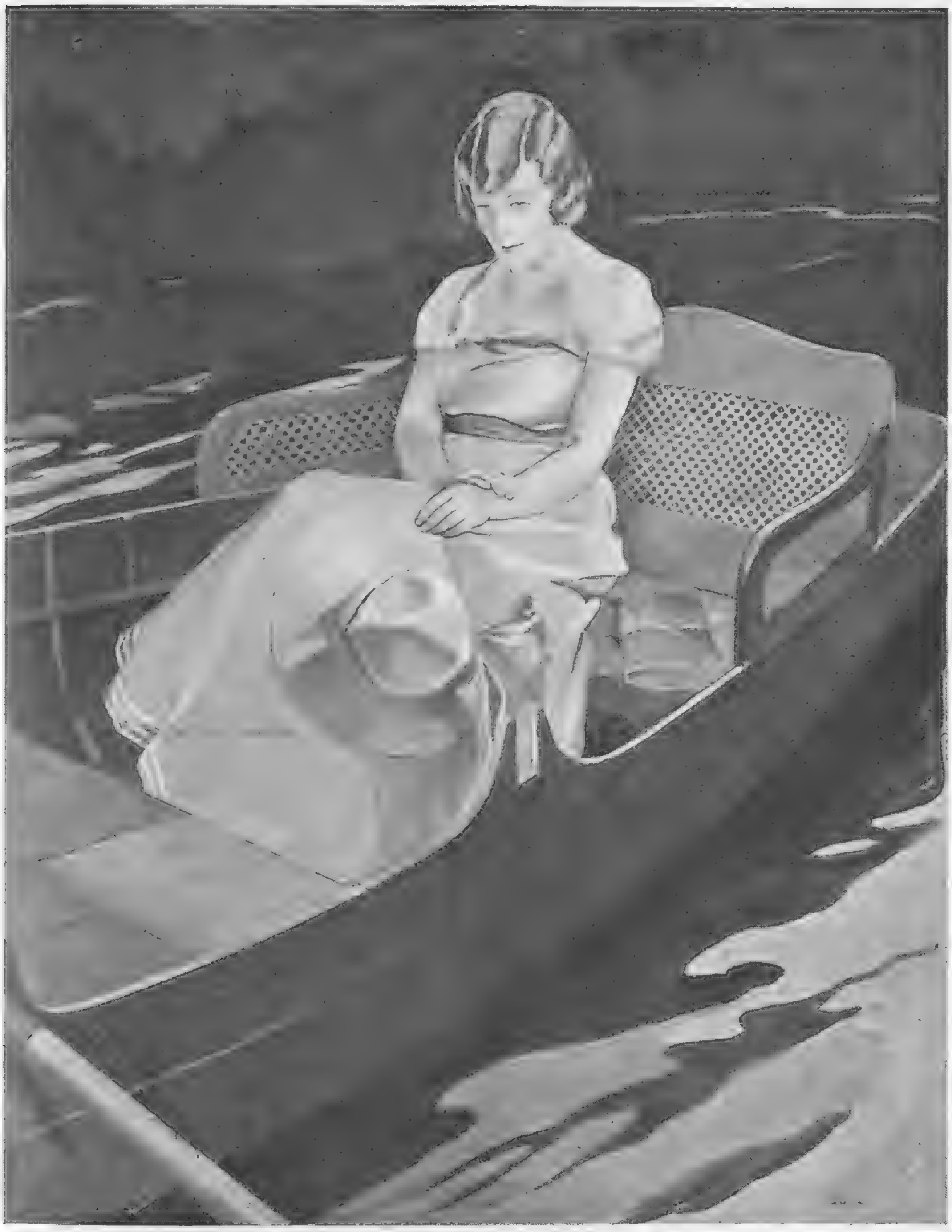


She stepped into the boat, he slipped

James Trant was the son of wealthy aristocrats and heir presumptive to an earldom; he was handsome, amiable, witty, popular and extremely brilliant; his father had mapped out an effective career for him—diplomacy or possibly the army—when James was twenty or so, he wasn't (the father, I mean) quite sure.

James was doing wonderfully well at Oxford; he adored and adorned life; the most trivial pleasure gave him unlimited delight; he had a great deal of money to spend, but he was no rake; generous and open-handed, but so far from foolish as to be rather stately; he was never involved in vulgarities or stupidities, and no one ever took any liberties with him; he stood six feet two in his stockings, his hair was curly and black, his eyes blue, and the whole make of him, face and figure, was elegant, fine and extremely pleasing.

Above all, he was lovable; everyone, even those who might have been supposed likely to envy him, liked him; indeed, he achieved the difficult feat of being perfectly successful and perfectly amiable.



the moorings, and they went down stream

The early 'sixties, you will remember, when things were a little different from what they are now, a little more rigid, austere and defined.

At an inn outside Oxford (Dr. Conyers did not know the name of the village) was a chambermaid by name Kezia, nobody's child, come from obscure origins, and with no name but that of Kezia.

"There you are!" I said triumphantly, "your wonderful young man fell in love with her—and you said there wasn't a story."

"He did not," said the doctor, "he never fell in love with her."

"Well, go on."

The undergraduates used to walk out to this village, whatever it was called, and Kezia would serve them with beer or coffee or lemonade; she was young, fresh and blonde, nothing else; seventeen and in the first, the only, dazzle of her feminine charm.

Trant never noticed her, save for a smile and a tip when he paid his reckoning; but she noticed him, as a girl would notice the handsomest of all the likely young fellows who came her way.

"What happened?"

For the doctor had paused, and we had left the thick starry fields for the road; looking back you could just see the wooden spire with the ash-coloured slats above the massive chestnut trees.

"I daresay you can guess—I daresay it's sacred; I had to piece it together from what they told me afterwards. The most ordinary affair, as I said, nothing in it."

RECASTING a little what the good man told me as we walked back to the village, this was how I see what happened at Oxford over sixty years ago.

Summer, of course, and delicious intoxicating weather, gold, blue, silver, green, exultation of all nature and of the human heart.

Trant was uncommonly happy, even for him; his mother had just come to see him, bringing a beautiful girl who was destined, he knew, to be his wife.

He had in a romantic way fallen in love at first sight, and the fair aristocrat had been gracious in her shy, proud fashion; his mother had praised him, there was a warm letter from his father, his friends; his honours, his gifts clustered about him like stars. He was really drunk with happiness, with the most entrancing anticipations of life.

That evening he went boating by himself down the river; there was a full moon; incredibly beautiful!

He drew up to a bank, moored his boat to a willow and took out his Horace, pretending to read, loving the little vellum-covered book with the long sepia lettering that *she* had picked up and admired in his rooms a few hours before.

Through the shivering thin, dim green leaves of the willow looked Kezia, her evening of freedom, her weekly holiday.

She wore something white and a straw hat; the twilight tinged with moonlight turned her figure to an opalescent hue behind the vague boughs.

Trant said:

"Good evening, Kezia."

She pulled the willow boughs further apart and looked at him with astonishing wistfulness.

"It's my time off," she said, "Tuesday evening."

He looked at her with his brilliant good humour.

"Is this how you enjoy yourself, Kezia?"

"Always. I sit on the bank watching the water, sir. There's naught else to do."

She wasn't any longer a chambermaid, but a girl, fragrant, ethereal, dove-coloured, dove-like in the dusk, so timid, so gentle, so soft.

"No one to take you out, Kezia?"

"No one, sir."

Of course he had heard; he now recalled she was nobody's child, some poor orphan, despised among her own class even—a "charity brat," someone had said. He thought of his own wonderful fortunes and a pang of pure pity smote him.

"Would you like to come for a row, Kezia?"

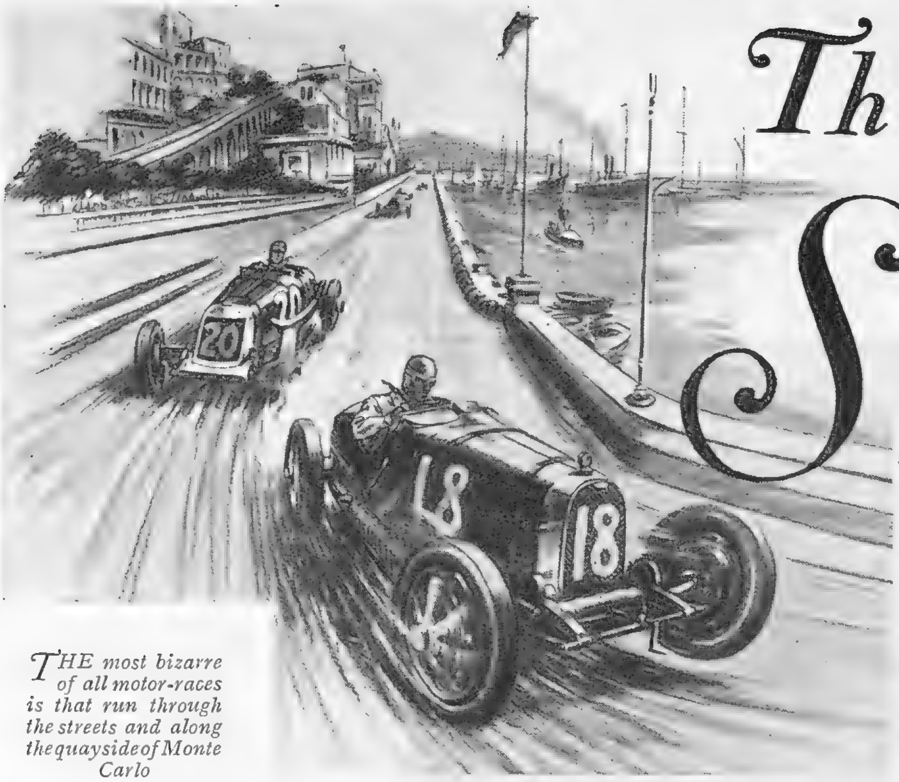
"Oh, sir, if you'd take *me*!"

"Of course." He put the Horace into his pocket. "Get in." (*Continued on page* 101)

The Toll of Speed

THE hazards that high speed imposes are many and varied, and mechanical failure is one of the risks that a man is obliged to run

By Barré Lyndon



THE most bizarre of all motor-races is that run through the streets and along the quayside of Monte Carlo

THE luckiest racing driver in the world is Jules Foresti. He is the only man ever to have walked away after crashing at 150 m.p.h.

He was driving the 350 h.p. "Djelmo" at Pendine Sands in an attempt on the world's land-speed record. The car had taken three years to build, and Foresti had spent five months in tuning the engine to perfection when "Djelmo" was rolled on to the beach in mid-November, 1927.

Those sands had seen many endeavours to push the record figure higher, and a low cairn still showed near the dunes, erected over the wreckage of "Babs," the 400 h.p. monster car which had killed Parry Thomas during a similar attempt eight months earlier.

Foresti had been working almost single-handed, and was anxious to make his effort in spite of the fact that the sands were wickedly wet. He put his foot hard down, and was nearing three miles a minute when the car got into a skid.

The machine leaped out of control. It somersaulted twice in a smother of spray and flying sand, then flung Foresti out as it crashed on its side. He skated along the beach while the big car swept around in a half-circle, lurching back on its wheels before it slithered to a stop, with torn sand billowing on the air like smoke.

Aghast camera-men were running to his aid when Foresti got to his feet and walked to meet them. A week later he was talking about making another effort.

It was just blind luck that saved the fiery Italian driver at Pendine. All down the smoke-hazed annals of motor-racing one sees good luck standing beside the rankest possible kind of misfortune.

Less than a year later Foresti was himself all but involved in a most astounding illustration of this, and it was coupled to the worst disaster high-speed work has ever known.

THE Grand Prix d'Europe was being run off on the Monza Speedway, an oddly shaped track which stands in a once-Royal park, seven miles from Milan.

The course is so constructed that it does not detract from the beauty of its surroundings. A strip of smooth lawn borders the straight in front of the grandstands, and flower beds almost hide the light railings set before the sloping *pelouse* which accommodates thousands of spectators.

It was in this colourful, sunlit setting that Emilio Materassi, a Florentine and the most popular of Italian drivers, pulled out to pass Foresti, both touching 120 m.p.h. Instead of passing, Materassi swerved across the track, hurtling straight for the railings and the crowd packed behind them.

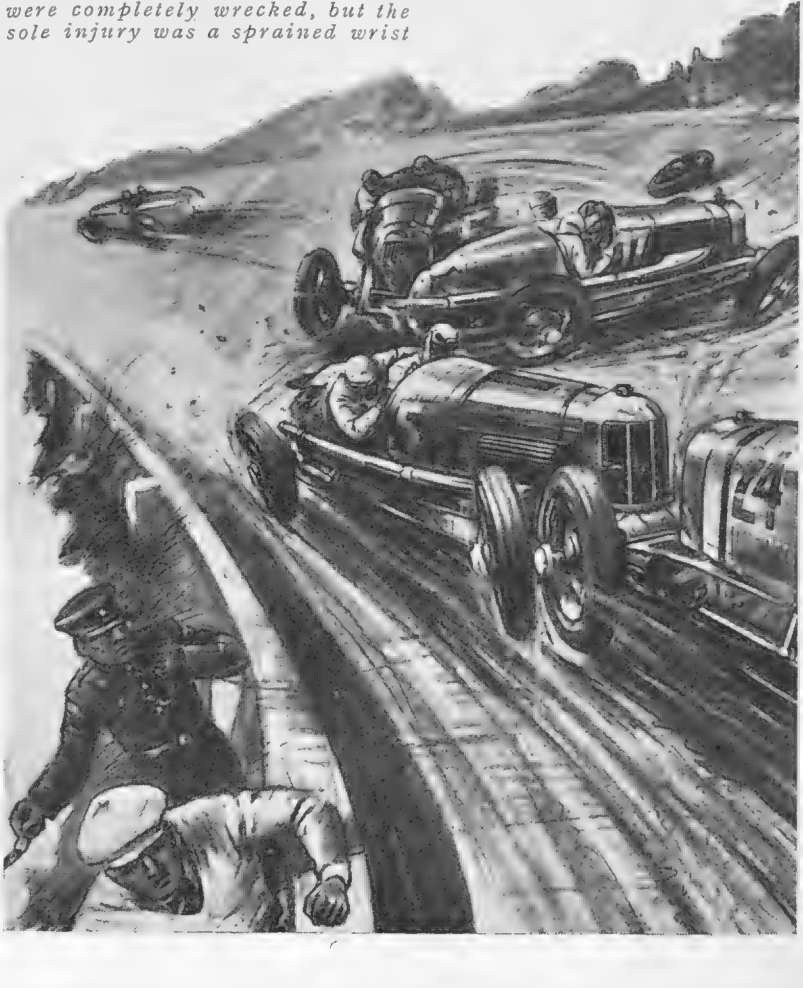
The machine smashed through the flimsy iron fence and leaped ten feet into the air as it crossed the trench immediately beyond. The driver was flung out, and before the screaming machine ended its juggernaut career Materassi and twenty spectators were dead, while nearly two-score had been injured.

Nothing so devastating as this crash had ever been known, and the cause of it was never definitely ascertained.

Forty minutes later, in almost the same spot—and this is the tragic irony of that afternoon—Borzacchini lost a wheel at 110 m.p.h. His car somersaulted, yet neither he nor anyone else was hurt. Borzacchini took over a team-mate's machine and continued in the race.

IT is the purpose of motor-racing to reveal weaknesses and defects which, when rectified, make that particular machine

FIVE cars in a 100 m.p.h. mêlée at Indianapolis, U.S.A. All were completely wrecked, but the sole injury was a sprained wrist



just so much nearer the ideal. If an engine part goes, it delays the car or puts it out of the race; but breakage of frame or axle mean real trouble if either occur at any real speed.

The late Sir Henry Segrave was once saved by the fact that a front axle snapped precisely in the centre. He was driving in a "free-for-all" Spanish Grand Prix at San Sebastian, and was handling a Sunbeam with which he had already done 152 m.p.h. at Southport—that figure then being a world's record.

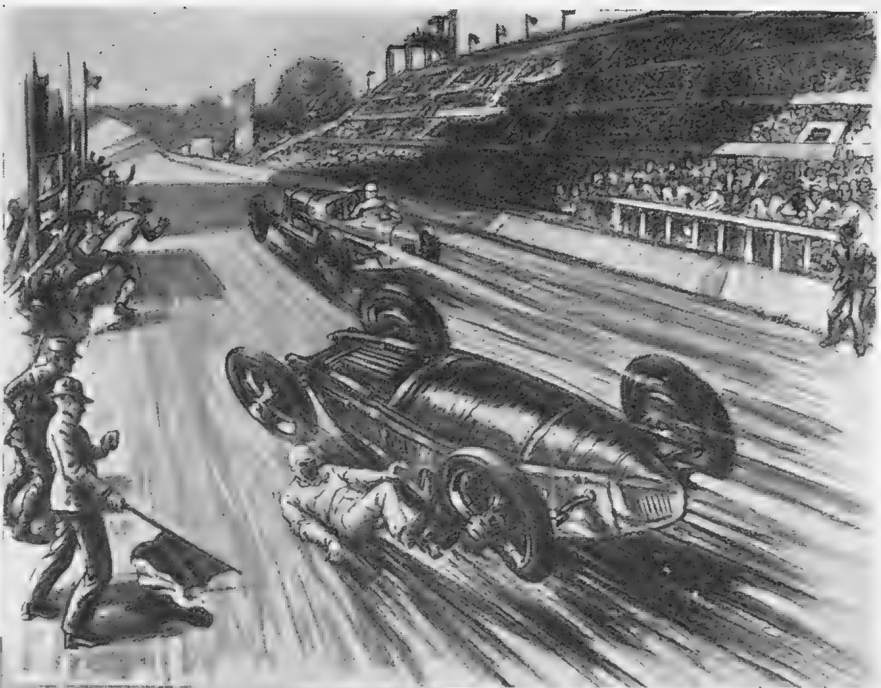
His car was not altogether suited to the tortuous eleven miles of road circuit, but he set the pace from the start—and his front axle broke while he was travelling at over a hundred miles an hour down a short straight.

The axle gave exactly in the middle. Had it snapped a little to either side, the machine must have turned over. As it was, the front wheels tilted inwards and the fractured ends goughed the road evenly, with the machine sliding straight on in a fount of dust and flying stones until it came to a stop.

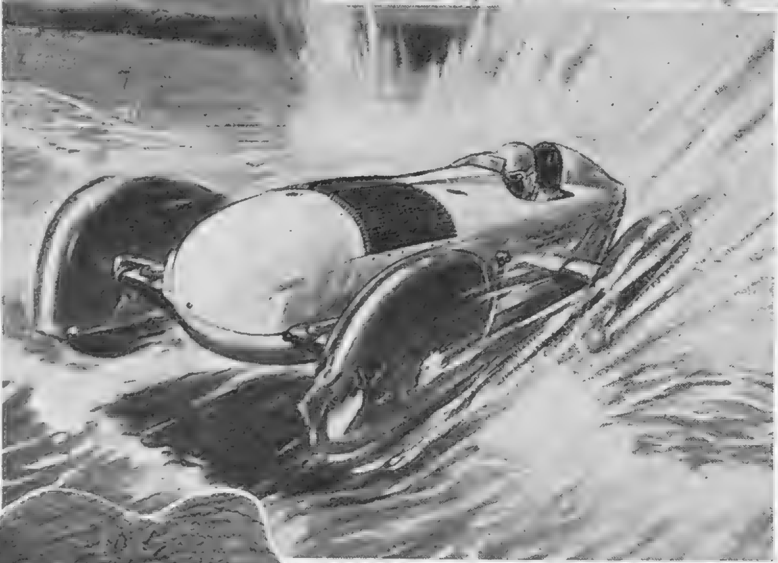
Segrave could not steer, and he was absolutely at the mercy of the machine, which is the ugliest predicament in which a driver can ever find himself.

That kind of crash does not always end so happily. As a result, a different and more efficient type of front axle was evolved, so that Segrave's experience contributed one thing more to the safety of rapid motor-transport.

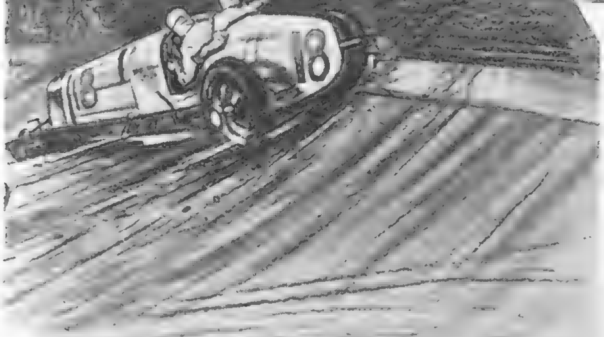
He counted himself lucky but, only a little time before, Segrave had seen a team-mate come out of a crash which still stands as one of the most amazing escapes that motor-racing has yet known.



ONE of motor-racing's most amazing incidents. Count Conelli sliding into second place at 100 m.p.h. in the first race ever run on the £300,000 speedway near Paris



FRANK LOCKHART skidding into the sea at 200 m.p.h. during his attempt on the world's land-speed record. The car sunk after skimming the sea-surface for a considerable distance, but Lockhart was not much hurt



This occurred during the first race on the Montlhéry track near Paris, and the event was called the Grand Prix d'Ouverture. The course had cost thirty-six million francs to build, and the winner of the race was to receive fifty thousand francs.

Segrave was team-leader for three Talbot cars, the other machines being handled by Count Conelli and George Duller, who has gained as much fame on the turf as in motor races.

Tyre trouble had put Segrave some five miles behind the other two when the three-hundred miles race neared its end.

Duller was leading, with Conelli on his tail, and the Talbot team had set such a pace that the remainder of the field was a full thirty miles behind Segrave.

The track was soaking wet from rainstorms, and it had been made very treacherous by dried clay blown on to it before the rain fell. The clay made a greasy paste, but in spite of this the Talbots were averaging around 97 m.p.h.

Duller was leading by just a length from Conelli when the machines swooped together off the banking to come to the finishing line, travelling at 100 m.p.h.—and at this speed Conelli skidded.

He hit the concrete wall on the outside of the curve and the car cannoned off, spinning in circles as it slithered at Duller's tail.

Ten yards short of the finishing line—and no more than a length behind Duller as the winner's flag dropped for him—the Talbot turned over.

Conelli was thrown out. He slid on his back beside his car, so that man and machine crossed the line at full speed, taking second place!

The car then pitched past the scoreboard on to the inside of the track, landing right way up. Conelli was very badly grazed about the shoulders, but his injuries were comparatively minor and he was soon driving again.

WHEN a crash is impending, it is a point of honour for a driver to try to hold his machine until the last possible moment. This is not so much for his own sake as from consideration of what the car may do if it runs amok.

Just as an ordinary driver gives some thought to what he would do if he got into a skid, so that his counter-movements are a reflex of decisions made in quieter moments, in the same way almost every racing man considers his best course should he find his machine pitching to

(*Continued on page* 108)

The SHADOW of Mike Emerald

A Guns-and-the-Girl Drama of American Racketeers in—of all strange places—London

By Anthony Richardson

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

THE lady with the chinchilla furs moved behind the street hawker, slipped in between the newsboy and the organ-grinder, and touched Colleroy on the arm. The proprietor of the coffee stall winked at the newsboy, and the newsboy made a suitable and significant grimace.

Colleroy removed his battered hat and stared at the lady. She was a remarkably pretty lady, and from the toque on her golden head to the tips of her lizard shoes she looked a very expensive lady, and not at all the sort of lady to be found in Tandem Square on a July night sipping hot Oxo at a coffee stall. But so many things had happened to Colleroy since the smash of Iron and Steel Amalgamations that he recovered from his surprise quickly. He took off his hat and bowed, being for the moment in the presence of such loveliness, no longer a down-and-out, but once more a member of Monts and the Junior Liberal.

"I should like to speak to you," she said, and Colleroy followed her to where she withdrew from the little group by the stall.

"I am in difficulties," said the lady. "I should be very glad if you would help me."

The sophistication of Colleroy being sufficiently complete to guard against any trick of confidence or otherwise, and his knowledge of his appearance as of one devoid of means, it naturally followed that Colleroy could attend to her without fear of losing either his self-respect, which miraculously remained with him, or his possessions, which did not.

"Only too pleased. Anything I can do," he murmured.

"I am in need," she said, "of a caretaker."

"Oh, yes," said Colleroy, and mentally compared the interior of a registry office with the exterior of a coffee stall.

"I should be glad if you would accept the post."

"This," said Colleroy to himself, "is very remarkable. I have been disgracefully hungry for three days. But the threepenny-bit I picked up in Leinster Street this morning has, no doubt, brought me luck. I have drunk of Oxo and devoured a steam-soaked cocoanut cake. The immediate result is the arrival of Helen of Troy with the offer of work."

"You would not require references?" asked Colleroy.

"I think not," said the lady.

"That's what I thought," said Colleroy, and they smiled at one another as if they understood one another very well, which was to a certain extent true.

"And my duties commence?" asked Colleroy.

"At once," said the lady.

"Allow me," said Colleroy, and took the cup from her and placed it on the counter.

THEY moved off side by side down Tandem Square. The proprietor of the coffee stall grunted to himself. Through the small proscenium of his stall nightly he viewed humanity, and a familiarity with the night-life of the streets could bring no astonishment to one who would as well serve stewed coffee to a belted earl as a packet of fags to an errand boy. The incident, therefore, passed from the proprietor's mind as rapidly and easily as he and his stall could pass with the dawn.

Colleroy and the lady walked on in silence. He could just see the tip of her nose when they passed under a street lamp. He began a mental process of reconstructing the remainder of her face. Her features were sufficiently tantalising to arouse the interest of any male not inordinately constructed of ice.

Moreover, the situation had already excited his curiosity. In circumstances other than those in which he now found himself he would of necessity have discreetly withdrawn from such an affair. But since Iron and Steel Amalgamations had deprived him of any visible means of support he was in the philosophically admirable position of being able to take a risk without fear of loss. From him that hath nothing, nothing can be taken away.

"Are you married?" asked the lady.

"I am not," said Colleroy.

"Excellent. And no entanglements?"

"None whatsoever. Unlike my collar, my life has been spotless."

"Admirable. Five pounds a week and your keep."

"For how long?"

"That depends," she said.

"On me?"

"Oh, no!" she said. "Oh, no; not on you at all."

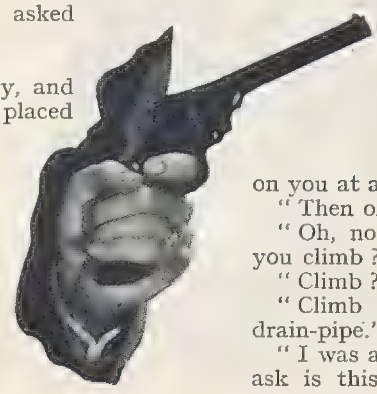
"Then on you?"

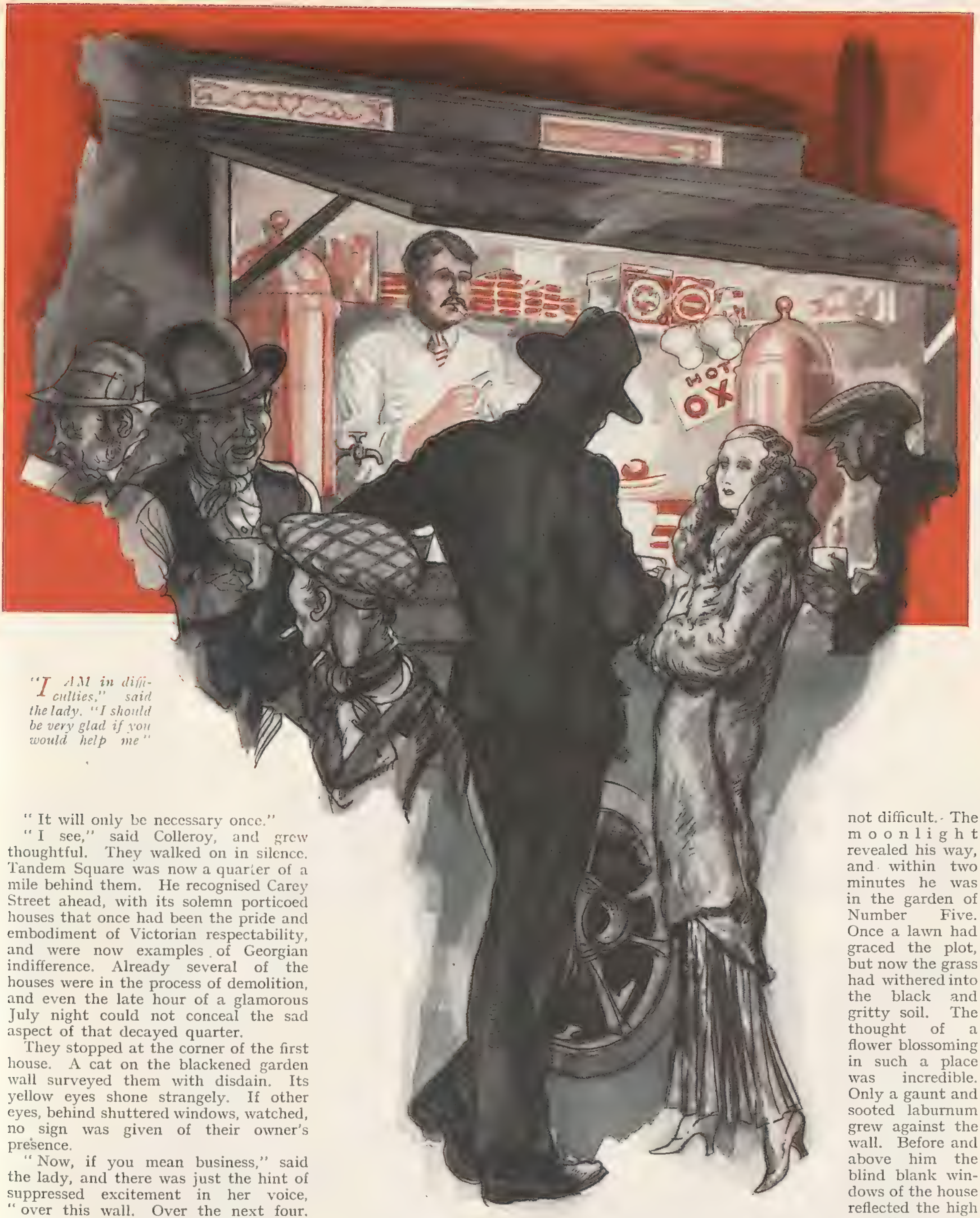
"Oh, no. Not on me. Can you climb?"

"Climb?"

"Climb a wall. Shin up a drain-pipe."

"I was a sailor once. May I ask is this to be part of my daily duties?"





"I AM in difficulties," said the lady. "I should be very glad if you would help me"

" It will only be necessary once."

" I see," said Colleroy, and grew thoughtful. They walked on in silence. Tandem Square was now a quarter of a mile behind them. He recognised Carey Street ahead, with its solemn porticoed houses that once had been the pride and embodiment of Victorian respectability, and were now examples of Georgian indifference. Already several of the houses were in the process of demolition, and even the late hour of a glamorous July night could not conceal the sad aspect of that decayed quarter.

They stopped at the corner of the first house. A cat on the blackened garden wall surveyed them with disdain. Its yellow eyes shone strangely. If other eyes, behind shuttered windows, watched, no sign was given of their owner's presence.

" Now, if you mean business," said the lady, and there was just the hint of suppressed excitement in her voice, " over this wall. Over the next four. Two houses are empty, and in the third they retire to bed at ten. In the fifth garden turn left. The back door is painted white. I will let you in."

The sound of footsteps approaching down Carey Street made her turn at once.

" Quickly," she said, " over you go. I shall engage the policeman in conversation."

" As an accessory to burglary——" said Colleroy.

" Don't be an idiot," she snapped. " Do I look like a burglar ? "

" You do not," said Colleroy.

" There is nothing dishonourable in what you're about to do."

" All right," said Colleroy, thinking of a square meal. " As well for a sheep as a lamb," and clambered up the wall.

" Number Five," she called softly, as he disappeared.

His progress through the gardens was not difficult. The moonlight revealed his way, and within two minutes he was in the garden of Number Five. Once a lawn had graced the plot, but now the grass had withered into the black and gritty soil. The thought of a flower blossoming in such a place was incredible. Only a gaunt and sooted laburnum grew against the wall. Before and above him the blind blank windows of the house reflected the high moonlight. He gazed up at the house and for the first time a sense of possible calamity possessed him. The silence, the empty windows, the desolated garden, the bleak height of the house, its sordid neighbours, all combined to rouse in him a sudden quirk of fear.

HE stood still in the deep shadow of the crooked laburnum. The murmur of distant traffic only emphasised the grim silence all around him. It was all so very, almost unnaturally quiet. Then from Number Four he heard a faint click. He peered through the fingers of the laburnum. He could just see over the wall.

A window half-way up Number Four was opening. A hand was on the sill. The window rose another half-foot. Dimly he could perceive stealthy movement within the room. A thrill of apprehension ran down his spine. The next moment the hand upon the sill was withdrawn, and where it had been a darker object took its place. The moonlight glinted on the rim of the thing. The thing swung an inch nearer his direction. Since Colleroy had on Suvla Beach once squatted behind a similar object, he knew at once what it was, and what it could do. He ducked under cover of the wall. There was only one direction to take. Towards Number Five. He scuttled down the length of the wall, sprang down the area steps and as the back door was flung wide at his approach, plunged into the dark interior of the house.

The door snapped to behind him.

"Strike a match," said the lady's voice.

Colleroy lit a match. His hand was shaking.

"Light the gas."

"Now help me with this door."

Colleroy lifted the solid oaken bar into place while the lady slipped the iron catches over its ends. Four strong men could not have forced the battened door. Colleroy wiped his forehead with a grimy handkerchief.

"Now the alarm," said the lady. She stood on tip-toe and examined the connections.

"Look here!" said Colleroy. "I say."

"I've seen to the front door," she said. "So that's all right."

"Now see," said Colleroy, "this is getting beyond a joke."

"It never was a joke. Now we'll go upstairs."

"As I came into the garden," said Colleroy, "somebody in the next house opened a window and trained a Lewis gun on me!"

If he expected such a statement to startle his companion, he was disappointed.

"Ah!" she said, considering. "So they've got Number Four, have they? I'm not surprised. Half an hour later and—well, we won't go into that."

"Considerate of you," said Colleroy, for he was quite rightly indignant. "But do you mind if I fetch the police?" and he moved towards the door.

"You can't," she said calmly. "First of all, there's no telephone, and secondly if you go out, either back or front, you'll be bumped off. In fact, it isn't safe to look out of a window. You can try it in a couple of days. I shan't mind then."

"Bumped off?" The term was faintly reminiscent.

"When Manotini had Paul Conachan taken for a ride in Chicago," she said, "they found sixty bullets in his interior economy at the inquest."

"You mean to say——"

"That that's what'll happen to you if you put your nose outside—now."

"This isn't Chicago," said Colleroy.

"I don't know that that makes much difference. Let's go upstairs. I'll show you your room."

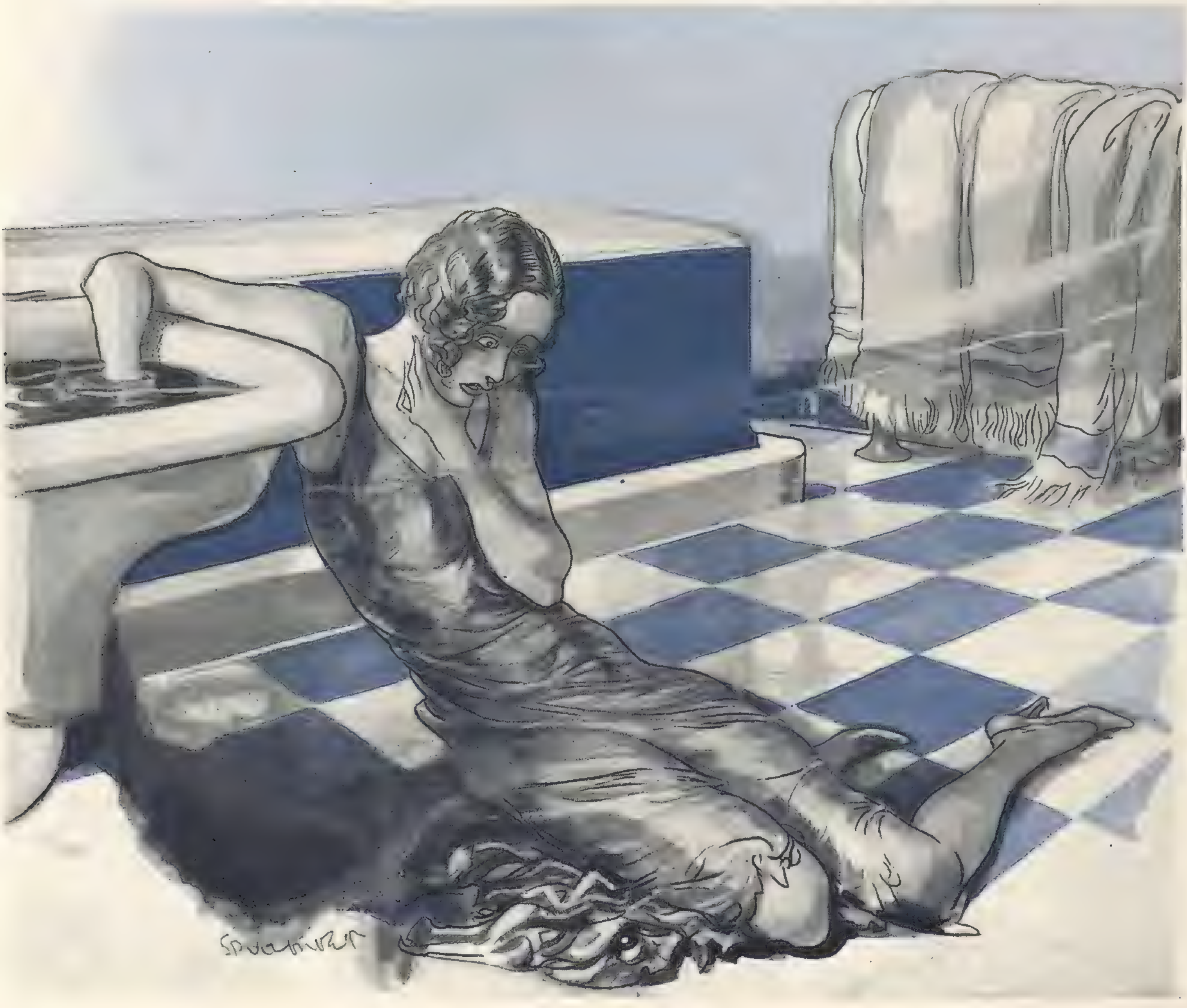
"And what'll I find there—a bomb?"

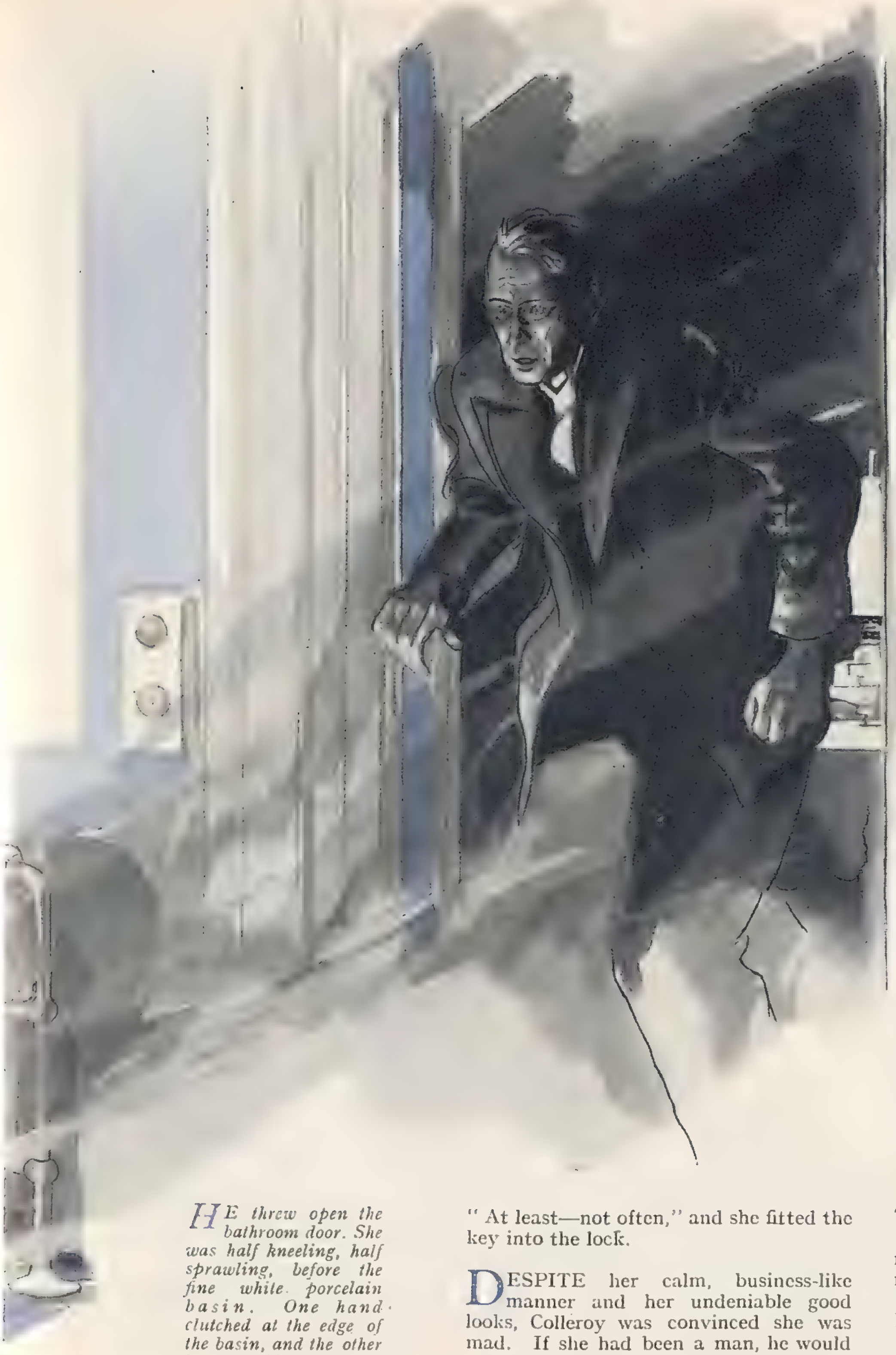
"Not yet—at least, I shouldn't think so," she said.

"The world's gone mad," said Colleroy.

"It's a pretty odd place at most times, I do think," she said. "Now follow me upstairs. Keep low while you pass the window on the landing. Some of Manotini's gunners have X-ray eyes."

"This beats the band," said Colleroy, but he followed her up, for it seemed to him that he had no choice in the matter, which was indeed the truth. Moreover, he was utterly bewildered at this astonishing situation, and could think for the moment neither rapidly nor clearly.





HE threw open the bathroom door. She was half kneeling, half sprawling, before the fine white porcelain basin. One hand clutched at the edge of the basin, and the other beat feebly, futilely before her face

That the gentlemen with their machine-gun in Number Four harboured no friendly intentions towards him was only too painfully obvious. If the front of the house was as closely watched as the back, then his chances of survival appeared extremely small. But why such evil-intentioned persons should bear him such violent ill-will he could not conceive.

At the second story a carpet graced the stairs. There was a single door on the landing, and here the lady paused while she searched for the key.

" Tell me," said Colleroy, not without bitterness, " when I am to expect a knife in the back. One likes to take an interest in oneself."

" We don't use knives," said the lady. " At least—not often," and she fitted the key into the lock.

DESPITE her calm, business-like manner and her undeniable good looks, Colleroy was convinced she was mad. If she had been a man, he would have known how to have dealt with her. The right hook of Colleroy in days gone by had been famous enough. Had there, indeed, been about her an air of criminality, he might have been tempted to handle her deftly but surely. But there was not. She was expensive and lovely and very self-possessed, but mad. Mad as a hatter.

But the memory of that grim moment in the garden must set him wondering if she were alone in her madness. A Lewis gun in Carey Street! No, the fact was that an entire asylum of homicidal lunatics had broken out and were at large. And yet her reference to Manotini and his rum-runners was disconcerting in its relation to sanity. Colleroy wished he were still at the coffee stall in Tandem Square.

" Come right in," said the lady. Colleroy followed her in.

If he had suffered surprise up till now, now sheer astonishment left him speechless. In the soft light of a table lamp he saw before him a fashionable and luxurious room. The faint aroma of Turkish tobacco still lingered in the air. At a little table before an electric fire supper was set for one. The glass and silver and napery were such as he had not seen for many a month. On a sideboard was more than a suggestion of lobster salad and mayonnaise, a cold fowl, Russian salad, fruit and, not least, a bottle of the Widow. Colleroy felt quite faint.

" Come in and shut the door," she said.

Colleroy obeyed.

" I expect," she said, " you'd sort of like to tidy yourself up first."

" Yes," said Colleroy in a faint voice.

" Through that door," she said.

" Thank you," said Colleroy.

The bathroom was very small but immaculate, from its shining taps to its tiled floor, its glass shelves and inset mirrors. Colleroy washed with scented soap and dried with a brand-new towel. He brushed his hair, and the brushes were of silver.

" Mad ! " said Colleroy. " All mad. Mad myself."

He returned to the former room. The lady had taken off her toque, and her chinchillas hung carelessly over a chair arm. She was smoking a cigarette. She glanced up at his entrance and smiled.

" Now," she said, " I expect you're hungry."

" I think I am," said Colleroy.

" This isn't a Borgia supper," she said; " you can eat without fear."

Colleroy ate with avidity, and the lady waited on him. He finished the lobster and attacked the chicken. Half the bottle of champagne did him so much good that he felt there could be nothing wrong about anything. Then he remembered.

" Thank you," said Colleroy, " for my nice supper. May I ask my hostess her name ? "

" My name," said the lady, " is Diana Dean."

" And mine," said Colleroy, " is James Colleroy."

" Not now," she said.

" I beg your pardon," said Colleroy.

" Mike Emerald," said Miss Dean.

" Eh ? " said Colleroy, " Eh ? " For again memories not of Carey Street and Tandem Square were dimly approaching him.

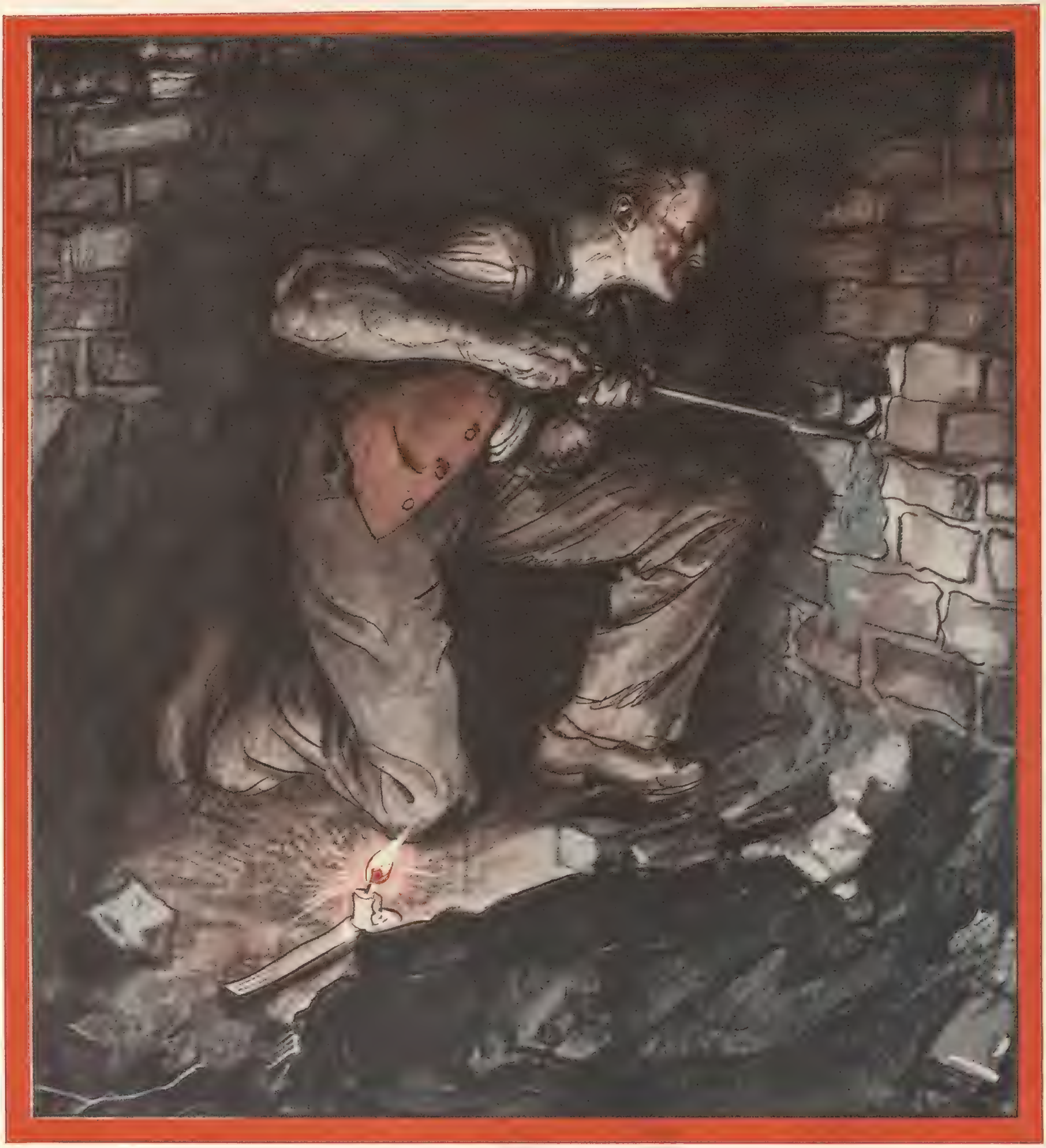
" These were the rooms," said Miss Dean, " of Mike Emerald. I think that you must have heard of him."

" I have," said Colleroy. " By God, I have ! "

" Quite," said Miss Dean.

There was a moment's silence, during which Miss Dean lit another cigarette, while Colleroy gripped the edges of the table.

" Look here," said Colleroy. " Isn't it time you let me in on this ? Mike Emerald—I've heard of him. He came across from New York because they were



A POKER from the long unused kitchen range provided him with the means of working at the mortar between the bricks

after him. But he wasn't allowed to land in England."

" But he did."

" He did ! "

" Certainly he did."

" Then where is he ? "

" That's telling. He was here yesterday."

" Here ? "

" And by now, I hope, on his way to Samoa."

" Samoa ! Why Samoa ? "

" Why not ? " asked Miss Dean. " It's a healthy climate."

" I must get this clear," said Colleroy. " Mike Emerald and Manotini are rival gangsters. The papers have made that into history already. And Emerald fled from New York because Manotini was after him. And Emerald wasn't allowed to land anywhere. And yet you say——"

" It's very simple," said Miss Dean. " Mike had to get out—double-quick. He got. Moreover, he slipped through the English police at Southampton. There was a fire at the Ritz last week, wasn't there ? "

" There was."

" Well, Mike got out of that with his night-shirt and the skin of his teeth."

" Great Scott ! " said Colleroy.

" A day later there was a bad smash on the Brighton Road."

" I believe there was."

" It was Mike's car, but Mike wasn't in it."

" Go on."

" Yesterday there was a mix-up outside the Lyceum."

" I didn't hear of that."

" Mike did. He's got a knife-slash down his forearm."

" Go on."

" So Mike took a boat to Samoa. See ? "

" Yes."

" Well, that's all."

" What about me ? "

" Oh, you ! " said Miss Dean. " It's different for you."

" What do you mean it's different for me ? "

" Carey Street," said Miss Dean calmly, " is an obscure little street and nothing of importance, I should imagine, has ever taken place here. But I expect it'll soon wake up. Manotini's very smart. He knew well enough where Mike's quarters were. Both the houses opposite are occupied by Manotini's fellows. They're one-shot men. Now Number Four next door seems pretty full. I told you we got in just in time. You know the method is very simple. It's just a matter of patience. You wait day and night. Then when your man appears, you let fly. And the get-away is not so difficult as you'd think, especially in London where nobody expects this sort of thing."

"But Emerald," said Colleroy. "Emerald's on his way to Samoa?"

"Quite so."

"Well, what do they want to wait here for? Why don't they go after him instead of sitting in Carey Street like broody hens on explosive eggs?"

"Oh! they don't know that," said Miss Dean. "They don't know Mike's on the high seas. They think he's here. So he is."

"Is he?" said Colleroy.

"First-shot men," said Miss Dean. "Four rounds rapid. Then quit like lightning. You haven't time to look about much. And, after all, you're very much the same build and colouring and——"

"What!" cried Colleroy.

"Well, it's simple, isn't it? Manotini will get the wire that his chaps have bumped off Mike in Carey Street, in the City of London. And that will give Mike just the time to get nicely clear and reconstruct in Samoa."

"Meanwhile I——"

"I expect you'll get a very decent funeral, and, after all, it was a very good supper, wasn't it?"

"The trouble with me," said Colleroy, "is that my upbringing forbids me disclosing my feelings before a lady. From now on I am entirely opposed to the public-school system. But if thoughts can speak——"

"I'll take them for spoken," said Miss Dean.

Colleroy stared at her.

"You know," he said, "you're a very remarkable young woman. But I should have thought you've been mis-cast for the part of Messalina."

"Thanks for the compliment," said Miss Dean.

"And I suppose it has occurred to you that I might rather view this pleasant little plan of yours with disfavour?"

"It has."

"And unless you've a round dozen of cutthroats ready at hand, it is a possibility that I might translate my indignation into action?"

"It is."

"So that there might be a double funeral?"

"There might be," said Miss Dean.

"And the prospect doesn't frighten you?"

"It certainly does."

"Then why——"

"My dear good man," said Miss Dean, "is there any difference between the deep sea and the devil, when you come to think of it? If you get shirty and put me out, then you do. But if I hadn't found someone to do this job, then Mike would have seen to it that I got the works. And though Manotini's got nothing against me, there is just the odd chance that a stray shot meant for you registers on me. So really if you consider the affair with the least degree of intelligence, you can realise that we're both in the same boat. But I'm sorry if you're vexed about it all."

"You really mean to say that, cold-bloodedly and deliberately, you went out to-night to find an impersonator whom you knew was to be as deliberately murdered——"

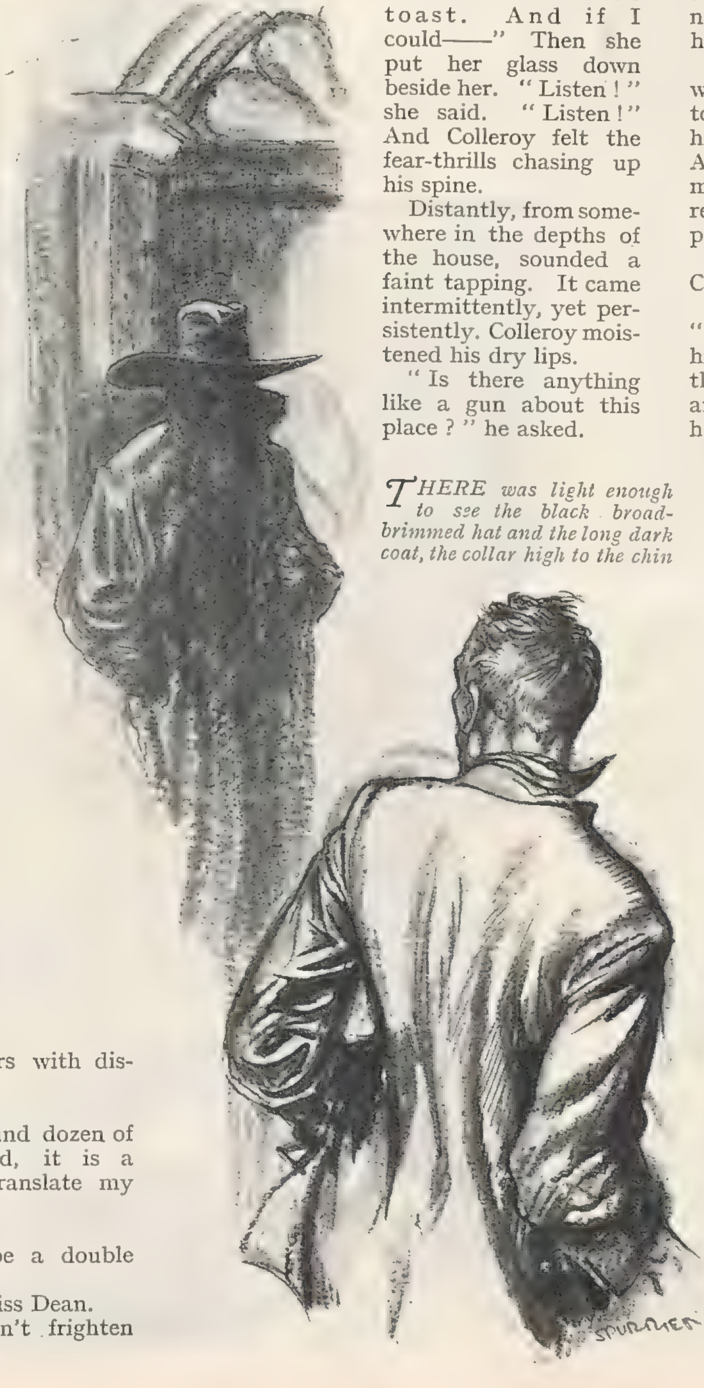
"We've been through all that, haven't we? It's tiresome flogging a dead horse. Finish up the champagne and get me a curaçao. Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow——"

"That's quite enough of that," said Colleroy, but he filled both glasses.

"Well," said Miss Dean, and she raised her glass, "I can't think of a suitable toast. And if I could——" Then she put her glass down beside her. "Listen!" she said. "Listen!" And Colleroy felt the fear-thrills chasing up his spine.

Distantly, from somewhere in the depths of the house, sounded a faint tapping. It came intermittently, yet persistently. Colleroy moistened his dry lips.

"Is there anything like a gun about this place?" he asked.



THERE was light enough to see the black broad-brimmed hat and the long dark coat, the collar high to the chin

"No," said Miss Dean. "Mike cleared the lot when he went."

"I suppose," said Colleroy, and he hoped his voice sounded steady, "I suppose this house is what you might call burglar-proof?"

"It should be."

The tapping grew louder, ceased, began again.

"In that case——" said Colleroy. "I sort of feel——"

It seemed to him his voice must be inaudible from the hammering of his heart.

"I think," said Colleroy, "an inspection is indicated."

He went to the door.

"As well be soon as late," said Colleroy, but Miss Dean ran towards him. She caught at his coat.

"No, no," she said, "don't go."

"Oh!" said Colleroy, "and why not?"

"I know I locked up. There can't be anybody inside. Only I don't know what it is."

From below came a repetition—tap, tappity, tap.

"You seem suddenly very concerned on my behalf," said Colleroy.

"I don't know. I don't know," said Miss Dean, and she suddenly burst into tears. She clung to Colleroy, and he must needs put his arms round her to support her.

"Come, come!" said Colleroy. "This won't do. Come, come! Pull yourself together." For, oddly enough, a part of his indignation had already evaporated. A further repetition of that ominous and mysterious sound below caused him to remove her clinging hands as gently as possible.

"I dare say it's nothing at all," said Colleroy.

"Conachan—the same way," she said. "You never know. He wouldn't leave his house, and they couldn't get in. And they got a cat. He was mighty fond of animals, Conachan was. And they did horrible things to it and they got it to run across his porch. It yowled there. It kept on. And Conachan went down. He didn't open the door more than an inch. Then they rushed him."

"Quite," said Colleroy, "but that's not helping us much."

"Oh, God!" said Miss Dean, "Oh, my God! what are we to do?"

"We?" asked Colleroy.

"I am a cad," said Miss Dean. "I am a cad."

"There, there," said Colleroy.

"I couldn't help it," she said. "You don't know what it is to be driven and caught like I've been. I've not known from hour to hour what's been likely to happen. No one ever does know. They put the mark against your name, and then sooner or later—somehow, somewhere, it happens!"

"We must get hold of the police."

"No, no. You can't squeal. It's the only law we've got amongst us. If you squeal, you're certain to collect it then."

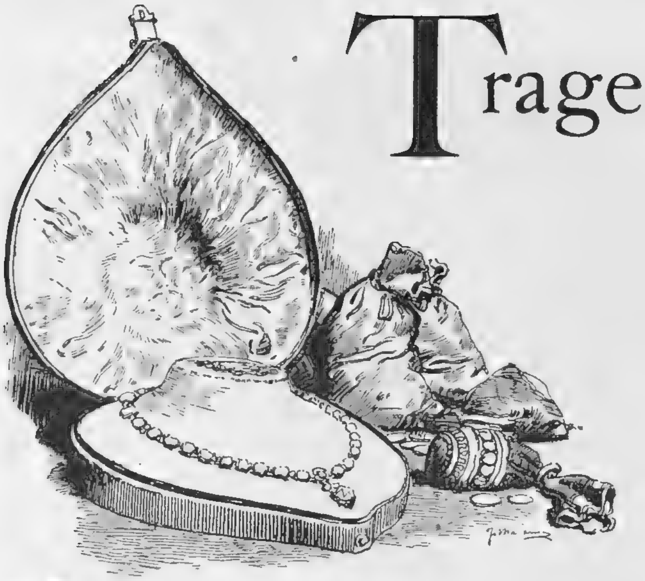
"But I'm not one of you."

"But I am," said Miss Dean.

"I see," said Colleroy, "I see. Yes, that does make a difference," and with that he slipped past her and ran to the head of the stairs. The well of the house was in almost complete darkness. Only across the landing below a ray of moonlight fell from the unshuttered window.

From the room behind he could hear Miss Dean sobbing quietly. He could take no (*Continued on page 104*)

Tragedies *and* Comedies



THE Diamond Necklace is the story of the most incredible comedy and the portent of the most significant tragedy of modern times. It is a commentary on the vanity which forgets humanity. Every great revolution has its causes deeply prepared in the minds and institutions of men. The long moment of suffering is endured patiently or impotently. Then suddenly an accidental circumstance gives the mob an opportunity for expression, and the specious doctrinaire or wild-eyed fanatic does the rest.

The French Revolution was no exception to the rule. The society of the *ancien régime* wore its silks and fancies in the approved style of the Pompadour while the nation groaned and went hungry. The discontent of the intellectuals found an answer in the famished murmurings of the great mass of the people. It was rather like a prairie of parched grass that required the spark of a match to set it into consuming flame. It took nearly fifty years for chance to set the world alight. Chance took the form of a string of diamonds, just as in 1914 it chose a bullet fired in the obscure city of Sarajevo. The French nation only required an accusing finger to point to the hated Marie Antoinette.

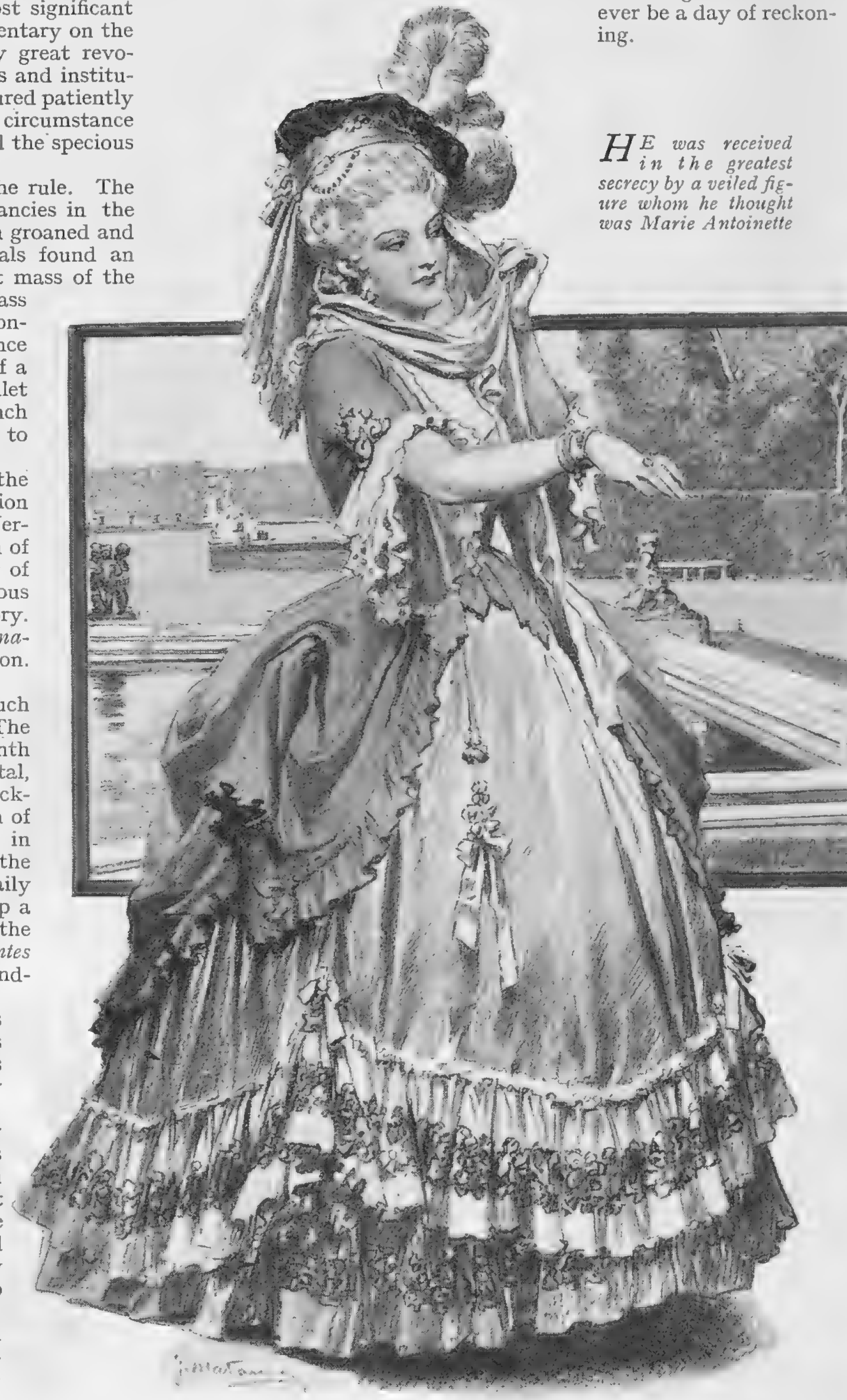
The affair of the diamond necklace supplied the unthinking and cruel mob with an excuse for derision and hatred, and the march of the fishwives on Versailles and the beginning of the greatest revolution of all times were the natural sequences. The affair of the diamond necklace was one of those tremendous trifles which changed the course of European history.

The story of the diamond necklace is a *comédie macabre* of the Paris which cradled the French Revolution.

AT no period of the modern age was so much squalor allied with such exquisite taste. The city of Paris in the last quarter of the eighteenth century was a dirty, ill-lighted, undrained capital, inhabited for the most part by impoverished, black-coated, shabby men and women. The only touch of colour was lent by the light-hearted aristocrats in their finery and jewels who drove through the unpaved streets in shiny cabriolets drawn by gaily harnessed horses. Each turn of the wheels set up a cloud of mud and filth which brought groans from the poor pedestrians and jeers from the periwigged *comtes* and *marquises* seated in uneven equipoise on hand-embroidered cushions.

It was an age of uncertainty and frivolity. It was the fashion to encourage the wildest extravagances both of thought and costume. Necromancers flourished and corruption stalked unblushingly through every department of the government. Women had no morals and men no virtue. Powder and patches were common to both sexes. It was impossible for a man of quality to live on less than £30,000 a year, and if his estates did not yield that amount he resorted to every guile and subterfuge to maintain his position. The whole city seemed to be composed of idlers—the poor because they could find no employment and the aristocrats who had never thought of anything so menial.

Every street contained its gambling resort and each open space in the capital was the parade-ground of distraction and dissipation. The courtesans without which no age of France has ever been complete had to be restrained in their luxury and excesses lest their brilliance competed with the royal princes. We are told that Duthe, a notorious but beautiful cocotte, had a coach (decorated by a pupil of Boucher) made in the form of a gilt shell, edged with mother-of-pearl and borne aloft by a group of Tritons. The hubs of the wheels were of solid silver and the horses harnessed with straps and saddles made of gold and green silk. And Duthe herself occasionally rode out to the Bois in this fantastic coach dressed in flesh-coloured taffeta tights covered by wisps of organdie. In the Paris of the day it was more important for a man of fashion to wear the latest cravat or waistcoat than to pay his debts or taxes. The only purpose of the world of Paris was to supply a background for amusement and extravagance. No one thought there would ever be a day of reckoning.



HE was received in the greatest secrecy by a veiled figure whom he thought was Marie Antoinette

of History

Described by Norman Hill
Painted by F. Matania, R.I.

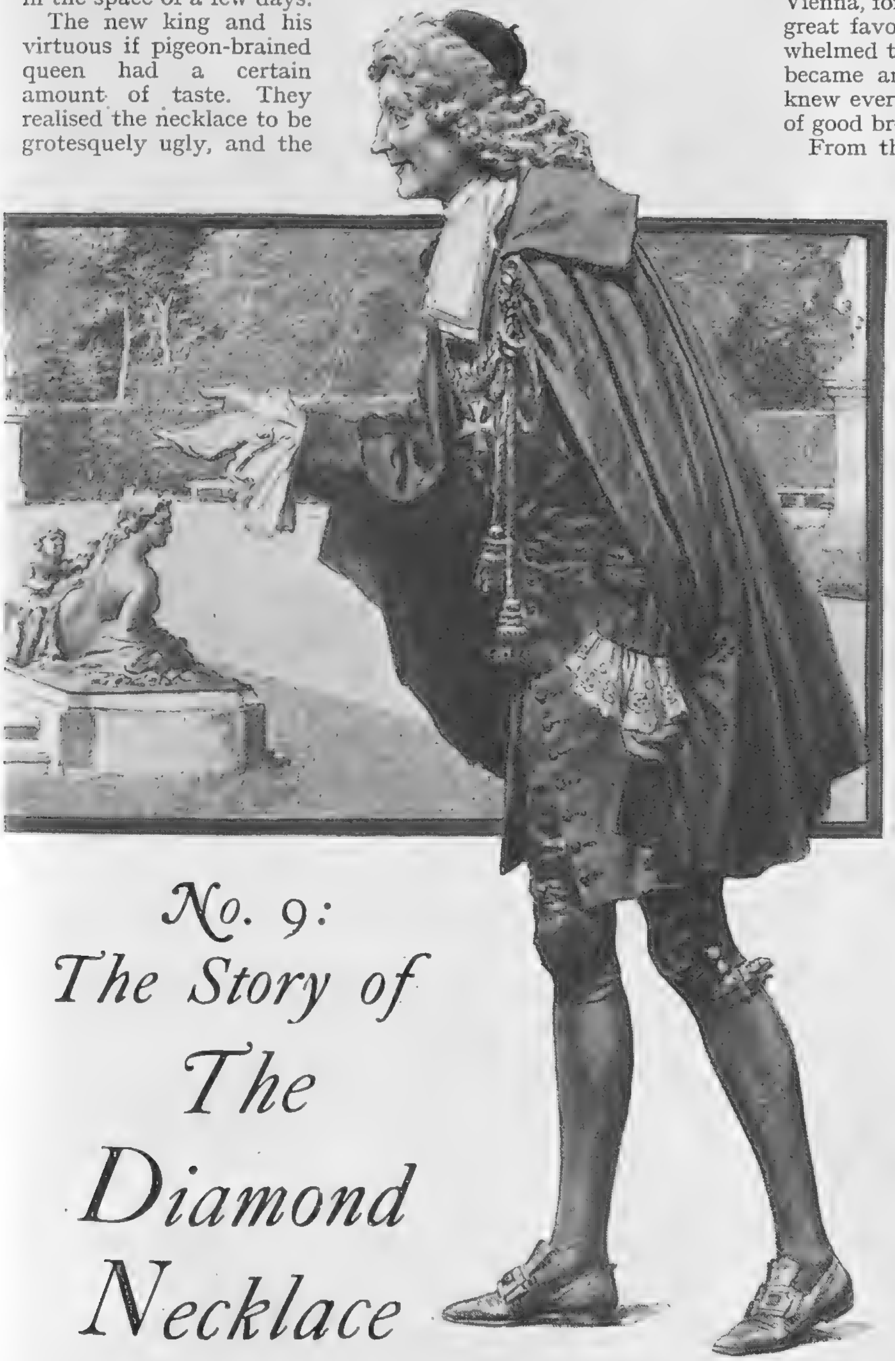
No. 9:
The Story of The Diamond Necklace

WHEN we consider the France of 1785—corrupt, frivolous, crazy—the amazing story of the Diamond Necklace assumes its proper proportion. We might almost think that Marie Antoinette was not a half-wit when she recommended the poor to eat cake if they had no bread.

The untimely death of Louis XV, known as the Well Beloved, left two ambitious jewellers faced with bankruptcy. They were a pair of hard-headed diamond merchants, Boehmer and Bassenge, celebrated all over the continent for their clientèle and charges. At the time of the ascendancy of the vulgar Madame Du Barry they conceived the very practical notion of making the largest diamond necklace of all time. They knew the Du Barry to be a woman devoid of taste, who thought the most expensive was assuredly the best. She liked things which were big and costly. They therefore searched Europe for the heaviest and ugliest diamonds, which they made into an enormous necklace.

The king's mistress was overjoyed, but a few days before the necklace was ready Louis XV most inconsiderately died. No woman ever falls more effectively and rapidly than an unwanted royal favourite, and Du Barry found herself the most despised adventuress in all France in the space of a few days.

The new king and his virtuous if pigeon-brained queen had a certain amount of taste. They realised the necklace to be grotesquely ugly, and the nature of its origin made it all the more detestable. When the panic-stricken Boehmer and Bassenge offered them the stones they refused to buy at any price, and the merchants were faced with ruin. They had sunk nearly all their capital in purchasing the brilliants, and although they hawked the necklace round Europe for years they could find no purchaser. It was kept in a strong-room in Paris, while its owners were reduced to something like indigence. And its tawdry history might have ended in the obscurity of a bankruptcy court if it had not been for unlucky circumstances.



THERE happened to live in France at that time a prince of the Church who thought a string of diamonds was the passport to the love of a queen. He was the Cardinal de Rohan, head of a great family, a prince in his own right, a cardinal by influence and a churchman by accident. He was the last of the infamous breed who have sullied the Sacred College. His love of luxury and good living would have qualified him for the High Renaissance. For him the Church was a stalking horse to the completest self-indulgence.

As a young man he had been appointed ambassador to Vienna, for in those days the scions of great houses commanded great favours. His Gallic instincts and gallant address overwhelmed the pliable morals of the Viennese, and his love affairs became an international scandal. He went everywhere and knew everybody. He also lived at a time when it was a sign of good breeding to break the elementary canons of hospitality.

From the first he proved distasteful to Maria Theresa, the masterful Empress, and her dislike turned to hate when the indiscreet Rohan mentioned a minor lapse of her daughter Marie Antoinette.

The gay and careless ambassador was recalled to Paris in the same year that the Austrian princess and her husband, the Dauphin, succeeded to the throne of France. Anyone less obtuse than this fantastic cardinal would not have wondered why his reception was of the coldest. He was avoided by everyone, and although his family influence and hereditary offices gave him considerable powers, he eventually realised that his presence was undesirable.

He returned to his estates wondering how he could re-establish himself in the affections of the young Queen whom he had so mortally offended in the days of his Vienna embassy.

DE ROHAN was but one character in the astounding drama. From the first he was the marked victim of the fascinating Jeanne de St. Remy de Valois, a descendant of a natural son of Henry II and a woman who was neither coquette nor cocotte, but who combined the worst qualities of both.

Jeanne was the unwanted child of drunken parents. That her ancestors had been noble there is little doubt, but the family had fallen on evil days and the parents of this extraordinary girl were bankrupt in both money and human-kindness. They used to drive the unhappy Jeanne to beg in the streets. She ran by the side of gaily painted coaches, her feet wallowing in the filth of the Paris streets and her rags splashed by mud as the wheels revolved unevenly over the cobble-stones. "Give charity to a poor daughter of the house of Valois," she droned monotonously, and there was something in her appealing dark eyes which singled her out from the tens of thousands of child beggars who infested Paris in the last days of the *ancien régime*. If she returned to the garret of her parents with but a few sous she was soundly beaten. If she came back with a few silver coins her mother and father got drunk on cheap brandy and beat her just the same.

Few of the great adventuresses of this world had such a sordid upbringing, and she might have been flogged into imbecility had it not been for the intervention of an aristocrat who adopted her and gave her the modicum of education which was deemed sufficient for a woman of quality.

Pretty clothes and good food had a delirious effect on little Jeanne, and the criminal instincts which had always been latent now found full opportunity. In the space of a year or two she had robbed her benefactress and been turned out to the world once again.

Sometimes fortune waits on the ungrateful, and Jeanne found many ways of obtaining the money which could alone buy her jewels and the pretty things for which women so often sell their souls. She passed from the arms of one man to another, always a little listlessly, never falling in love.

Eventually she married one of her lovers, a worthless sot who called himself the Count de la Motte. He had no right to any title, but counts have always been easy to come by on the Continent, and the identity of Jeanne de Valois was soon sunk under the dignity of the Countess Jeanne de la Motte.

Jeanne liked the idea. It was so easy to obtain credit when you had a coronet on the door of your cabriolet.

BY this time she had grown wise in the affairs of the *demi-monde*, and looked round for richer and richer victims. By deft combination of chance and circumstance she managed to effect an introduction to the Prince de Rohan, the one-time ambassador who was now the Cardinal Bishop of Strasbourg. He was a tremendous power in France, for his hereditary offices made him landgrave of Alsace and Grand Almoner of the kingdom. But at court his rank and position counted for nothing. He had not been forgiven his Viennese indiscretions.

His one ambition in life was to be received at Versailles and to be looked on with favour by Marie Antoinette. It did not take little Jeanne de la Motte long to probe the Cardinal's weakness. She knew she was dealing with a credulous fool. In his palace she had met the notorious Cagliostro, who revelled in an almost complete ascendancy over the Cardinal. Cagliostro imparted that trifle of information which Jeanne was seeking. The Cardinal was in love with the Queen, but he knew it to be treason to talk about his secret passion. Jeanne needed no second word. She flattered the Cardinal. She submitted to his caresses, for in those days grand passions were not to be confused with necessary everyday flirtations. She wheedled money and favours from him in return for smiles and more intimate pleasures, and induced her powerful protector to obtain a commission for the stupid de la Motte.

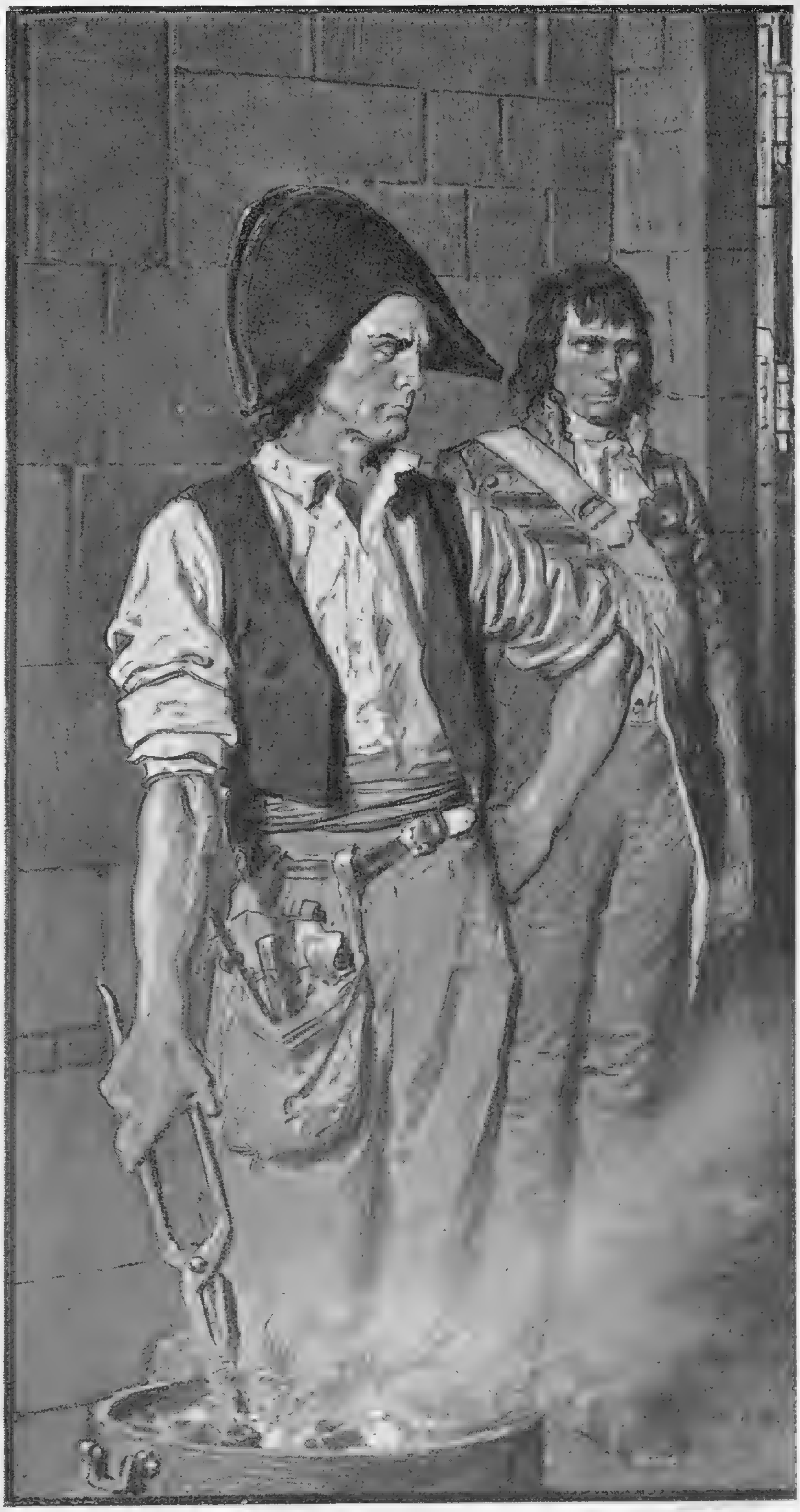
The time came when Jeanne suggested a visit to Paris. She hankered after the gilt and glitter of the life of the capital and Versailles. Besides this she had decided to play a big game, and you can only win big games with big cards. The big card in her case was to take the form of the ugly diamond necklace made for the Du Barry. Jeanne de la Motte was a consummate actress. She played the rôle of pseudo countess far better than those who were naturally born to noble rank. She was accepted by everybody and went everywhere.

For a time tradesmen gave her credit and her coach and horses were to be seen constantly on the Versailles-Paris road. Presently she began to trade on her Valois ancestry and spoke of her distant kinswoman, the Queen.

In a week or two she was telling the Cardinal of her visits to Marie Antoinette, of the familiar and affectionate way she was received in the Palace and the Trianon, of the many favours which the king and princes bestowed on her. Actually throughout this period she was living in an obscure lodging in Versailles, for expenses were high and it was necessary to pay tradesmen now and then to keep them from becoming suspicious. The only time she saw the Queen was when she lingered on the outskirts of a crowd in the Versailles streets and saw Marie Antoinette pass in her coach.

But her deception was undiscovered. When she told de Rohan stories of the court, that princely ass believed every word, and when little Jeanne happened to mention that the Queen spoke of him with favour he was overjoyed. A day or two later his eyes bulged from his head when Jeanne said she would carry a letter from the Cardinal to the Queen, for Marie Antoinette was by no means indifferent to his attentions.

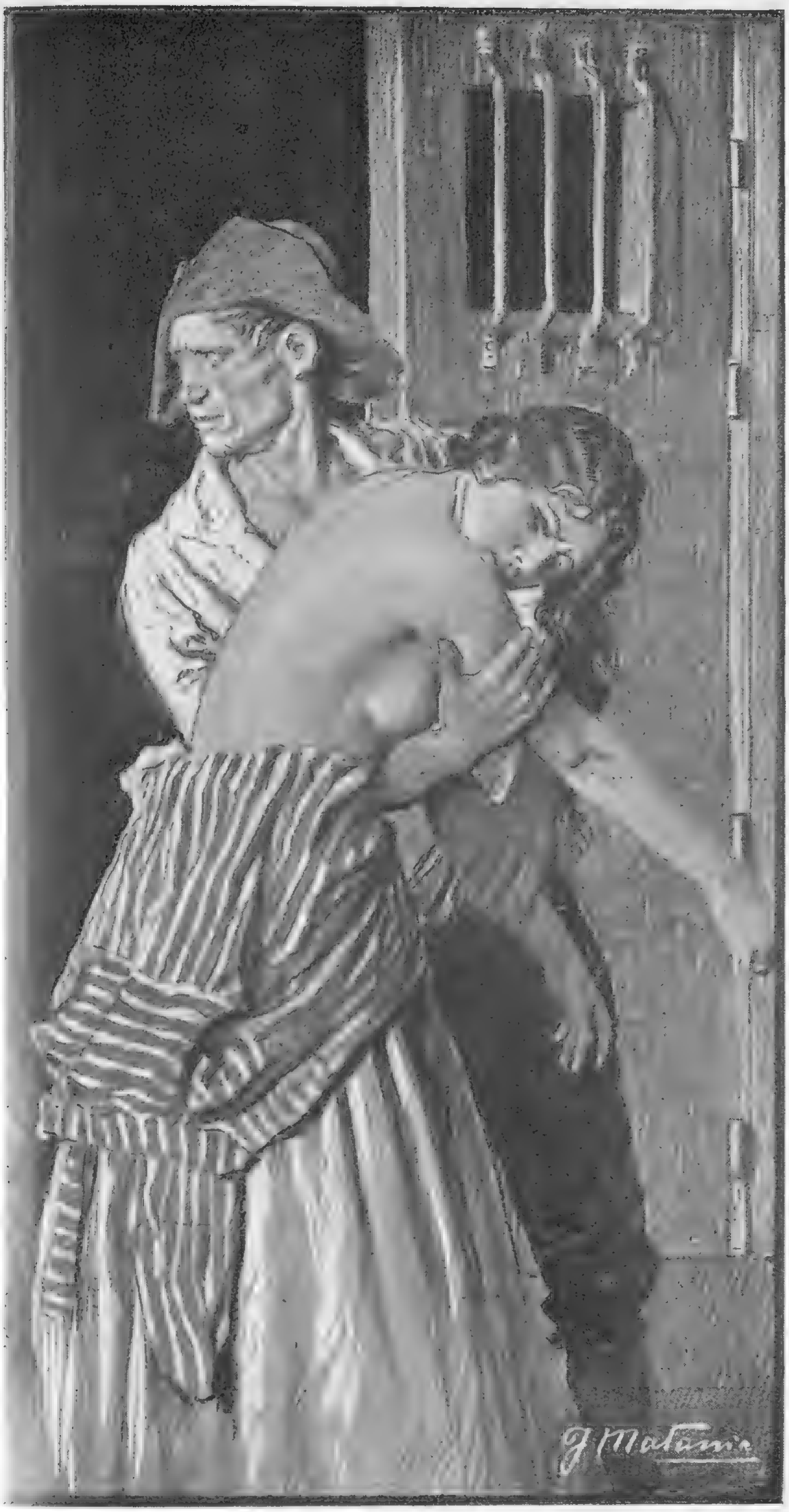
De Rohan wrote a letter couched in terms of servility and supplication, thanking the Queen for the good wishes she had expressed concerning him. Jeanne took the letter and a day or two afterwards returned with a curious document containing a forged signature of the Queen. If de Rohan had taken the slightest trouble he would have found that the signature on the letter bore not the least resemblance to the autograph of Marie Antoinette. But he was sick with love and men in that unhappy condition will believe anything.



SHE was stripped to the waist and prepared for torture. She was beaten, and gaolers who seemed to enjoy their task branded her shoulders with red-hot irons shaped in the letter "V"

De Rohan wrote more letters and Jeanne brought back a forgery in answer to each one. The correspondence continued for a long period, and the Cardinal imagined the Queen was waiting an opportunity to prove in person what she had already hinted in ink.

JEANNE was nothing if not thorough. She had succeeded in abstracting quite considerable sums from de Rohan, and knew if she could arrange a meeting between Marie Antoinette and the infatuated prince, she could make her own terms. A genuine meeting was out of the question, for Marie Antoinette, who committed many foolish faults, was in this case completely innocent of everything which had been going on in her



name. In fact, until the actual exposure of the forgeries and swindles she had never heard of the enterprising Jeanne de la Motte, nor thought of the Cardinal de Rohan in any terms other than those of disgust and dislike.

The Cardinal had become impatient at the long delay, and Jeanne realised how imperative it was to arrange a secret rendezvous. She happened to come across a pretty cocotte in the gardens of the Tuileries who bore a remarkable resemblance to the Queen. Her name was Marie Lejay, and she proved quite amenable to play her part in the gigantic conspiracy. Jeanne introduced her to her friends as the Baronne Gay d'Oliva, and it was arranged she should impersonate the Queen in a quiet part of the gardens of Versailles. The Cardinal was informed and hastened to the rendezvous. He was received in the greatest secrecy by a veiled figure whom he thought was Marie Antoinette. He heard the figure whisper words of encouragement, telling him she had forgiven his past indiscretions and that quite soon she would be in a position to show him real favours. Just as the interview showed signs of real promise—from the Cardinal's point of view—there was a noise in the adjacent alleyways. The veiled figure moved hurriedly away and the Cardinal thought it discreet to hurry back to Paris.

He was delighted with the skill of Jeanne in arranging the interview. He showed his appreciation by giving her a large sum of money, which the adventuress squandered on pretty frocks, fantastic parties, and a splendid coach.

Jeanne now became really ambitious. She saw an opportunity of obtaining a really large fortune, and took it. She told de Rohan the latest "confidence" of the Queen. She had always secretly wanted the famous diamond necklace which was lying in the strong-room of MM. Boehmer and Bassenge. She could not purchase it openly, for there was distress in the land, and her action might be misunderstood by the people, who were already showing signs of restlessness at her reported extravagance. Besides that, the necklace was very expensive and there was little money in the royal treasury. If her rich lover gave it to her as a present or even advanced part of the money, it would be quite another matter. So rich a gift would also prove to her the depth of her lover's regard.

Jeanne told the story with such emotion that de Rohan said he was quite willing to advance the first deposits to secure the necklace. After all, he had the guarantee of the Queen, and it was such a little service for a great lover like himself.

In the early part of 1785 Jeanne had so prepared the way that the jewellers were persuaded the Queen desired the necklace, but that in a matter so delicate it was essential to maintain absolute secrecy. They were quite willing to negotiate through the medium of the very high personage described by the Countess de la Motte.

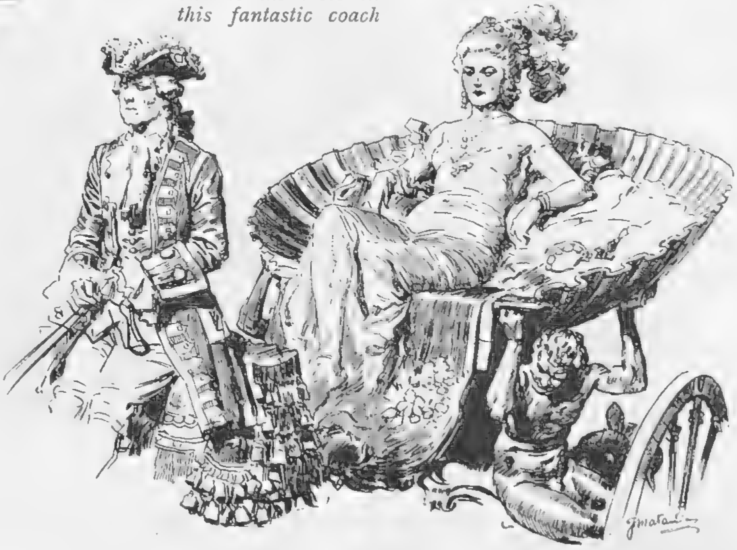
Jeanne returned to de Rohan with a letter purporting to come from the Queen in which she mentioned the necklace. She hinted at the necessity for obtaining a temporary accommodation, and the Cardinal at once produced the requisite amount of money for the first deposit. He called on the jewellers and saw the necklace, remarking on its excessive ugliness. He even wondered why the Queen could want anything so hideous or ostentatious. But before good taste had a chance to improve his judgment, he paid over the money and made arrangements for the paying of further instalments as they became due.

The necklace was duly delivered at the house of Jeanne de la Motte, where the conspirators awaited the coming of the Cardinal.

Jeanne had arranged for her latest lover to intervene at this stage, a notorious blackguard named Reteaux de Vilette. He was to be the emissary of the court who had come from the Queen especially to deliver the necklace to Marie Antoinette herself. De Rohan arrived and was quite convinced of the credentials of de Vilette. The necklace was handed over with due solemnity and sentimentality. The Cardinal drove away. Jeanne de la Motte despatched her husband to the coast to take the packet to

(*Continued on page* 110)

DUTHE herself occasionally rode out to the Bois in this fantastic coach



Twenty-four Hours: Days *that* have *made* History

By

Gordon Beckles

Above: *THE cordon of troops at the Winter Palace on Sunday*

Left: *A CROWD of workmen outside the offices of the Putiloff works*

Above: THE Grand Duke Vladimir, uncle of the Czar and credited with the butchery at St. Petersburg on Red Sunday. Right: The Grand Duke Sergius, brother of Vladimir, deposed from the governorship of Moscow after a reign of brutal tyranny. Was subsequently assassinated

January 22nd, 1905

A LOVELY Sunday morning, crisply cold beneath a cloudless sky, with sunshine regilding a thousand golden domes and spires. The pageant of St. Petersburg's skyline has never seemed richer in colour. But in the very centre of the city, on the island of Vassili Ostroff, there are men and women who gain cold comfort from this radiant sunshine. They are the strikers from the great Putiloff Ironworks; there are over twelve thousand of them; and they are striking because of the conditions of labour and pay imposed upon them by their august employers—the Government of Russia.

Only half-a-mile away, across the frozen river Neva, is the great baroque façade of the Winter Palace. Somewhere in one of its seven hundred rooms, perhaps, is the Czar, their Little Father—*juste and misericordieux*—whom, if only they could tell him of their plight, would surely reprove the wicked bureaucrats. They are simple souls, these strikers, inspired by no political doctrine.

Father Gapon has said: "We must meet our Czar face to face." And the Father is the brains and will-power of the strike. To the Czar he, and all others with him, remain passionately loyal. Only last Thursday all unhappy St. Petersburg stood aghast when the ceremony of the Blessing of the Waters of the Neva was so tragically disturbed.

The Czar had been standing in the golden pavilion erected on the terrace of the Winter Palace, while across the river, on the Vassili Ostroff side, were placed the four saluting guns. As the last of these guns fired its royal salute a window in the Palace was shattered, there was a tearing sound through the roof of the imperial pavilion and a policeman only twenty yards from the Czar dropped dead. Someone had filled the fourth saluting gun with live bullets. . . .

10.0 *a.m.*

THIS, indeed, is such a Sunday as St. Petersburg has seldom seen before. Not only in the industrial district of Vassili Ostroff but all over the city are clusters of shabbily-dressed workers discussing the persecutions of the Ministry of the Interior; the corruption of the Ministry of War; and the shame of the Japanese campaign, which is making the pride of Russia bite the dust of defeat. Slowly and uncertainly these hovering and shambling groups of people now seem to be moving in a common direction. The churches, usually so full at this hour, are empty. Only a few of the faithful pause outside to cross themselves. For the word has been passed around: "*To the Winter Palace!*"

10.45 *a.m.*

WALKING slowly across the Troitsky Bridge come thousands of poorly clad men and women. There is no fire of inspired revolution illuminating their flat faces, or blazing in their bovine eyes. Just a humble look of inarticulate distress, like the driven cattle that they are. Little colour, too, in this moving mass. Here and there a crimson kerchief on a woman's head, or a blue muffler around an old man's neck.

Facing them at the Palace end of the bridge are Circassian Cossacks—"a Circassian loves to kill a Russian" runs an old proverb—some city police, resplendent on tall, white Arab horses and a detachment of marines. When the crowd has reached the middle of the bridge an officer gives a curt order. The Cossacks advance with their knouts in their hands, and deadly long-handled whips, called naghaikas, hanging from their saddles. In a moment the knouts have given way to sabres, then blank bullets, then live shot. . . . In a few ghastly minutes nearly two hundred unarmed workmen are lying dead, their blood streaming like a crimson cobweb across the whiteness of the Troitsky Bridge pavements and roadway.

It was less of a massacre, than a misunderstanding. The Cossacks lost their heads—it is one of their great virtues!

2 *o'clock*

THE news of the men lying dead and unattended in the snow on the bridge has spread through the city. Few believe it. Surely, right before the Czar's own windows, not even Cossacks would dare to murder the children of the Little Father!

But the Emperor of All-the-Russias

Continuing the Series, in which the most *Eventful* Days *of* the *last* Half-century are recapitulated H*our* by H*our*

No. 6: "Red Sunday" in St. Petersburg—January 22, 1905

MOUNTED troops guarding the Winter Palace

is now miles away in the palace of Tsarko Selo. His capital to-day is at the mercy of his worthy and revered uncle, the Grand Duke Vladimir.

Quite suddenly, from another quarter, a great mass of people is ambling towards the Winter Palace Square. In front of them march two priests carrying Holy Images, and acolytes bear aloft sacred banners. As they approach the Narva Gate their voices are raised in song. "God Bless Thy People" comes from thousands of loyal throats. There is the ragged rattle of rifle fire; the two priests drop to the ground, their ikons pierced by the bullets of Uhlans. The firing goes on and on, till hundreds fall. Only the marines before this Narva Gate refuse to obey the order to fire. . . .

2.15 *p.m.*

THE Winter Palace Square, despite the noise of firing and the rumours of bloodshed, is half-filled with a vast crowd of working people. They stand quite still, their eyes lifted to the balconies of the Palace. Surely the Czar will speak! Perhaps only lift his hand in blessing?

Thus they stand, while the sun passes behind clouds and the grey mistiness of a winter afternoon descends upon their city. The Preobrazhensky Regiment are drawn up with their backs to the Palace, facing a crowd so immense that it reaches from the Ministry of Finance straight across the great Square to the Admiralty. An uncanny silence broods over both sides.

Suddenly—somewhere near the bridge—a brass band strikes up a brisk military marching tune. It seems out of keeping with the reverent spirit in which these tired and worn thousands are waiting for spiritual guidance from their Czar.

Crash! With no word or movement of warning, the grey line of infantry has raised its rifles and fired point-blank into the solid mass before it. Volley after volley echoes across the Square; and line after line of men, women and little children fall forward into pools of their own blood. Over in the Alexander Gardens a score of tiny children playing on the ice are killed in one flash; their bodies may not be found for days afterwards!

Nor can many of these huddled figures in the Square itself ever be identified. For over their dead and dying victims charge the

(Continued on page 112)

FATHER Gapon, the leader of the strike movement

THE commanding officer in front of the Winter Palace giving instructions to keep the square free of people

"Remember the Sabbath Day..."

Illustrated by Grace Golden

SUNDAY opening is the most puzzling thing in the world.

Being an honest man, I face the facts, the contradictions of my own opinions, the way I alter my mind about it, knowing I am right and wrong at the same time. Yet I am typical of the country.

On the one side, you have the commandment, literally insisted upon—" Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy "—and on the other, Christ's more intelligent interpretation—" The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath."

Although I work every Sunday of my life, I object to other people working, ignoring, often, the fact that 937,000 people work every Sunday in this country, producing Monday's papers, taking people to the seaside, selling them food and tobacco, and making their hotel beds, and that every housewife works, and every farmer.

I find myself objecting to a Continental Sunday, recognising the value of the English day of rest, and yet resenting, every seventh day, some intrusion upon my liberty.

HALF a million people go to kinemas in England every Sunday night, paying to see American films which, it is alleged, are shown for charity, although, of course, they are not. The money goes to Hollywood, to add to America's wealth and to increase our own poverty.

Theatres which cannot show plays done on Sunday night are allowed to show films.

Now, you can see boxing matches on Sunday at The Ring in Blackfriars Road, and there has even been fought, in Birmingham, recently, a fight for a British championship. Yet, while, except for a few Sunday Leagues, there is no cricket and no football, both being frowned on officially, there are a dozen tracks open near London every Sunday where greyhounds race and people bet.

So paradoxical was it all that while, at Brighton, I have seen the beach empty of amusement, barred by the corporation on Sundays, I have attended a pierrot show on the pier, a few yards away, full costumes being worn, although, in London, if there is a pierrot turn at a Sunday League concert, costumes are barred, while, if George Robey appears, even for charity, on Sunday night, he can sing his riskiest song, but he must not wear his famous blacked-on eyebrows.

ACTORS and actresses who object to Sunday labour, which they impose on their servants, often go to the extraordinary length of rehearsing, for a fortnight, a play so that they can act it specially, just on one Sunday night, and, indeed, so earnest have they been about this sort of thing that otherwise we should have had no Stage Society, and therefore, perhaps, no Bernard Shaw or Galsworthy or Brieux or St. John Hankin. We might have had no " Journey's End," which was first acted on Sunday night.

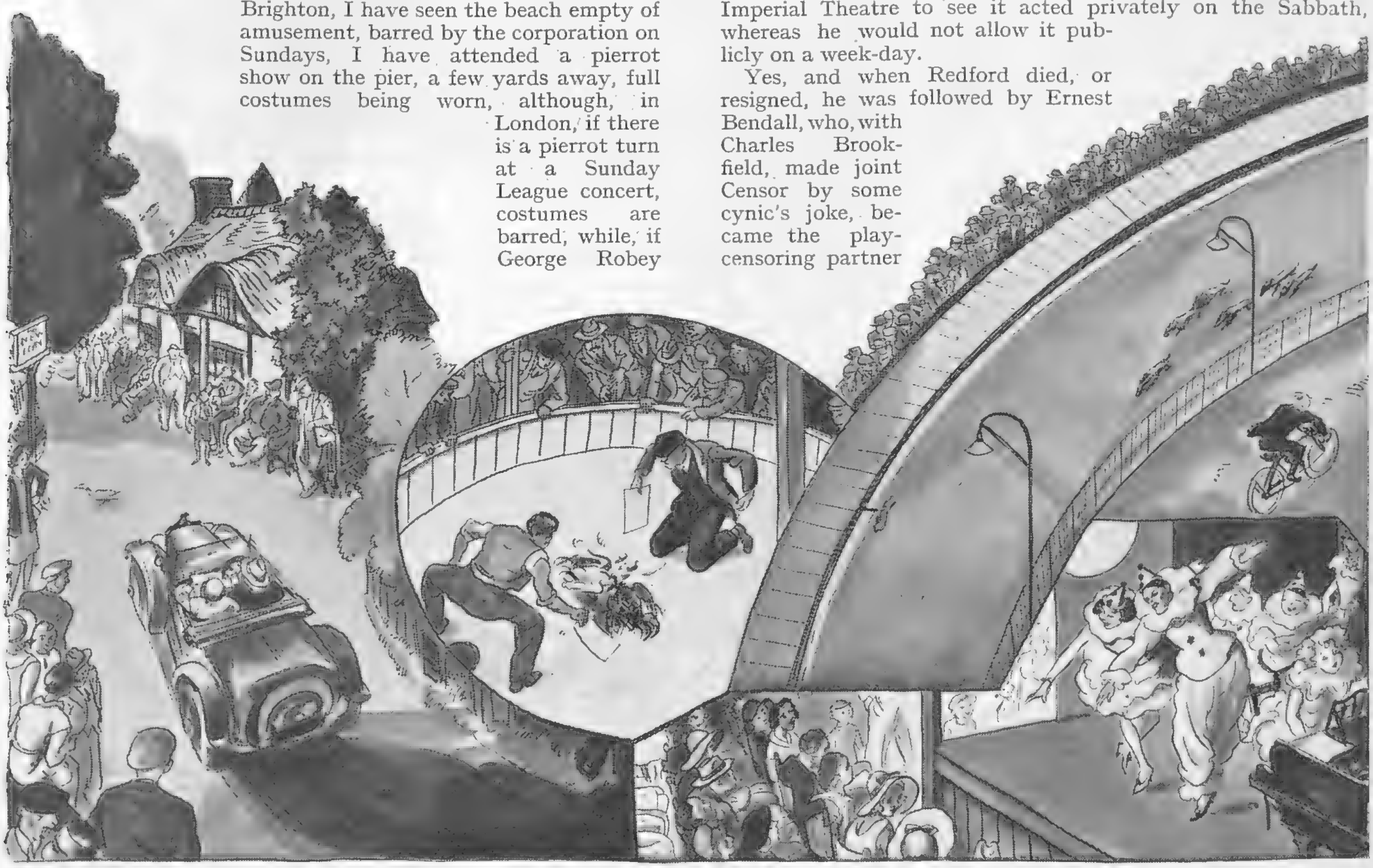
If you motor, nowadays, across England, you pass village after village in which idle groups of people stand about the whole of Sunday with nothing whatever to do. They now have the wireless, of course, on which they can hear Bach, and there are motor coaches to take them to some adjoining town, but the blight of the English Sunday is still one of the chief things that drive labourers into the city, deplete the farms and ruin the countryside.

THE Folkestone Corporation, which will not allow Sunday dancing in the hotels, advertises, in its official guide book, Sunday trips to Boulogne, so that people can go over the Channel and gamble in the casino, and go on to Le Touquet, where they can break all the English laws until the sun rises.

Ramsgate and Margate and Dover all have different rules governing what can happen in concert halls or in the hotels.

It is all such a mix-up in England that when G. Alexander Redford was Press Censor, and he barred Granville Barker's play, " Waste," from public performance, he looked out of his flat, one Sunday night, and saw people streaming into the Imperial Theatre to see it acted privately on the Sabbath, whereas he would not allow it publicly on a week-day.

Yes, and when Redford died, or resigned, he was followed by Ernest Bendall, who, with Charles Brookfield, made joint Censor by some cynic's joke, became the play-censoring partner



Some *Ironic* Reflections *on* the Social, Sporting, and Dramatic Anomalies *of that* remarkable Institution, the *British* Sunday

By H*annen* Swaffer

of a man whose play, "Dear Old Charlie," he—that was when Ernest Bendall was critic of the *Observer*—had denounced as being dirty. Yes, he found himself joint censor with a man to whose dirt he had objected!

NOT many years ago, the pitmen of the North of England would spend their Sundays, sometimes, on such strange pursuits as watching a man fight rats with his mouth while his hands were tied behind him; in some uncouth parts, they would organise contests between men who would compete with each other at eating black puddings, or swallowing the greatest number of eggs, or pork pies, or pounds of tripe; while, to this day, in many parts, cock-fighting goes on and dog-racing merely for money. If you travel in a Sunday train along the Thames Valley, for instance, you often see scores of youths grouped together playing pitch-and-toss in some obscure bend of the river while scouts stand by watching for the police.

YOU can cycle on Sunday, but you must not play billiards. You must not gamble on any licensed premises, although, of course, a racecourse is licensed to sell drink, and without gambling a racecourse could not pay. Yet, in clubs, card-playing goes on all day and, while it is thought very wicked to want to go to a theatre, you can play bridge like billyho until it is time for the kinemas to open.

To-day it is a fight between the churches and modern thought. Churches and chapels have missed their opportunity. They could even start to-day, if they had the sense, and organise Sunday concerts and Sunday lectures, which would draw vast crowds of the younger generation, who are more serious-minded than is generally thought. But no; clergymen merely restrict themselves to preaching sermons which modern youth does not want to hear.

After all, it knows what right is and it knows what wrong is. Why should it want to go to be told what is right and what is wrong?

That is how it argues. The clergyman has lost touch with the world.

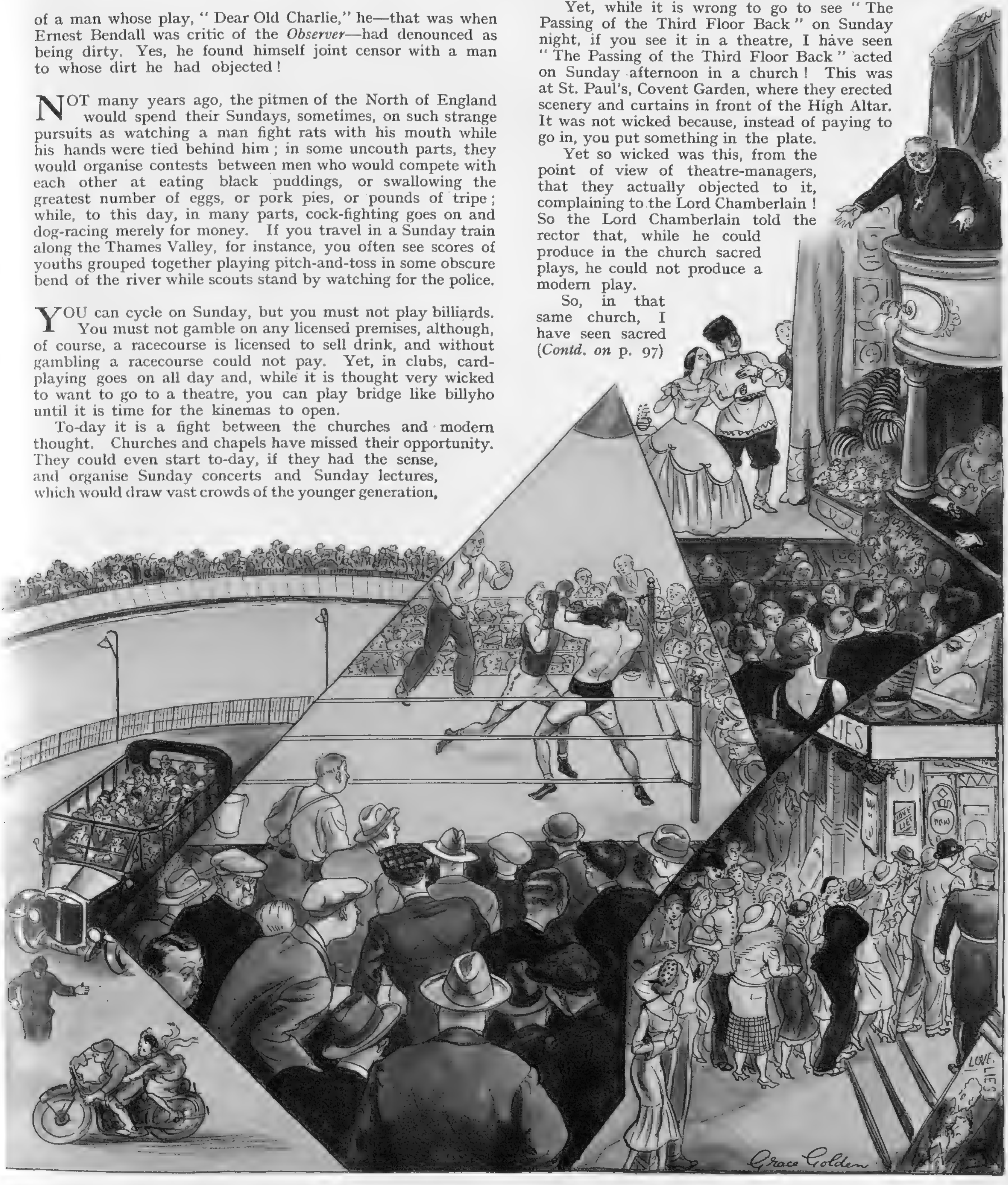
I have been to a church service on Sunday evening and then gone straight on to a theatre, and while on some occasions I have seen commercialised filth done on Sunday night—one of the worst specimens, of course, was "The Shanghai Gesture"—I have also seen on Sunday night, plays, such as "Hannele," which were more beautiful and more religious than almost any sermon to which I have ever listened.

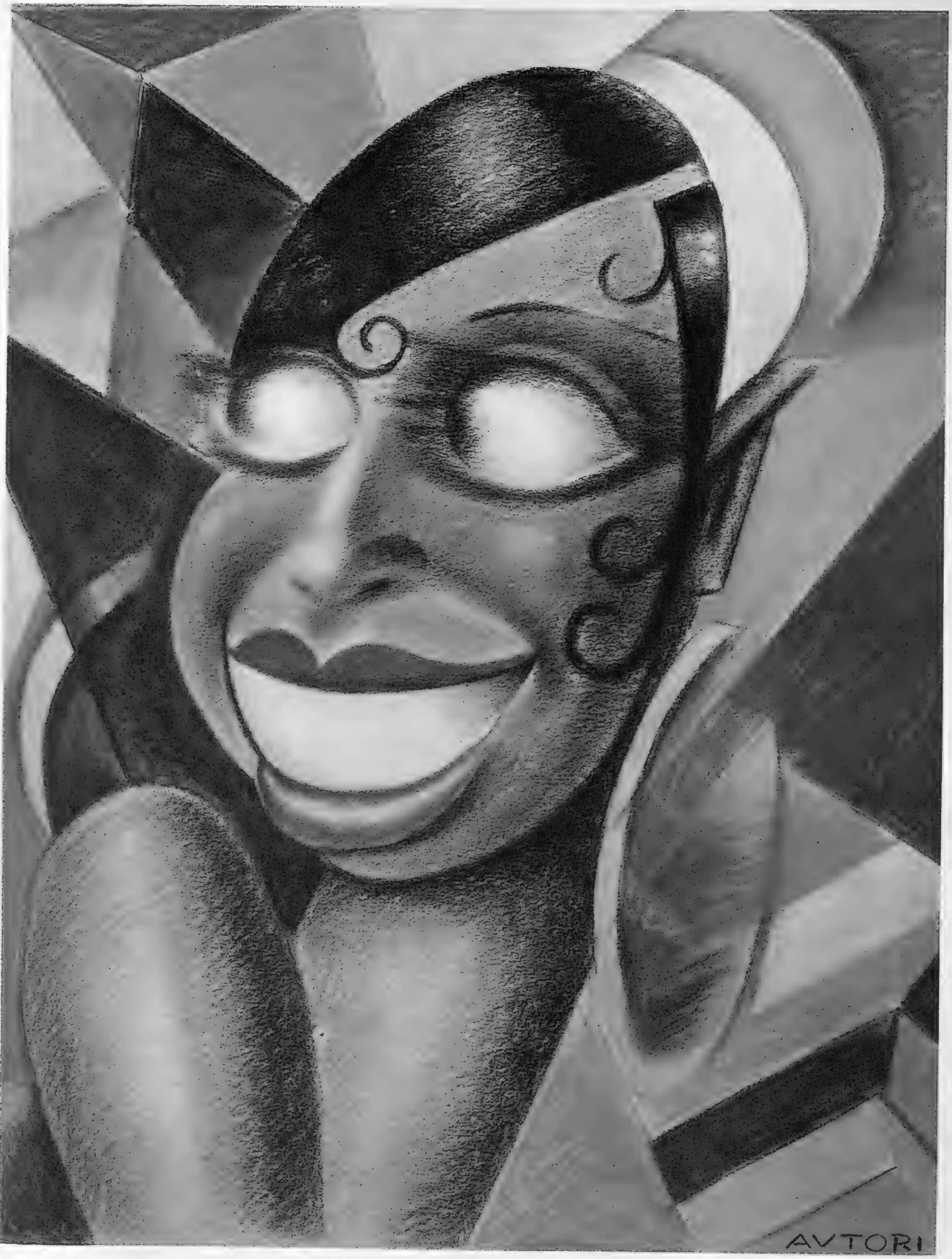
Yet, while it is wrong to go to see "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" on Sunday night, if you see it in a theatre, I have seen "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" acted on Sunday afternoon in a church! This was at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, where they erected scenery and curtains in front of the High Altar. It was not wicked because, instead of paying to go in, you put something in the plate.

Yet so wicked was this, from the point of view of theatre-managers, that they actually objected to it, complaining to the Lord Chamberlain! So the Lord Chamberlain told the rector that, while he could produce in the church sacred plays, he could not produce a modern play.

So, in that same church, I have seen sacred

(*Contd. on* p. 97)





"Black's *de* Colour"

A Caricature of Josephine Baker, the American Revue and Cabaret Star, by Autori, the famous operatic Basso

WHILE Hollywood decides the "Colour Question" in favour of the Blonde—see Sydney Tremayne's Film Article on Page 44—Paris, where Josephine Baker has been the sensation of the Folies-Begère, keeps an open mind. London will see Miss Baker next month at the Prince Edward Theatre in a version of the revue in which she has been appearing at the Casino de Paris

"Dirigible"

A great film epic in which the airship beats the aeroplane

JACK HOLT and Ralph Graves are the heroes in this film, which tells the story of a journey to the South Pole by air and the dramatic rescue of the survivors of the crew of an aeroplane which has come to grief in the Antarctic regions

ELISSA LANDI is fairer than she was before she went to Hollywood to appear in "Body and Soul"

Above: CONSTANCE BENNETT, starring in "Bought," follows the Hollywood formula of blonde and fallen heroines in sexy films

Left: CAROL Lombard, Paramount's new star, who married William Powell, is in "The Greeks had a Name for It" with another blonde, Jean Harlow

LORETTA YOUNG, the youthful and svelte heroine of "The Devil to Pay," who has married and unmarried Grant Withers, all in a year, is the star of the First National picture, "The Merry Wives of Reno"

THE stars, poor things, are being reduced to a formula: they must be fair and they must be frail. Listen to their names and the titles of their latest pictures! Constance Bennett is playing in "Bought"; Tallulah Bankhead, having shown how even her scenic exuberance can be reduced to slow-motion "emoting," in "Tarnished Lady," is in a picture called "My Sin." Joan Crawford, who was very dark and dynamic, is very blonde in her latest film, called "This Modern Age." She has told an interviewer that she is beginning to *feel* like a blonde. This introduces a new aspect of the colour question. Is there so very much difference between the feelings of a dark woman and a fair one? Oscar Wilde warned against fair women: he thought them sentimental. In the fiction of the last century it was the dark women who were dangerous. The Doras were pure and rather given to vapours. On the other hand, Browning, who went in for golden-haired heroines, seems to have suspected as well as admired them. The damsel of Pornic was a miser and a gold-digger, for she hid her treasure under her gold hair. Poor Porphyria was strangled with her golden hair, but then she had evidently led her lover up the garden beforehand. In his delightful "Song" ("Is she not pure gold, my mistress? . . ."), and in "A Pretty Woman" ("This fawn-skin, dappled hair of hers . . ."), one feels that these blondes of Browning's were not to be taken too seriously. Longfellow was more definitely suspicious: "Often treachery lies underneath the fairest hair," he wrote, and there is an old Scottish proverb which says: "All are not maidens that wear fair hair." This is Hollywood's view. They have accepted, unquestionably, the idea expressed in Marlene Dietrich's song in the "Blue Angel" about these "charming, alarming blonde wimin."

Of Joan Crawford's new picture an American review says: "Sex with a capital S: This picture comes dangerously near the danger-line of good taste." It sounds rather as if they thought the danger lay in having good taste; but we know what they mean! Those film actresses who want to be starred in the kind of film which Hollywood is

"Nothing *could* *be* Fairer..."

In *the* Film Stories, *the* Stars' *reputations* are *tarnished*, but their Hair must *be* brightest Gold

manufacturing at present have had to go blonde and go gay (on the screen), *mal gré, bon gré.* Clara Bow dyed her red hair gold for her come back; even Bebe Daniels, a really Southern type of brunette, is, for the nonce, a peroxide blonde. It has been suggested that it is because her husband, Ben Lyons, has always admired blondes, but she explains that it was in order to play, with effective contrast, opposite the swarthy Douglas Fairbanks. Ruth Chatterton, who was mousy, now has "a chic helmet of gold hair."

THE younger film actresses who have been or are being "groomed for stardom" are chosen from the ranks of the divinely fair. Carole Lombard, Paramount's new star, who made William Powell so glum until she consented to marry him, and Jean Harlow, the "platinum blonde," are both playing in "The Greeks Had a Name For It." At the time of writing, this picture has not been shown in England, but the title is, at least, suggestive; Elissa Landi is certainly fairer than she was when she went to Hollywood. There is some doubt as to whether she has established herself as a star in "Body and Soul" and "Always Goodbye," in spite of the excitable publicity; but if she is still fairer and still frailer in "Wicked" all may be well.

Helen Twelvetrees, who, one thought in her earlier films, had something of the ethereal and wistful quality of Lilian Gish, now appears as a woman of the town turned spy in "A Woman of Experience," which was originally called, crudely and distastefully, "A Registered Woman." The story is practically the same as that of "Dishonoured." Dorothy Mackaill's last vehicle is entitled "The Reckless Hour," and is succinctly summarised by an American reviewer: "She side-steps with Walter Byron but gets Conrad Nagel in the end." Anita Page treads "The Sidewalks of New York," and Loretta Young, the youthful and *svelte* heroine of "The Devil to Pay," who has married and unmarried Grant Withers, all in a year,

(*Continued on page* 136)

By Sydney Tremayne

MARLENE DIETRICH sums up these "charming, alarming, blonde wimin"

JEAN HARLOW is "platinum blonde" of "The Greeks Had a Name For It"

ANITA PAGE blondely and badly treads "The Sidewalks of New York"

DOROTHY MACKAILL'S latest fair-and-frail vehicle is "The Reckless Hour"

CLARA BOW, the originator of "It," has dyed her red hair for her come back in "Kick In"

JOAN CRAWFORD, once dark and dynamic, is now a blonde in "This Modern Age," described as "Sex with a capital S"

The Exceptions—to the Formula of "Fair and Frail"

Brunette—and not so Bad

NORMA SHEARER in "Strangers May Kiss" and "A Free Soul" remains dark, though not innocent

JANET GAYNOR, with Farrell again in "Merely Mary Anne," is still brown and "pure"

BOOKS: *Reviewed*

Agnes Mure Mackenzie, Author of "Cypress in Moonlight"

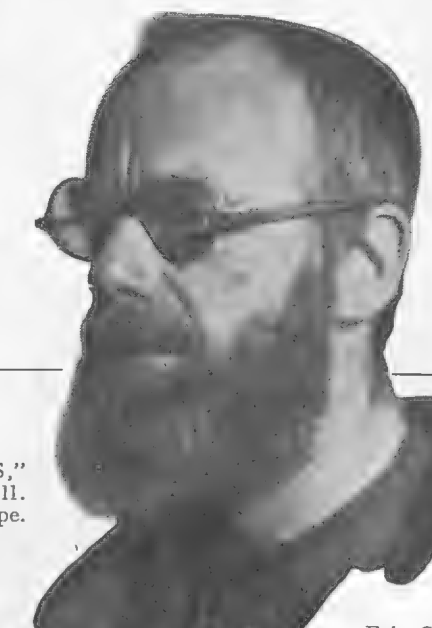
SIZE counts, even in art. What painters call an "important" picture is almost invariably a comparatively large picture—though a large picture need not, of course, be important. As for literature, the regained freedom of novelists has led to the return of the long novel. It is difficult, as one opens a story of some 700 pages or more, to rid oneself of respectful awe. Dickens (one thinks), Scott, Thackeray, and now Mr. Jones. Instinctively one places Mr. Jones among the Immortals. But it sometimes happens that, after a very few pages of Mr. Jones, we are realising that we ourselves are all too mortal. We are in danger of being bored to death. A little of Mr. Jones goes a long way. When it goes as far as six or seven hundred pages, we begin to ask ourselves why we should go on with it.

I have been reading some long novels this week, and I decline to be browbeaten by their length. If they were short they would not be good; and their length only makes them worse. The sight of that beautiful essayist, Mr. Henry Williamson, disguised as a long-winded novelist is not merely tedious; it is depressing. Mr. Williamson is one of the most accomplished of living writers, and readers who do not know his *Village Book* have a lovely and lingering treat in store. But if they take, as the occasion of their introduction, his new novel, *The Dream of Fair Women* (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.), they will not, I fear, pursue the acquaintanceship. Mr. Williamson has chosen as his theme the alternating attractions and repulsions of love. This theme has been responsible for masterpieces in all languages. I would have said, indeed, that a good writer could never completely fail over such a theme; but I say so no longer. Mr. Williamson almost succeeds in making it ridiculous, and he is betrayed by the very sense that seemed least likely to deceive him. His ear, so closely attuned to the rhythm of his West Country peasants, is totally irresponsive to the conversation of educated contemporaries. He places great but unjustified reliance on dialogue; it is set out at length, but the longer it stretches the flatter it grows. Perhaps the author, half-way through his book, lost faith in it, lost interest. He is not the first, nor the last, writer to be overtaken by such a fate. Whatever the explanation, this novel dries up and turns to dust. It has proved, to me, one of the major disappointments of the season, but I look forward all the more eagerly and confidently to Mr. Williamson's next book. Such a writer does not fall twice.

LONGER, much longer even, is Miss Clemence Dane's *Broome Stages* (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.). It is written with gusto, or rather with a kind of gusto—the theatrical kind employed by the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus. By a convention of the stage, these are always in the highest spirits. Their walk must be a tripping run; their happy voices refuse to be lowered. And Miss Dane, having chosen to tell the story of a family of actors, has chosen also for her own manner the robust heartiness, the sprightliness of the Good Fairy. Almost, one feels, she speaks in rhymed couplets, she waves her starry wand. Such radiance has its place, after dinner and across the footlights. But in an historico-psychological novel of 700 pages it is, I think, not in place. Prolonged breathing of Wardour Street atmosphere fatigues me, and I desire no satisfaction from the company of ghosts. Miss Dane has put an astonishing amount of vivacity into her novel, but the vitality can be measured by the ounce. The most genuine sensation of the book came, for me, in the material handling of it—a fine production for eight and a half shillings.

BEFORE he can begin *Red Ike*, by J. M. Denwood and S. Fowler Wright (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), a number of hands are laid on the reader's arm. There is a yellow band round the volume, announcing in red letters that it has won the approval of the Book Society. There is a preface by Mr. Hugh Walpole, giving reasons for that approval. And there is a foreword by Mr. S. Fowler Wright, explaining how he has improved Mr. Denwood's manuscript. Mr. Wright lays down with such authority just what novelists should and should not do that I blush with shame in confessing that I had never heard of him before. I am also a little puzzled by noting that Mr. Walpole's enthusiastic preface, in which Mr. Denwood is compared to George

"CLOTHES,"
by Eric Gill.
(Jonathan Cape.
10s. 6d.)



Eric Gill

ALL artists write well—Mr. Gordon Craig, Mr. Sickert, Mr. Paul Nash, Mr. Walter Bayes, Mr. Roger Fry, Mr. Jack Yeats, etc. One could extend the list; whereas, if one tried to compile another list of artists who write badly, not a single name suggests itself. The explanation of their skill in writing is to be sought, perhaps, in their habit of manual labour, allied to their trained powers of visual observation. Perhaps, again, their study of very definite technical laws gives them neatness and precision. For neat and precise they are. Quite early in his essay Mr. Gill remarks, casually, "We as often speak truth without knowing it as falsehood without intending it." A man who can express that thought so concisely is in little danger of doing either.

With a great deal of what Mr. Gill says I disagree, and so does he. He contradicts himself freely. But let no one be deterred by a detail like that from reading *Clothes*. Mr. Gill has a sly humour, and enjoys exasperating the reader; and the reader will only enjoy him if he refuses to grow exasperated, and settles back to listen to the good talk. The talk is about everything—occasionally it even wanders as far afield as to touch on the subject of clothes—and is invariably good and stimulating. It is inspired by a lively and thoroughly emancipated mind, without coarseness, but also without reticences; and it has the power of making everything important and exciting, so that life grows richer and fuller. Is not that what Art is for?

by *Arnold* Palmer

Long Novels: Weight v. Longwindedness

Borrow, was written before Mr. Fowler Wright laid improving hands on the manuscript. Where, one wonders, would Mr. Walpole put poor Borrow now? Setting their troublesome thoughts on one side, we reach at last Mr. Denwood (plus Mr. Fowler Wright).

Let me say at once, in unprofessional but direct language, that I rather like *Red Ike*. It is a highly romantic story of Cumberland—gipsies, poachers, hill scenery, thunderstorms, and all. Mr. Denwood is an unpractised but not an untutored artist. He derives, I should have said, from Scott rather than from Borrow. Actually, his book reminds me less of the works of either of these masters than of a now forgotten Victorian romance—*Aylwin*, by Theodore Watts-Dunton, Swinburne's friend. In citing this old novel I am moved by no feeling of superiority. Those who have not read it need feel no humiliation, nor hasten to repair the omission. But it was turgid and simple and highly coloured—and so is *Red Ike*. Mr. Denwood (or Mr. Fowler Wright) has faults as a writer; but in a sophisticated age he is unsophisticated, and he believes in his work—qualities rare enough to be welcome.

Miss Agnes Mure Mackenzie is, on the contrary, highly sophisticated—in externals, at least. Her *Cypress in Moonlight* (Constable, 7s. 6d.) is a late eighteenth-century romance of Northern Italy; and, since I seem to be in reminiscent mood, I will describe it as containing something of the quality of Henry Harland, and something of the quality of a popular and agreeable novel still lingering in spare bedrooms—*Young April*, by Agnes and Egerton Castle. Miss Mackenzie, as one of her race should do, wears costume with an air. She writes elegantly, tells an exciting story, makes a picture. Her book is not important from a literary or a social point of view. It will not be widely discussed. But anyone who is looking for an exciting, well-written story, full of movement and colour, need look no further. Here it is.

J. M. Denwood, who, with S. Fowler Wright, produced "Red Ike"

William Gerhardi

FOR some years Mr. William Gerhardi's career has been just a little disquieting to his admirers. His entry, with *Futility* and *The Polyglots*, had been so very exciting; his later novels, though they flashed and smiled, seemed to have substituted the gaiety of a cocktail for the lovely spirit of youth, and their ends were a trailing off, a dying away, rather than a conclusion. I was beginning to think that we had seen the last of Mr. Gerhardi, and so it is with a loud and long cheer that I announce his return. He is not lost; he has been resting, or perhaps failing to rest; and he has written the book for which we have been waiting so long. It turns out to be not a novel, but an autobiography, the perfect form for this most confiding of authors. *Memoirs of a Polyglot* (Duckworth, 18s.) falls easily and naturally into place amongst Mr. Gerhardi's other works, and we see that they, too, were all autobiographies. It would not surprise me if he never wrote another novel, now that he has tasted the greater freedom.

These memoirs are surely an example of writing at its highest. It happens that Mr. Gerhardi's life has been eventful and travelful, but the changes of scene have little to do with the enjoyment of the reader. A wet Sunday afternoon in London or a long wait at a railway junction is, for a real writer, as good material as night life in Buenos Aires. Mr. Gerhardi's secret is, as someone else has already observed, that he never gets muddled between his actual sensations and the sensations which he might have been expected to have. He is no more genuine than the rest of us, but he has drawn a completely genuine picture of himself: a young man, not all young men, not any other young man. Just one young man, all of him. A frightfully difficult thing to do, and a million times worth doing. Result, a masterpiece, and a most diverting, tender, humorous, indecent, nice, hospitable book.

The Idle Hour

"SCOTCH AND WATER," by Guy Gilpatric. (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.)

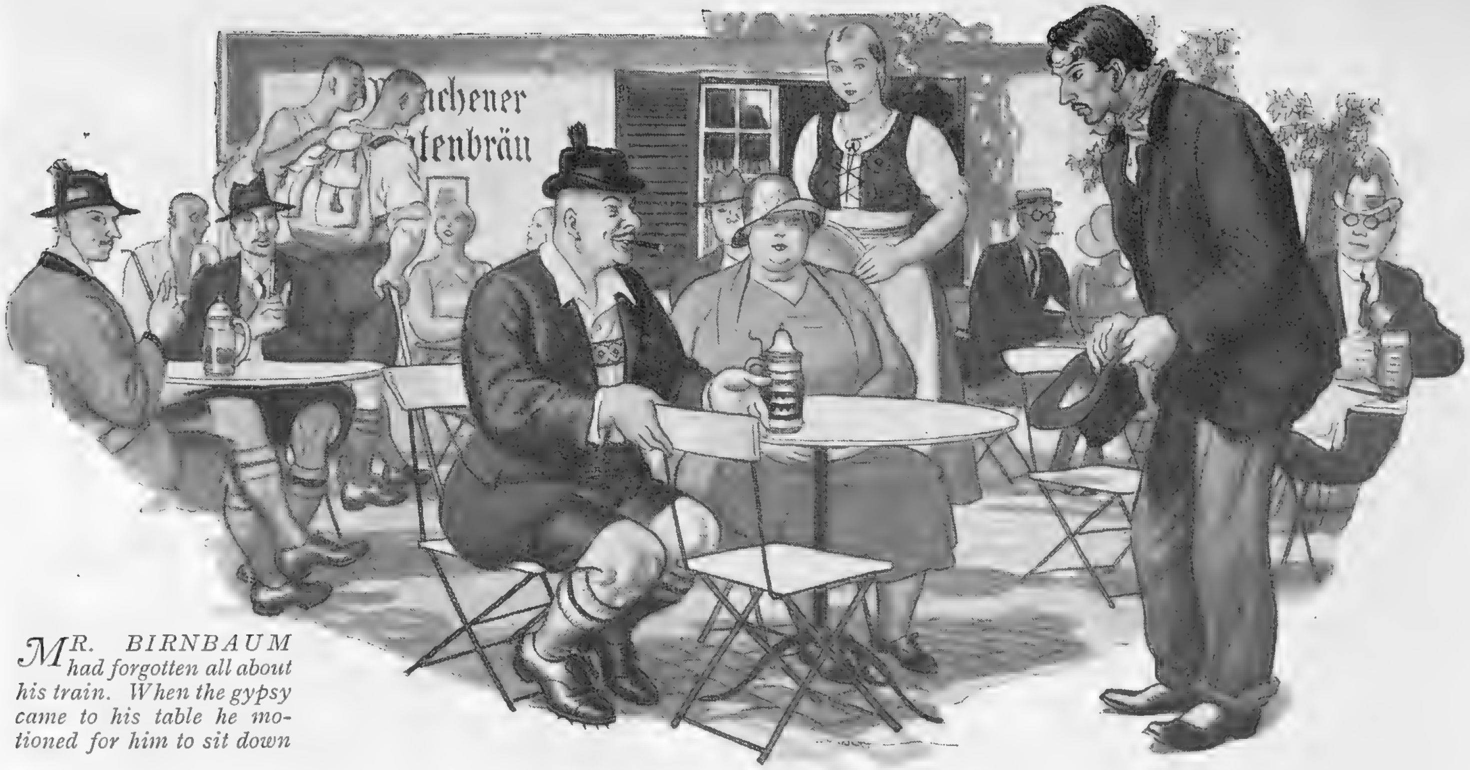
MR. GILPATRIC'S stories deal with the tramp steamer *Inchcliffe Castle*, its officers, and especially its Chief Engineer, Mr. Colin Glencannon. Mr. Glencannon is Scotch and rather trying, but as he is the only man living who can keep the antiquated engines of the *Inchcliffe Castle* in action, he is protected by the skipper and endured by the remaining officers. From such simple material Mr. Gilpatric extracts a great deal of fun. None of his characters is admirable, but all obtain a hold on the affections of the reader, perhaps just because they are so lacking in qualities which might be esteemed.

Guy Gilpatric

"PEOPLE AND THINGS," by Harold Nicolson. (Constable. 5s.)

IN this volume are gathered together those informal talks which, during last autumn and spring, used to make Friday the favourite night in the week for thousands of the wireless public. It is very interesting to observe how well the short addresses figure as short essays. Style tells, then, even on the ether, as some listeners guessed long ago. No doubt Mr. Nicolson's commentaries gain from the recollection of their delivery. The *tempo* is set by our memory of a slow, rich voice, with delicious hesitations which, as we came to know, resolved themselves with certainty and rightness. That voice, supported by a sturdy column of breath, invaded the microphone and passed, in the form of electric impulses, along wires. It was checked and tested; it got all mixed up with giant bulbs in a tower; and then it was hurled into space, silent, and found its way into our homes, and grew audible again. Here, pressed by inked metal on to paper, are the words it spoke.

Harold Nicolson



MR. BIRNBAUM had forgotten all about his train. When the gypsy came to his table he motioned for him to sit down

MR. BIRNBAUM *finds an* ARTIST

The Strange Affair of Nurdo, the Gypsy Juggler, and the Knave who made him a King

IT was on a fine afternoon late in August in front of the Gasthaus zur Forelle that Mr. Birnbaum first saw Nurdo. He was sitting with his wife waiting for the train from Berchtesgaden that would take them back to Salzburg, where they were living. They were both tired after a long walk and were sharing a mug of beer.

Though Mr. Birnbaum wore the *tracht*, a hat with a feather, a shirt open at the neck and short leather pants, you placed him at once. There was something about his manner, the way he used his hands when he talked, the very gusto with which he chewed a fat German cigar, that definitely did not belong to that pleasant village at the foot of the Untersberg. A casual observer might have taken him for a broker, or a lawyer, or even a well-to-do shopkeeper; but a closer look would have discovered something that smacked of the theatre—not the legitimate theatre, that is to say, but the circus, the variety show, or perhaps the Prater. Mr. Birnbaum's card would have informed you that he was a manager.

He had managed a troupe of Japanese acrobats, a lion-tamer, a boxer, and last of all a violinist. The Great Kachinsky! Who has not heard of him? He is mentioned now with Kreisler and Elman and Prihoda; and what did the papers write—rather, what did they not write—after his last American tour? To be sure, when Mr. Birnbaum discovered Kachinsky he was only a fiddler in a small café in Pressburg. He had only one suit of clothes, a very shabby one at that, and he knew what it meant to go hungry. Mr. Birnbaum took him, educated him, advertised him. In short, he made him into the Great Kachinsky. For three years he managed him, and then one day they quarrelled and Kachinsky broke the very satisfactory contract whereby Mr. Birnbaum received fifty per cent. of his earnings. Of course, Mr. Birnbaum sued him, and the court action provided the papers in Vienna with luscious material. But Kachinsky won, and Mr. Birnbaum had to pay all the costs. He appealed, and lost again. And now, with less money in the bank than he cared to think about, he was recovering in Salzburg. The rest and the bracing mountain air—the "*himmlische berg luft*," as his wife called it—had done him a lot of good, and he was planning to return to Vienna in a day or so.

"You know, Nina," he said, his shrewd little eyes resting on the pigeons fluttering about the charming *platz* that separated the church from the *gasthaus*, "I've been thinking——"

"What about, Jacob?"

"Those Italian tumblers we met at the Artisten Café. I think they might be worth looking into."

Nina agreed that they might. In the fifteen years of their married life she had learned to agree with whatever he said. But it was very warm, the mountains surrounding the village kept away any breath of wind, and she took out her handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from her face. She did not have on the *tracht*, the gay *dirndl* that the peasant women wear, but it could hardly have made her more ridiculous than did the ready-made walking costume. She had bought it as something *chic*, but her two hundred pounds of flesh rebelled at being put into such a costume, and—well, the result was almost indecent. Sitting there on the fragile chair, which only by a wonder sustained her weight, she resembled nothing so much as a fat hen about to lay an egg.

"Ach," she added with a sigh, "if only you could find another Kachinsky!"

It was an unfortunate remark. Mr. Birnbaum frowned, and he chewed savagely at his cigar.

"I have told you, Nina—never mention that name to me again!"

Gott über die Welt! Was he always to be reminded of that wretched Kachinsky? He no longer got any pleasure out of watching the pigeons.

"It's almost time for the train," he said, glancing up at the church clock.

It was then that he noticed Nurdo coming across the square. . . .

MR. BIRNBAUM took him to be a tramp of some sort. There are many sorts in Austria and Germany since the war.

This one was picturesque enough, with long black hair and gold rings in his ears. A gypsy, Mr. Birnbaum decided. There his interest ceased. The waitress had come out of the *gasthaus* and was serving beer to a group of tourists, and he tried to attract her attention.

"Why, Jacob, look at that poor man. He's trying to tell us that he's deaf and dumb."

The gypsy had come to a stop a few feet away from where they were sitting. He pointed to his mouth, then to his ears, and then he made a vague gesture that was something between a cringe and a bow.

Mr. Birnbaum shrugged his shoulders. A fake, probably. Being a fake himself—a good manager has to be—he had no patience with those, no matter how humble, who poached on his preserves.

But the next moment the gypsy did something that took his audience completely by surprise. He produced three knives, and began as pretty a bit of juggling as Mr. Birnbaum had ever seen. The waitress, who had been at the point of telling him to move along, stood watching, open-mouthed. For some minutes he juggled with the knives, then he returned them to his pocket and took out a number of balls.

"Let's see what he does with these," said Mr. Birnbaum.

The gypsy did things with those balls and with his legs and arms. A grotesque dance. And all the time the balls were kept in motion, now shooting up above his head, under his armpits, through his legs, bewitched balls doing the bidding of an inspired juggler.

"My God!" whispered Mr. Birnbaum. With his mind's eye he saw the gypsy doing that act on the variety stage, with his mind's ear he heard a titillating, syncopated jazz tune accompanying that extraordinary dance.

"You see what I mean," he told his wife excitedly. "He's a wonder, that fellow. A genius!"

The gypsy, finished with his performance, was going from table to table, holding out his hat. He seemed really to be deaf and dumb. Whenever anyone dropped a coin into the hat he made that little gesture, half cringe and half bow.

Mr. Birnbaum had forgotten all about his train. When the gypsy came to his table he motioned for him to sit down, and told the waitress to bring more beer. The gypsy could read and write, enough anyhow to make himself understood and to understand what Mr. Birnbaum wanted to tell him. His name was Nurdo and he came from Hungary. Mr. Birnbaum gave him his card, and he scribbled enthusiastically on a bit of paper. At first Nurdo was suspicious, but Mr. Birnbaum continued to scribble, and presently he succeeded in convincing him of his sincerity. He could do great things for him. Would Nurdo come to Salzburg? Yes, Nurdo was willing to do that. Of course, he had no money. Mr. Birnbaum explained to him that he wouldn't need any. He would take care of everything. The people sitting round about were watching curiously and Mr. Birnbaum couldn't refrain from showing his satisfaction.

"Kachinsky," he said. "He's not in the same street with this fellow. There's a fortune to be made out of him, Nina."

His wife agreed with him. But, regarding that poor, dirty, deaf and dumb creature, she wondered rather helplessly what they were going to do with him when they got back to Salzburg. Certainly, he would never be taken in at the very quiet, very respectable, hotel where they lived.

Mr. Birnbaum arranged it, however. A good manager, as he had often told Nina, could arrange anything. Nurdo was installed at the hotel and Mr. Birnbaum set about getting him ready for the journey to Vienna. He wrote letters to the Circus Renz and the Theater Ronacher. And, most important of all, he drew up a contract which Nurdo signed. But since no one except Mr. Birnbaum and his wife ever had a look at it, the details of this contract are of no importance. Attired in a decent suit of clothes, Nurdo was a little more presentable. Still, Nina had her misgivings.

"Are you sure you're not mistaken?" she asked. "Is he really as good as you think he is?"

Mr. Birnbaum couldn't help laughing. "Good. My God! He's a marvel."

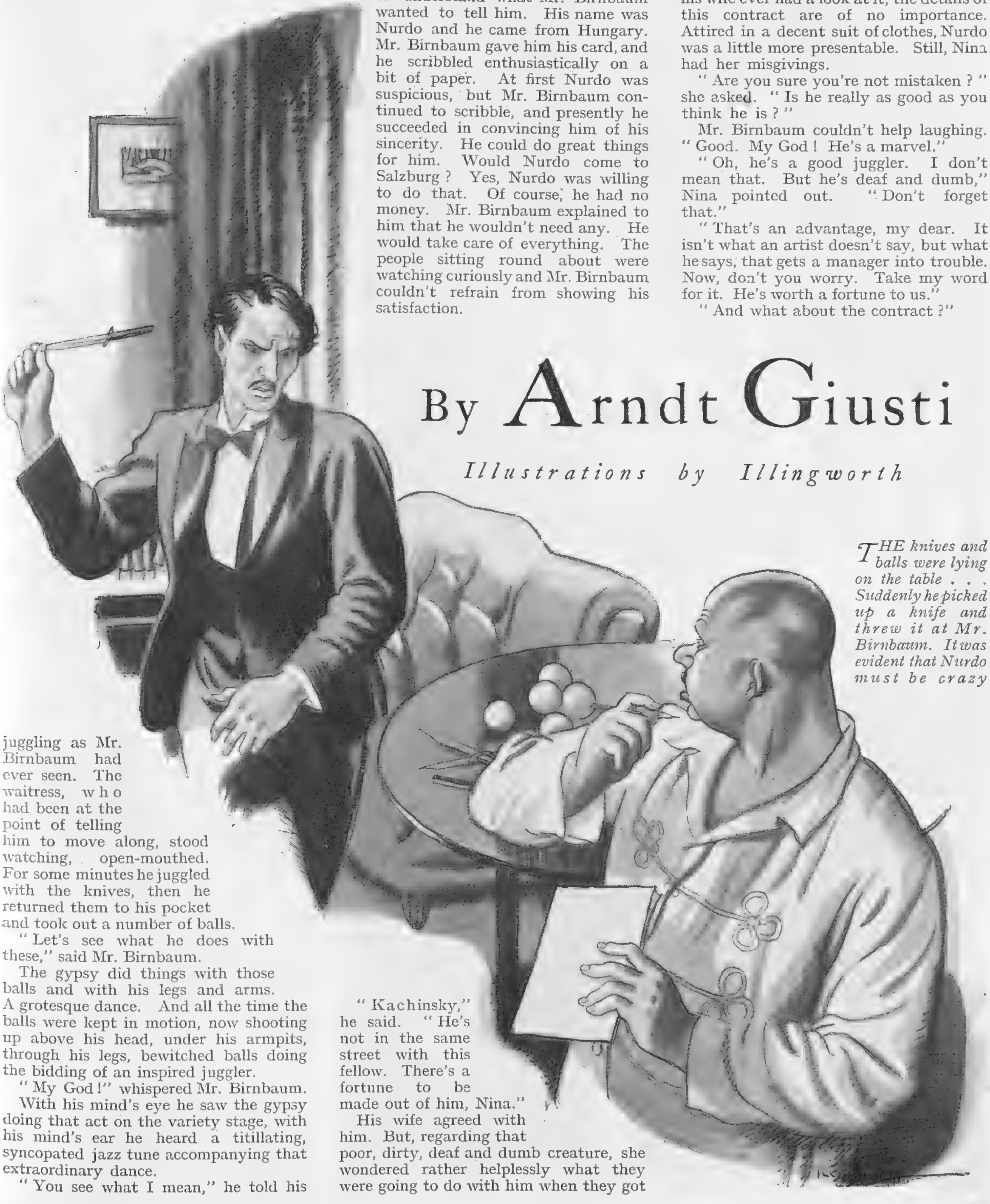
"Oh, he's a good juggler. I don't mean that. But he's deaf and dumb," Nina pointed out. "Don't forget that."

"That's an advantage, my dear. It isn't what an artist doesn't say, but what he says, that gets a manager into trouble. Now, don't you worry. Take my word for it. He's worth a fortune to us."

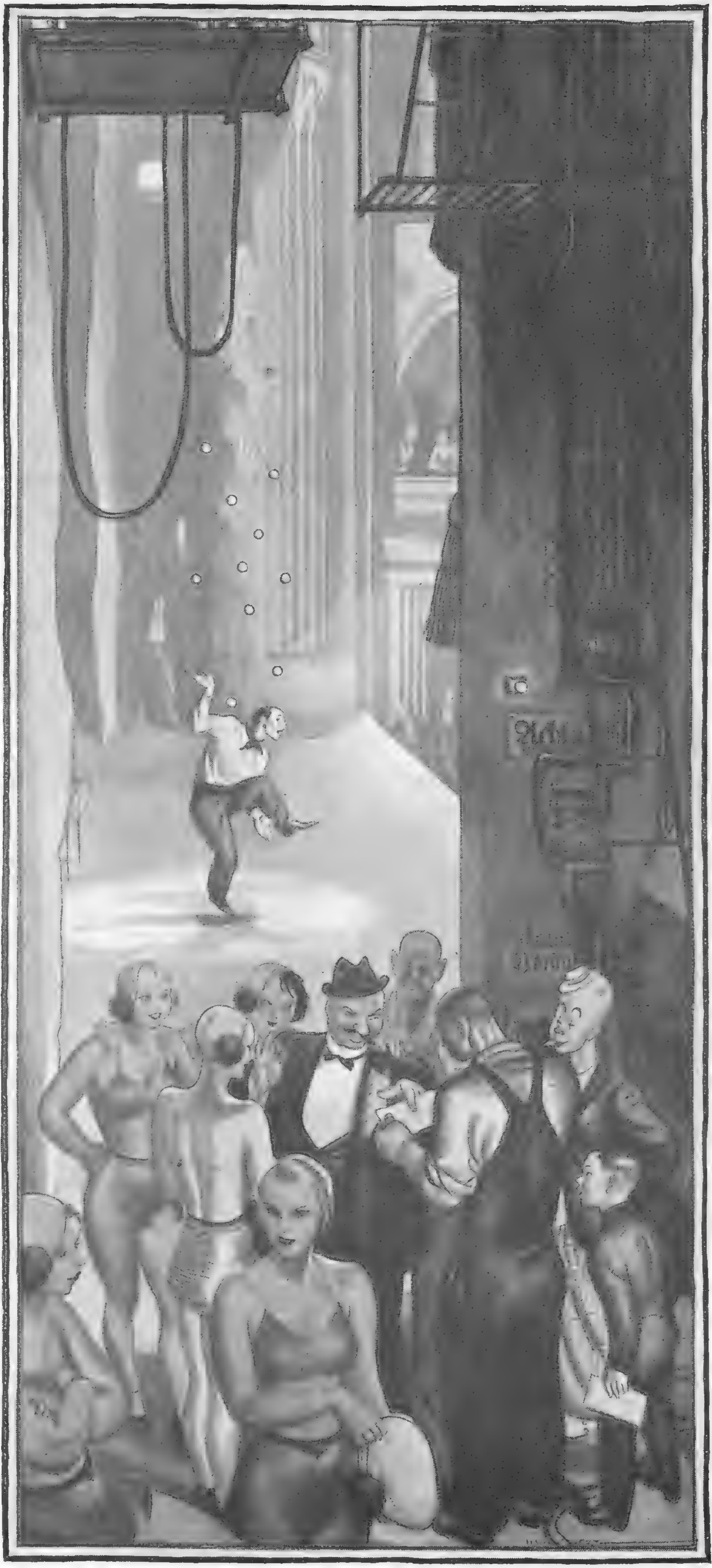
"And what about the contract?"

By Arndt Giusti

Illustrations by Illingworth



THE knives and balls were lying on the table . . . Suddenly he picked up a knife and threw it at Mr. Birnbaum. It was evident that Nurdo must be crazy



Mr. Birnbaum rubbed his hands. He showed it to her, and she had to agree that it was—most satisfactory.

So everything was settled, and the following day they took Nurdo to Vienna.

MR. BIRNBAUM was not mistaken. He had no trouble at all getting Nurdo booked at the Circus Renz. His juggling, everybody said, was as good as Rastelli's, and the grotesque dance was a sensation. Mr. Birnbaum got an acquaintance of his, an impecunious but talented composer, to write special music for it. All the papers wrote it up.

In short, Nurdo was made overnight. The Circus Renz kept him for a second week, and a third. The *Tagblatt* printed a long interview with him—that is to say, with Mr. Birnbaum. It was an excellent interview. Mr. Birnbaum informed the public that Nurdo, the incomparable, was a descendant of Hungarian gypsy kings. All his ancestors had been jugglers. He traced the history of Nurdo's family as far back as the Habsburgs could trace theirs. He invented a multitude of interesting details. He let his imagination go, and, like a firecracker, it went off with a bang!

What Nurdo thought of it all no one knew. Mr. Birnbaum wondered sometimes whether he thought at all. He showed a childish pleasure at the photographer's, during rehearsal, and at the Artisten Café, where, among the wild animal trainers, the tight-rope walkers and the other variety artists, he was a man of mark. He never tired looking at the gaily-coloured posters and the advertisements where he appeared, not as himself, but as the creature of Mr. Birnbaum's fertile imagination. Nor did he show any stage fright. His affliction gave him an air of detachment. He went through his act before a crowded house just as he had done that afternoon when Mr. Birnbaum first saw him in front of the Gasthaus zur Forelle. And always at the end he made that little gesture, half cringe and half bow.

But, except when he was on the stage, he was really as helpless as a small child, and Mr. Birnbaum and his wife had to do everything for him. He was also strangely secretive. For instance, with some money that Mr. Birnbaum gave him he bought an ancient, battered suit-case, which he always kept locked. When Nina asked him what he wanted it for he just smiled and shrugged his shoulders. It seemed almost as though the poor fellow was afraid they would steal something from him. She was quite hurt about it. But her husband told her not to be so foolish.

"I admit he's a queer fish," he said. "But we must make the best of him. After all, he's bringing us in a fortune."

This was quite true. In his third week at the Circus Renz, Nurdo was already a headliner. Offers for him were coming in from Budapest and Munich. But Mr. Birnbaum accepted none of these. He was waiting for the offer from Berlin that he knew would come. When it finally did, he chortled and rubbed his

NURDO'S turn came, and while he was on the stage Mr. Birnbaum, unable to contain himself, showed the cable to everybody around him, even to the stage hands

hands with satisfaction. Afterwards there would be Paris and London. He even began to think of a possible American tour.

"This is better than managing Kachinsky," he often said.

It really was very satisfactory indeed—for Mr. Birnbaum. Nurdo didn't even know how much he was earning, and Mr. Birnbaum saw no point in telling him. It never occurred to him that he was being in any way dishonest. The contract between them was quite unnecessary. There were no difficulties. He simply took everything for himself. Their relationship, he could not help thinking, was not much different from that of the wild animal trainer he had once managed to his lion.

Like that lion, Nurdo was of uncertain temper. He was not always like a happy child. Sometimes he had melancholy moods, brought on as far as Mr. Birnbaum could tell by nothing at all, and then he would sit for hours staring miserably in front of him, or he would pace the floor—really not unlike an animal imprisoned in a cage. At such times Nina was afraid to be alone with him.

"We mustn't forget that he's a gypsy," she pointed out. "You know what gypsies are, Jacob. You can't trust them."

But Mr. Birnbaum always answered: "Nonsense, my dear! Nurdo wouldn't hurt a fly."

And then he would put on his hat and take Nurdo to the Artisten Café.

WHEN they left for Berlin Nina didn't accompany them. Mr. Birnbaum had bought new furniture for his flat, and was having the walls repapered and a bathroom put in. Nina wanted to see that everything was properly done, and besides she had always let her husband travel alone when he was managing an artist.

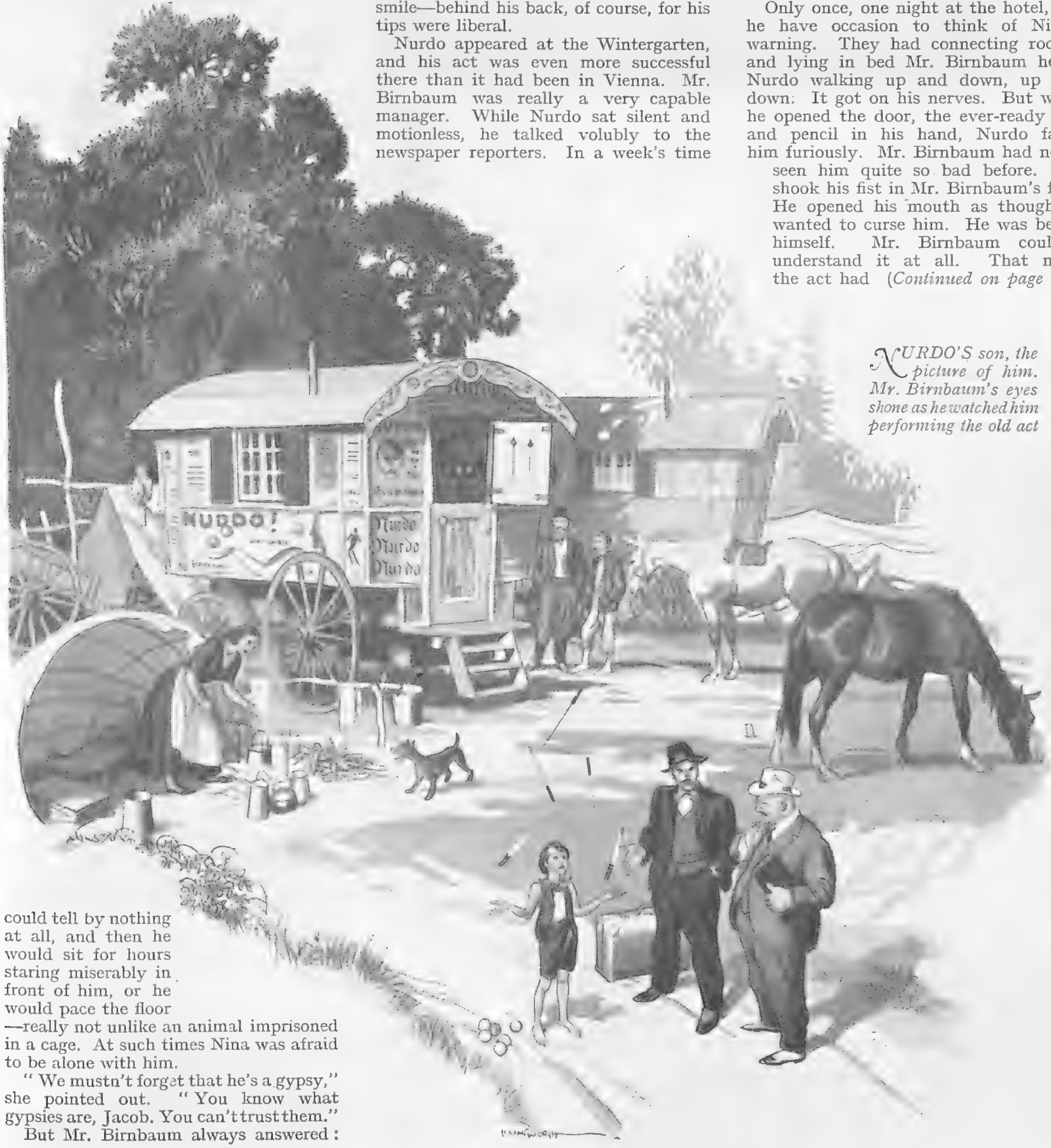
They travelled first class, as Mr. Birnbaum had done when he was managing the Great Kachinsky. They stopped at a first-class hotel, and frequented first-class restaurants. As they say in America, Mr. Birnbaum was putting up a front. As a matter of fact, he felt rather out of place in the great marble palace in Unter den Linden, and the efforts he made to seem at home made even the pageboys smile—behind his back, of course, for his tips were liberal.

Nurdo appeared at the Wintergarten, and his act was even more successful there than it had been in Vienna. Mr. Birnbaum was really a very capable manager. While Nurdo sat silent and motionless, he talked volubly to the newspaper reporters. In a week's time all Berlin knew about this juggling son of Hungarian gypsy kings, and all Berlin came to the Wintergarten to see him. And, standing in the wings, Mr. Birnbaum rubbed his hands as he listened to the applause.

It wasn't an easy life, of course. Nurdo was becoming more and more difficult. As Mr. Birnbaum gathered, he had never before been in a big city—in comparison with Berlin, Vienna is a small, quiet place—and he was terrified by the busy traffic, by the noise and confusion. Every evening Mr. Birnbaum made him dress as befitted a king of jugglers. He made him do this, and he made him do that. But it was trying work. There were times when he had to push Nurdo bodily out on the stage. It was always all right then. *Gott sei dank!* With the knives in his hands, or juggling the balls while he did his inimitable dance, Nurdo was sure of himself. Perhaps he was happy even. Mr. Birnbaum never knew.

Only once, one night at the hotel, did he have occasion to think of Nina's warning. They had connecting rooms, and lying in bed Mr. Birnbaum heard Nurdo walking up and down, up and down. It got on his nerves. But when he opened the door, the ever-ready pad and pencil in his hand, Nurdo faced him furiously. Mr. Birnbaum had never seen him quite so bad before. He shook his fist in Mr. Birnbaum's face. He opened his mouth as though he wanted to curse him. He was beside himself. Mr. Birnbaum couldn't understand it at all. That night the act had

(*Continued on page 102*)



NURDO'S son, the picture of him. Mr. Birnbaum's eyes shone as he watched him performing the old act

If the passing of summer is depressing, there is still pleasure—a certain challenge even—in the prospect of preparing the home for the dark months ahead. The following pages, at least, offer some suggestions which promise to make the task an agreeable one

William Spriggs & Co., Ltd.

An adjustable ottoman lounge is a comfort which has its convenient aspect when linen can be stored inside. This one is covered in artificial silk and costs £6 . 6 . 0

And Now—Prepare for the Autumn

By Winifred Lewis

It seems a little odd somehow that one should hear so much of spring refurbishing in the home, and so little of the change back from summer to autumn, for, after all, the very presence of sunshine and the aspect of summer beyond the windows add immeasurably to the charm of spring decorations, whereas our autumn efforts are dismally lacking in such kindly support. Indeed, ingenuity is taxed to the utmost at this time of year to infuse into the home an atmosphere of cheer that will withstand the inevitable gloom of the months ahead.

As in most other things these days, the expense of repeated changes is a major consideration, and, for this reason, women are resorting more and more to the subtle touches which are effective yet involve the minimum of cost. Indeed, a great deal can be done in this way, though the cleverest women are, perhaps, the ones who have given thought to the future in selecting schemes of decoration which a few deft touches will transform from season to season.

The secret of such a scheme lies, to a certain extent, in the choice of a background neutral enough to combine with the cool as well as the warmer shades and which, at the same time, is itself vital in colouring.

While, of course, the light and aspect of a room should determine the choice of colour, I have a scheme in mind which suggests an adaptable treatment for a room which is inclined to be dark.

Imagine the walls and ceiling papered or painted a mellow cream and lightly "peppered" with gold stars. Then the woodwork that deeper shade of cream which has a hint of gold. Here is a background against which summer and autumn decorations are equally at ease. The cream is delicate and cool in summer, and the little gold stars reflect the sunshine just as effectually as they emulate its effect in winter. Think, too, how well they will combine with the tawny colouring of winter fabrics and of their cheerful glinting in the firelight.

Floorboards, which in summer have been painted some bright, cool colour, can, later in the year, be covered with a carpet square of rich wine colouring. The coloured boards still left exposed will make a gay surround, and I can think of no more attractive or cosy combination of colouring than these three—wine, green and gold.

Windows need special attention at this time of year, as they can do so much towards shutting out the cold and dreariness of an early winter day. At the same time, one need not necessarily fly to the heavier materials for curtains; in fact, I always feel that the lustre of artificial silk in its many shot colourings is particularly suitable to winter use. Silk curtains are infinitely cleaner than the very heavy fabrics, and if lined are sufficiently substantial to be a good substitute. Then there is the unfailing cretonne, of which some really charming examples are shown on the following pages. Almost every possible combination of colouring is obtainable in the famous Eton Rural Fabrics, and my personal experience is that they are as reliable in wear as they are modest in price. In fact, it would not be in the least an extravagance to have sets of loose covers of this fabric for both summer and winter use.

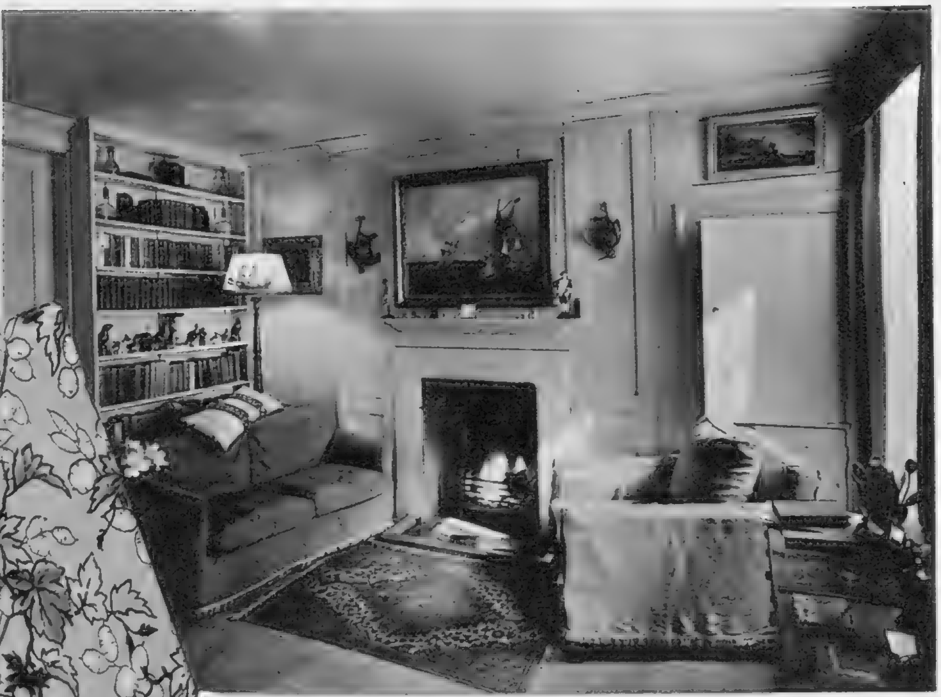
In the matter of accessories there is a bewildering variety of ways in which small things can be made to supplement the effect of fabrics and other autumn decorations.

Flowers, for instance, offer a simple means of introducing a "spirit" to one's rooms if they are chosen carefully to harmonise with

(Continued on page 57)

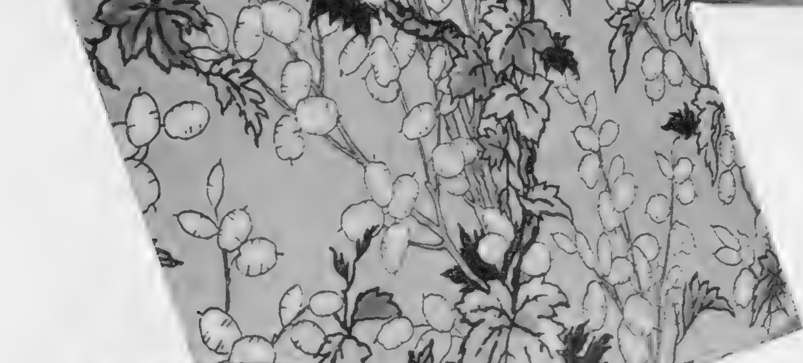
What gives the illusion of warmth and comfort so well as candle light? These are "Nell Gwynn" candles, which are obtainable in a variety of beautiful colours

FABRICS MAKE FOR COMFORT



Above :

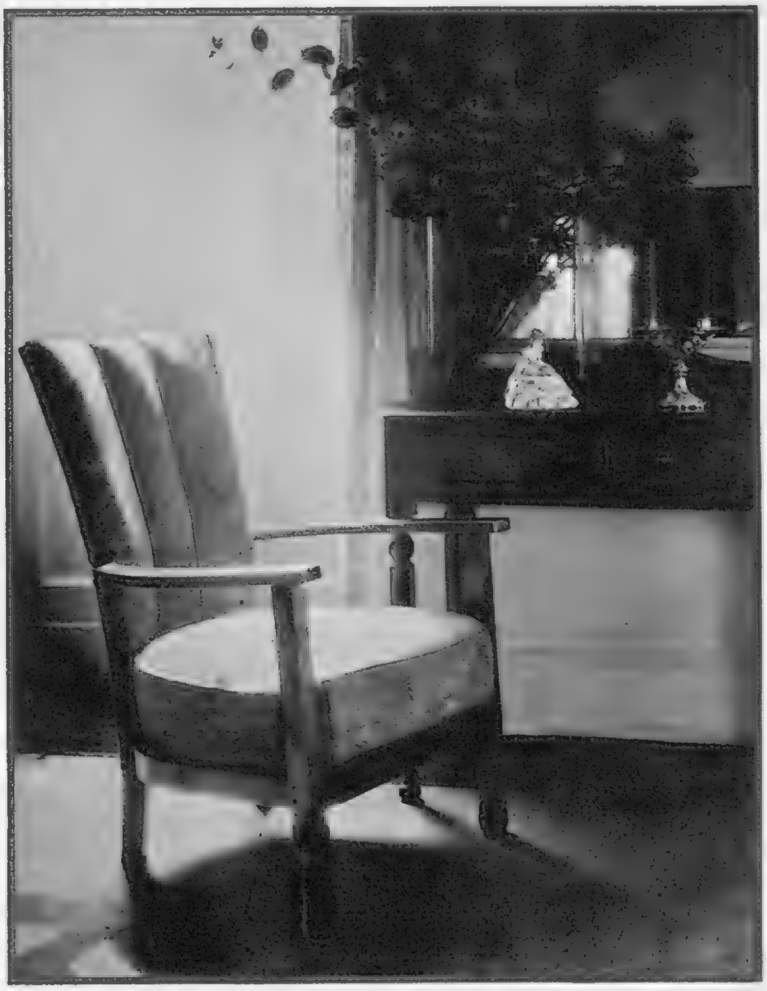
HERE is a lounge where furniture, perfectly grouped about the fire, is an invitation in itself, while fabrics and the warm influence of lamplight have given a winter aspect to a background deliciously cool in summer



Left :

LEAVES, in all the rich colouring of autumn, decorate this cretonne, which is so eminently suitable for a winter scheme. It suggests, too, some charming decorations in the manner shown below it

Eton Rural Fabric



Right :

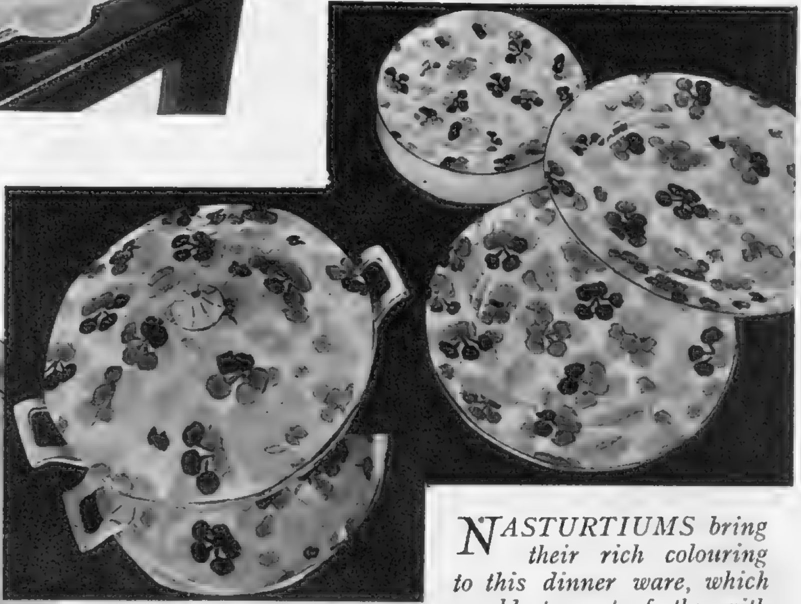
A LOW chair that can be drawn to the fireside is an essential part of the winter scheme. This is a particularly comfortable one and costs only £2 : 2 : 0

THE AUTUMN DINNER PARTY

A reputation as hostess is an enviable thing. . . . Be sure that yours is equal to every season and its particular demands

Linen by Gorringe, Ltd.; Plate by Mappin & Webb

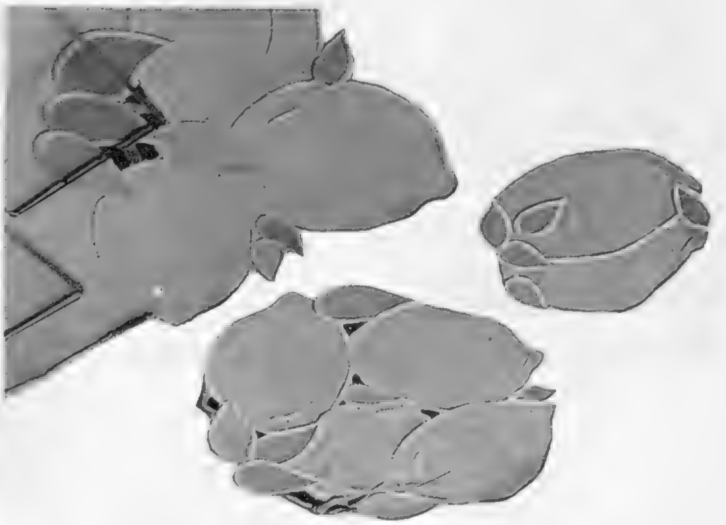
IT would be less than justice to the home to neglect a winter touch in one's entertaining. Here is a dinner-table set with tawny-coloured linen and glass of the favourite smoked amber, which responds so well to candlelight



China and Glass by Lawleys

NASTURTIUMS bring their rich colouring to this dinner ware, which would tone perfectly with linen of amber or tomato-red. The price is £5 : 5 : 0 for a set of 52 pieces

AS a decoration, fruit is a delightful substitute for flowers, and a glass bowl of amber or green is the almost perfect foil for its rich colouring

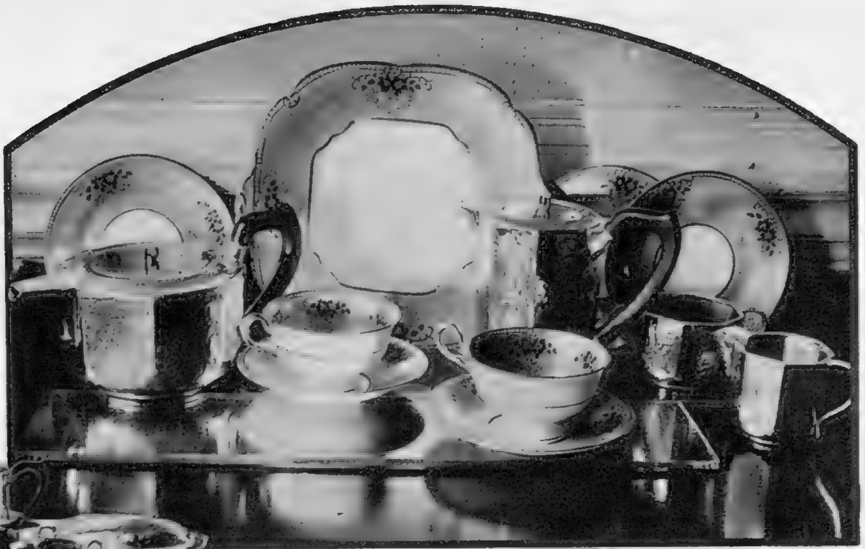


THIS luncheon or dinner set is of pure Irish linen in orange and green, a combination of colouring which would harmonise with the china photographed on this page. The price is 16/9 for 13 pieces

THE FIRESIDE TEA

Below :

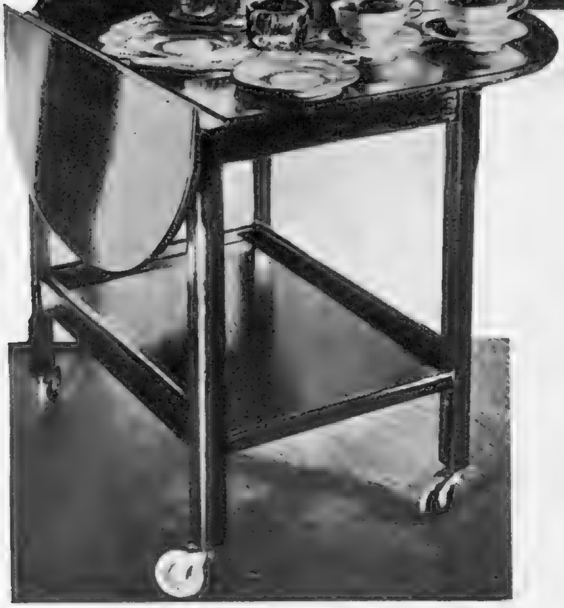
THIS tea-wagon is made in an ordinary table height and also for serving from a low chair. It has flaps which open out into a table and it is made in oak at £2:5:0, or mahogany at £3:3:0



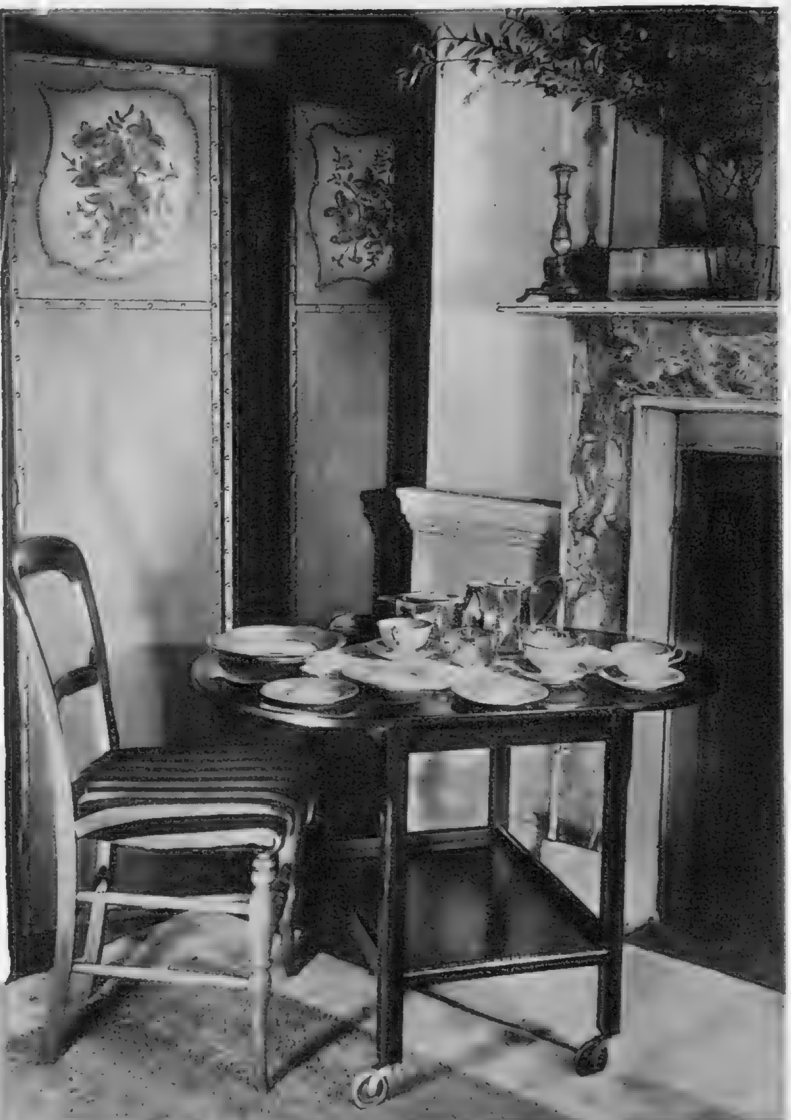
Left :

TEA—the cosiest meal of the day—demands china of gay colouring and pewter to reflect the glancing rays of the fire. The tea-set photographed is in apricot and white and costs £3:19:6 for twenty-six pieces. The pewter tea-pot is 37/6, the sugar-basin and cream jug 26/-, and the hot-water jug 32/6

China by Lawleys
Pewter by Liberty & Co., Ltd.

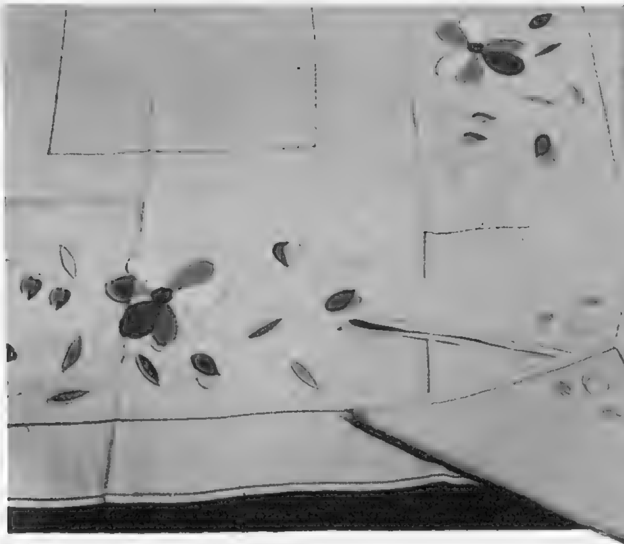


Furniture by William Spriggs & Co., Ltd.



Above :

A SCREEN will add to the comfort of the fireside tea and assist in its charming intimacy. The tea-wagon is opened to its full extent



Left :

NATURAL linen makes this tea-cloth and napkins, which have flower appliqué in warm colouring. The cloth costs 11/9, and the napkins are 1/0¾ each

Linen by Gorringe, Ltd.

REMEMBER THE BED-ROOM TOO . . .

Architect: Howard Robertson, F.R.I.B.A.

Left:

THE bed-room is perhaps deserving of the most attention when winter refurbishing is concerned, and the picture on the left offers a wealth of suggestion for the smaller room in its excellent arrangement of furniture and its supremely restful equipment

Eton Rural Fabrics

CURTAINS and down quilt to match are possible now. This quilt costs 59/6 for a full size and the cretonne which matches it is 2/6 yd., 31 in. wide. The modern design is in amber, flame and green

Above:

A "NIGHTCAP" is the final expression of comfort in the bed-room, and one of the details of entertaining which mean so much

Left:

BLANKETS, of exactly the right weight and quality, assure a maximum of comfort, and these "Earlywarm" blankets, which cost 30/- a pair, are ideal. The Osman coloured sheets and pillow-cases photographed cost 42/- and 57/6 a set

And now—Prepare *for the* Autumn

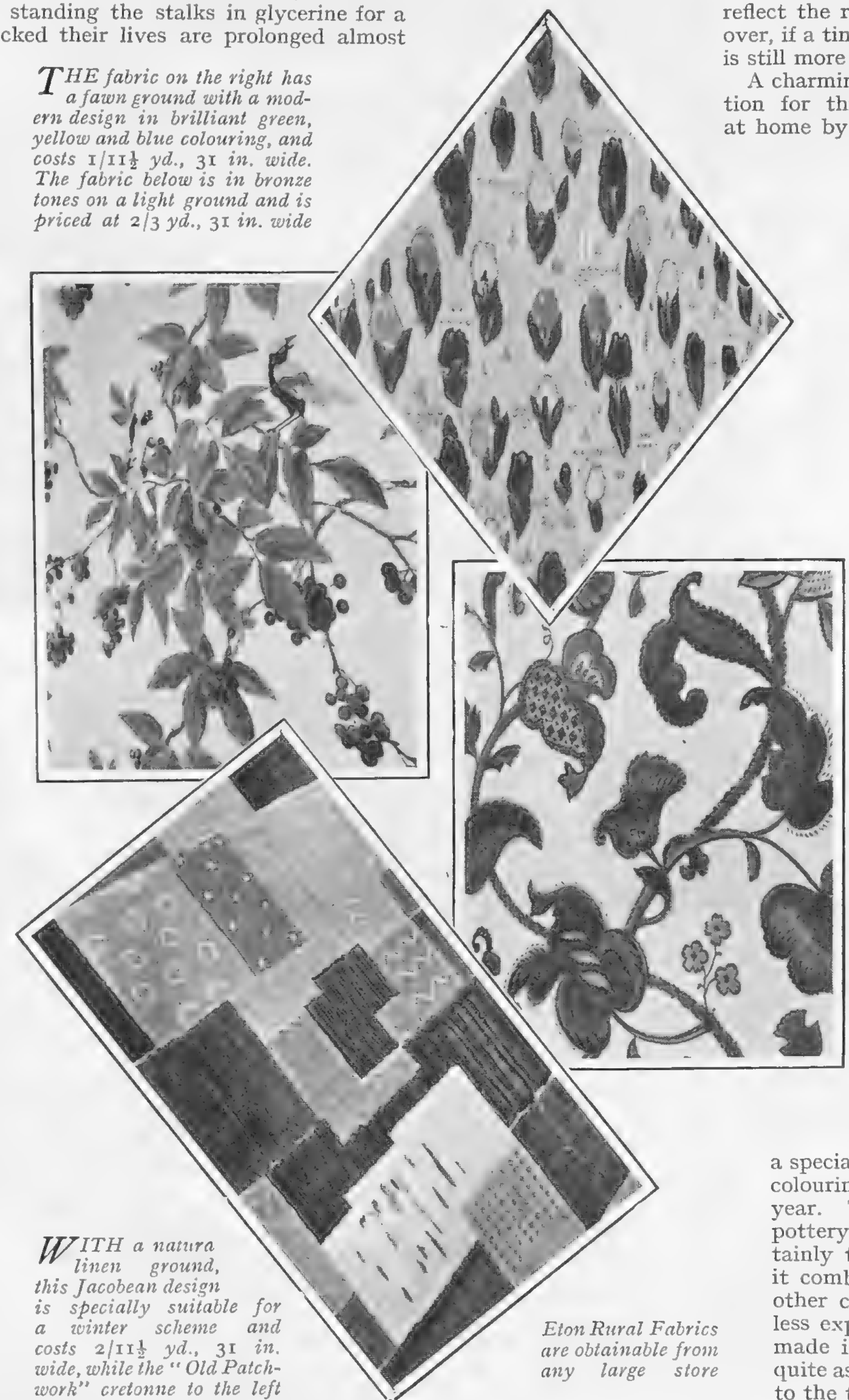
(Continued from page 52)

the scheme. In the early autumn marigolds are a great standby and bring golden pools of colour to a room if massed together in shallow bowls. Incidentally, it is a delightful scheme to grow these hardy little flowers in window-boxes, for they outlast most of the other late-flowering plants, and their effect both from inside the window and from out is immensely stimulating. Beautiful effects, too, can be achieved with autumn leaves when flowers are more scarce, and it is useful to know that by standing the stalks in glycerine for a few hours when first picked their lives are prolonged almost indefinitely.

THEN there is the arrangement of furniture to be considered, for with the first suggestion of cold one draws instinctively nearer the fire and it is only reasonable that the furniture should be arranged accordingly, just as in the warmer days, when the open windows exercised their charm. At the same time, one should be specially careful that the furniture is not crowded round the fireside in an unsightly heap, leaving the remainder of the room almost bare and prevented from sharing in the warmth by this unfriendly barrier. It is quite possible to arrange it with an eye to balance as well as to convenience, and it is important to place it in the direct rays of heat from the fire, if possible, as well as light from the lamps and other fittings.

Comfort is very much a matter of thoughtfulness, and it is not always the elaborately equipped home that is the most pleasing in this respect—in fact, one must carry the movement to the most trivial details really to be successful. It is, after all, a small thing to add extra cushions, for instance, which never fail to give at once an air of informal comfort to a room.

THE fabric on the right has a fawn ground with a modern design in brilliant green, yellow and blue colouring, and costs 1/11½ yd., 31 in. wide. The fabric below is in bronze tones on a light ground and is priced at 2/3 yd., 31 in. wide



WITH a natural linen ground, this Jacobean design is specially suitable for a winter scheme and costs 2/11½ yd., 31 in. wide, while the "Old Patchwork" cretonne to the left in tangerine and amber is 1/11½ yd., 31 in. wide

Eton Rural Fabrics are obtainable from any large store

TO change the pictures for winter and summer is, too, a thing that might be overlooked, yet this is an effective way of getting "atmosphere" into a room. I shall always remember with pleasure a room decorated in blue and green with creamy yellow walls where, over the mantle, hung a delightful colour print of a forest glade, with sun slanting through the trees on to a carpet of bluebells. It was a simple thing, but the delicious coolness of it seemed somehow to have pervaded the room itself and there was certainly a delightful harmony of colouring between the two. When the house assumed its autumn apparel, however, the picture was replaced by another, this time of golden chrysanthemums in a copper vase, and still the surroundings appeared to respond to its cheerful influence.

There are so many similar devices to which one can resort in the quest of comfort, and among them the use of mirrors is something specially worth remembering. A gloomy corner, for instance, can be given an entirely new aspect and an importance of its own by the addition of a small table over which a mirror is hung so as to catch and reflect the rays of a lamp and, moreover, if a tinted light is used the effect is still more delightful.

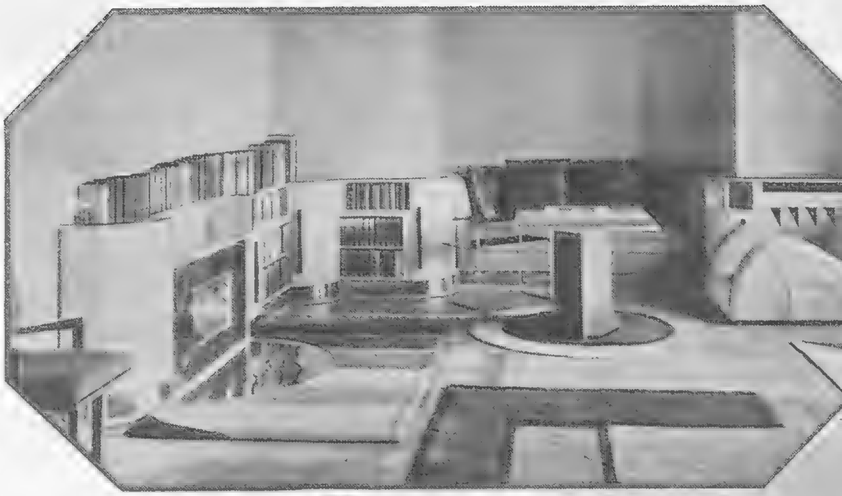
A charming and inexpensive decoration for this purpose can be made at home by simply converting an old accumulator jar or, failing this, one of the larger square fish bowls, which can be bought very cheaply. The base of the jar should be fitted into a wooden box just large enough to hold a light bulb and having, too, a small aperture through which the wire flex can pass. A coat of coloured paint will make the base attractive, and when flowers are arranged in the jar and the light switched on, the effect is enchanting.

Entertaining should certainly have a "seasonal" air. At an October dinner-party, for instance, guests will appreciate the comfort and beauty of a cheerful table glowing with candlelight and bright with soft-hued linen and tawny fruits. The vogue for coloured glass still prevails, and the lovely smoked amber tint is particularly suitable for the winter table, while, since pottery is so inexpensive these days, one would be justified in the purchase of a special dinner service of warm colouring for use at this time of year. The pale yellow shade of pottery is very cheerful and certainly the most adaptable, since it combines safely with so many other colours, while some of the less expensive glass which is now made in deep amber colouring is quite as effective in bringing colour to the table.

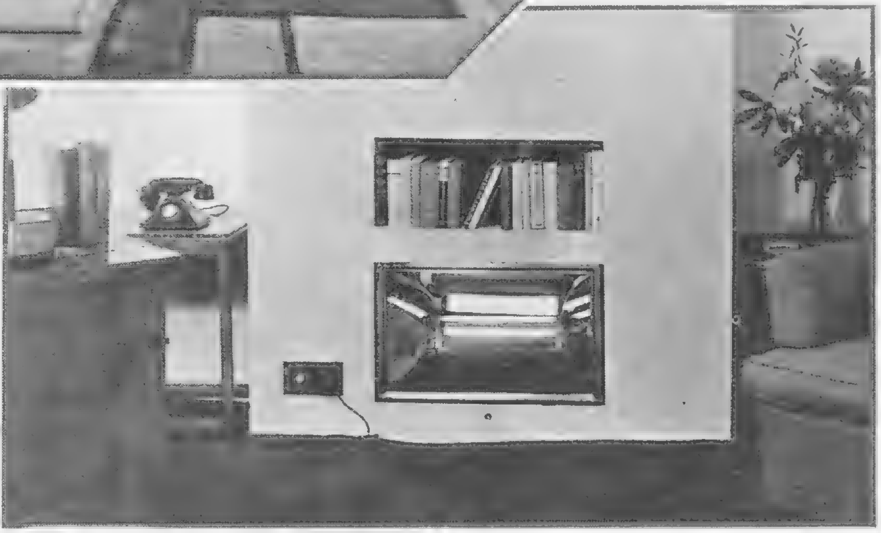
ONE should be guided, too, at all times by the weather in the choice of a menu for the dinner-party. Those evenings especially, which seem to vacillate so hopelessly between summer and winter, demand particularly careful arrangements on the part of the hostess, and are a very certain test of her resourcefulness as such.

But, on the whole, it is the smaller changes which will invest the home with the atmosphere of cheer and comfort which is often lacking in the first days of winter, and even if one is called upon to spend a little money in the process, what matter if in doing so one helps to dispel a little of the gloom of our native climate?

A method of heating which is becoming increasingly popular owing to its convenience, cleanliness, and cheapness



THE built-in furniture of this room includes a Ferranti fire with a metal surround and with a semi-circle of green marble in front of it. Messrs. Easton & Robertson

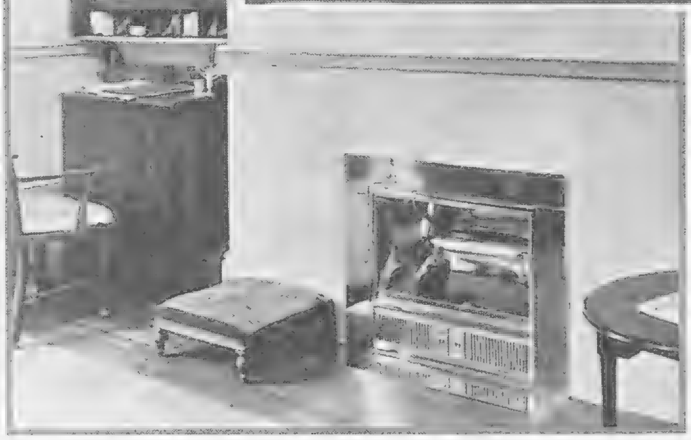


(Below)

A Ferranti fire is easily installed in an ordinary fireplace by boxing in the mantelpiece with 3-ply. The recess for books is an attractive detail

Electric Heating in the Home

By Michael Egan



THIS two bar fire with a two-heat switch is the latest and most efficient method of heating. Catalogues of Ferranti fires and water heaters will be sent to interested readers on request

IT is not so very long since electric lighting was regarded as a novelty, a wonderful new invention that was rapidly making itself indispensable to domestic life by reason of its unique cleanliness and convenience. Electric heating is passing through that stage to-day, and these two same qualities of cleanliness and convenience are chiefly responsible for its increasing popularity.

An electric fire is as simple to operate as an electric lamp. At a touch of the switch the room is warmed. The actual intensity of the heat can be varied by switching on one or more of the "bars" with which the fire is fitted. It is not even necessary to stoop to switch on or off, as most electric fires are fitted with foot-control switches. This may seem a small point, but it is one of the many small points that make electric heating incomparably superior to all other methods of heating.

A coal fire is certainly a very cheery thing; its flickering flames induce a pleasant feeling of dreamy comfort. But this, after all, is really only a mental habit. In days gone by a similar feeling was engendered by the warm, mellow quality of candlelight, and it was then felt by many that the gentle flickering of candles was far more pleasant than the steady brilliance of electric light. But flickering candles invariably meant filthy candlesticks, and sentiment gradually surrendered to science.

IT must be remembered that the work involved by a coal fire is not confined to "clearing" the grate and "laying" the fire. There is also the carrying of fuel, the removal of ashes, the black-leading of grates, and the periodical sweeping of flues. To these must be added the daily "dusting" necessary to remove the thin layer of dust that has settled on the furniture, fittings and ornaments of the room. An electric fire eliminates all this labour, and provides instead a clean, healthy heat that is far more beneficial to mind and body than the soporific glow of a coal fire.

Electric fires emit a large proportion of *radiant* heat, the health-giving qualities of which are widely recognised to-day. The modern cult of sun-bathing testifies to the beneficial effects produced by the radiant heat emitted by the sun. On an average, electric fires give about 50 per cent. of radiant heat, but some are specially designed to give as much as 80 or 90 per cent.; and these latter are being installed in modern homes in increasing numbers.

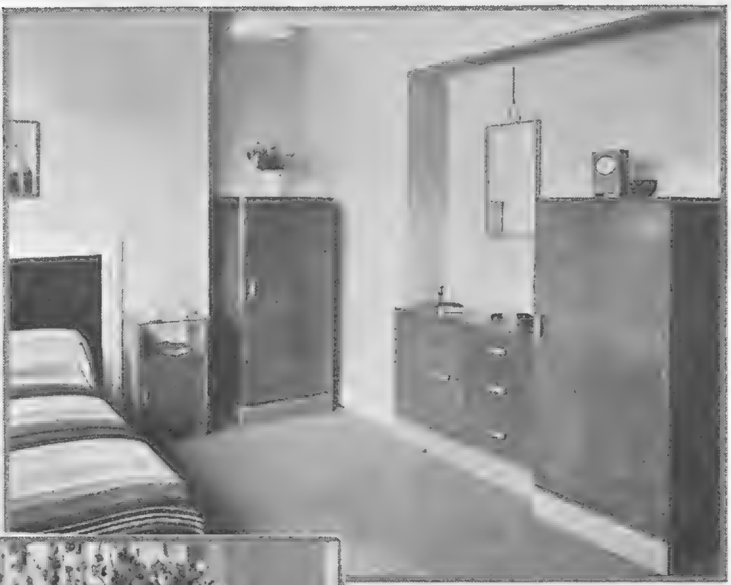
Quite apart from eliminating unnecessary labour, electricity has many advantages to offer over all other forms of fuel for domestic heating. An electric fire is both silent and odourless in operation. There is no "popping" or "hissing," and there are no fumes or gases to render the atmosphere heavy and enervating. Also, an electric fire (unless specially built into the fireplace) is portable; it can be moved about easily and set in the most convenient position in a room, and it can be taken from room to room if required.

Many of the factors which combine to make electric heating so ideally convenient and clean also make it the most economical form of heating for domestic purposes. In many homes it has been possible to dispense with the services of a maid by substituting electric fires for coal fires. Another point to remember is that the use of electricity makes for considerable economy in the matter of interior redecorations. These form a big item in the maintenance costs of every home; wall-papers, ceilings and paintwork periodically require the services of the "painters and decorators." When electric fires are installed the intervals between redecorations are lengthened owing to the complete absence of smoke or fumes of any kind. Rugs and carpets last much longer, as there is no daily deposit of dust or grit to work into their meshes, while curtains, chair covers, and the more delicate furnishings of the home remain fresh for much longer periods and require less frequent washing.

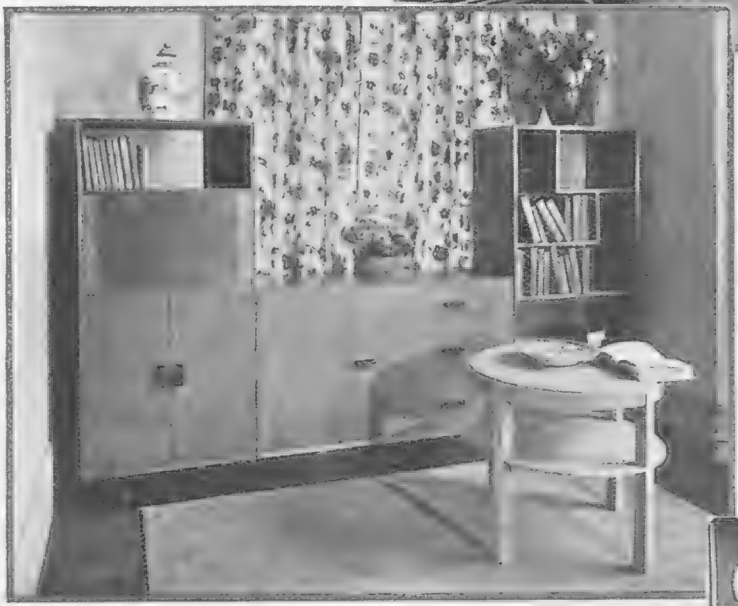
Modern Furniture becomes Extra-Practical

A SURVEY of the Possibilities of a New Movement in Modern Furnishing for Moderate Means

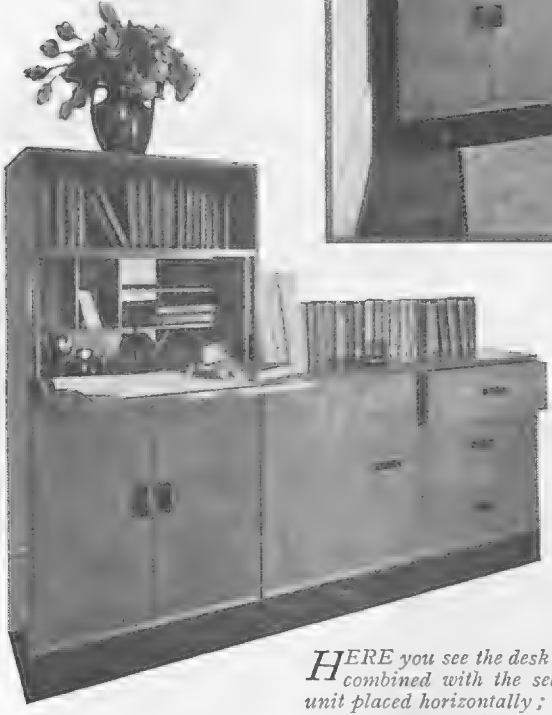
By Joan Woollcombe



HERE you see the Combinit idea translated into bedroom furniture



THE possessor of three units has evolved her sideboard from these!



HERE you see the desk unit combined with the second unit placed horizontally; easy to rearrange, as they are not fixed together in any way

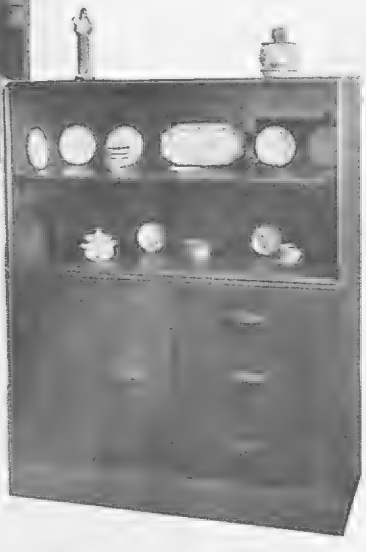
WHEN it dawned upon us that modern furniture was not merely a stunt and a passing whim imported from the Continent, but a practical solution to many problems in the smaller modern homes, flats—houses and various forms of "conversion"—there still remained a stumbling-block in the fixed belief that all modern furniture was so expensive.

There has, however, always been a certain demand for good sound designs in the contemporary manner, and now, from the provinces, comes the logical development of modernism for the small home; unit furniture that can be built into necessary shapes by the owner. This permits each woman to make her own individual combinations of the units so that she has, in effect, designed her own furniture to her own needs, and, should the whim take her, *can unpick it with no more trouble than that of moving it apart and can put it together in an entirely new way in a few moments.*

ON this page are shown the first pictures ever to be taken of this new type of unit furniture. It is, of course, on the lines of the successful experiments which have been made both in Holland and in Germany. It was here that the English designer, Crofton Gane, of Bristol, realised that this rationalisation of interior decoration could be applied to English needs, conditions and designs. The technicians of this old Bristol firm started to work on this idea, and the result is a standardised form of modern furniture which can be obtained at a very low price indeed.

It can best be seen, I think, in the Combinit desk; here the shell, measuring some 2 ft. across by 4 ft. 4½ in. down, is the standard element; the filling-in alone varies, and in this case it has taken the form of a desk. In the cupboard you see two units built lengthways, the lower of the two fitted horizontally with drawer equipment; in the sideboard three units are used, one horizontally and two either side, upright.

The idea is capable of infinite variations and can be adapted to any size room.



TWO units, lengthways, provide an excellent cupboard with an open glazed top section

THE Combinit desk unit has been designed in oak; it can be supplied in its natural unpolished state, or in a limed finish, or in cellulose black enamel with unpolished margins and coloured handles. These coloured modern handles strike a delightfully decorative note and can accentuate any given colour scheme.

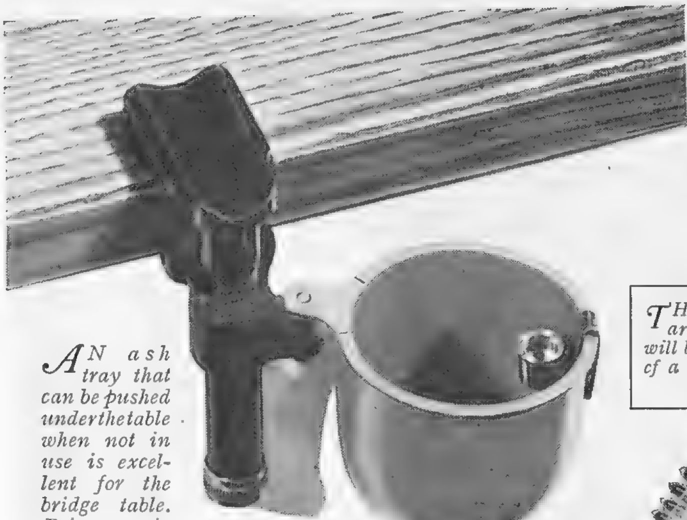
The prices of these units should make them an economic proposition even for these times; and should hold out a ray of hope to the fiercest individualist amongst us who desperately resents the hit-or-miss of indifferent modern furniture, or the make-shift of acquired and inherited warring styles around her.

Even the most die-hard reactionary, clinging to the classical designs as to salvation, regarding, rightly, the exaggerated *style moderne* with horror and loathing, can find nothing in the English application of the Continental principles at which to be revolted. The starkness is softened; the harshness mellowed; and the general effect harmonious with the decorative principles with which we are accustomed to live.

What I have

Objects for the Home

THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on these pages can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a post card addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2

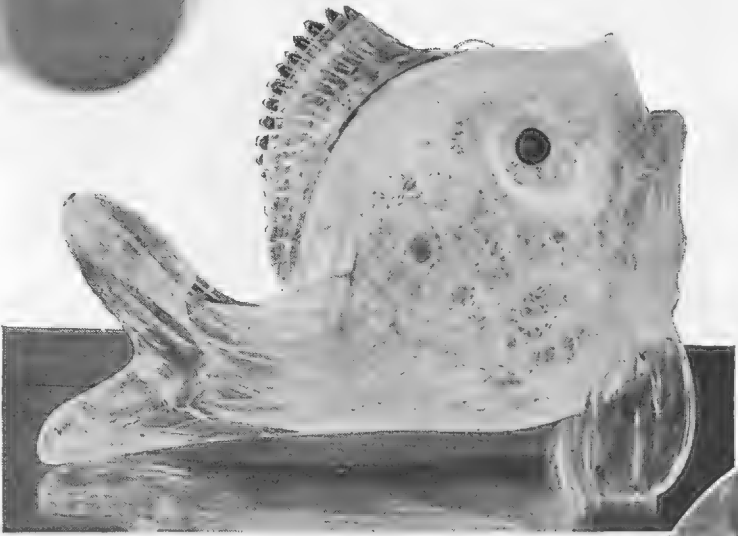


AN ash tray that can be pushed under the table when not in use is excellent for the bridge table. Price - 3/9

THIS little ash tray makes an ordinary bridge table equal to those fitted complete with the ash trays which slip under the table when not in use. The tray itself is made of Bakelite and can be bought in Chinese red, jade green, mottled mahogany and what is described as a "modernistic design." There is a little receptacle in the bowl which is for crushing out the lighted end of the cigarette, while the lighted cigar or cigarette can be laid on the top of the bracket and the ash cup under, so that the ash falls into it instead of on to the floor. The part which clamps on to the edge of the table or the wooden arm of a chair has a piece of rubber inserted, thus preventing any scratches.

TWO other Bridge accessories which can be bought are two different kinds of boards, one for the players of "Double Dummy" and the other for the new Duplicate Bridge. The former is quite useful for the two people who like playing this amusing version of Bridge—the game is called "Drawbridge" according to the board—as it holds the cards upwards in position. Putting out two dummy hands on the table always makes rather a muddle. The two boards cost 6s. 6d.

The other board has just been manufactured and still only comparatively few people have heard of this "Duplicate Contract Bridge" for which it has been made. It is a set of 16 boards, and costs 47s. 6d.



THIS decorative fish is made of greenish crackled glass and has a red eye. Price 24/6

Below:

THESE six hand-painted toilet bottles all fit into a matching glass tray, and the whole set only costs 30/-

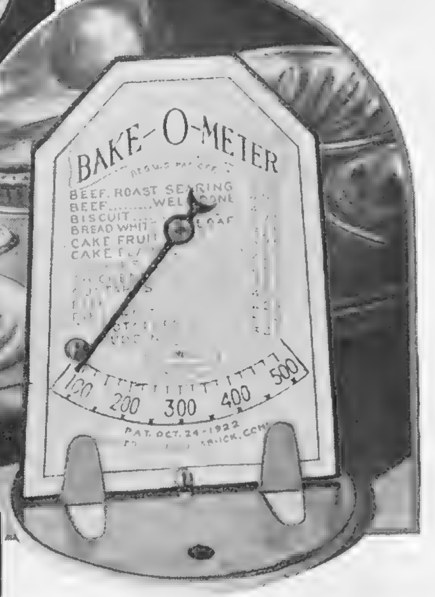
TOILET WATER

Elsie Collins

HOWEVER much one may admire the neat and attractive row of toilet bottles, there is always the question of space, whether they are to be accommodated in the bath-room or on the dressing table. Those illustrated above, however, take up very little room, although there are six of them and each one holds a useful quantity of liquid. As you can see, they are shaped in the form of a triangle, so each one fits perfectly into the round glass tray. There is a bottle labelled ready to hold almost every necessity for the toilet, and in addition to this they are charmingly hand painted. The set costs 30s., including the tray.

HAVE you seen the new glass fishes? The one illustrated on this page costs 24s. 6d., but there are various other prices, some more, some less. It is made of crackled glass and the colour is a green tinged white, the eye is red, and if possible the one you buy should stand with a light behind it. The others are varied in shape and colour as well as in price, and the average size is about a foot long, but they are all extremely decorative.

KNOWLEDGE allied with exactitude plays a large part in all domestic duties today. There is neither time nor money for dishes wasted because of haphazard guesses as to the quantity of ingredients used and the temperature of the oven. This last is most important, for almost every article requires a different temperature. The "Bake-o-meter" shown here costs only 5s. 6d., and it will not only tell you what temperature the oven is, but what it should be for nearly every class of cooked food. It is an enormous help towards good cooking and all you need do is place it in the oven; the indicator will tell you the rest.



Above:

THIS useful meter will tell you exactly the temperature your oven should be for whatever article you are cooking. Price 5/6

DURING my stay in a well-known country town I noticed a new type of garden ornament which is manufactured locally. Each piece is made by hand from broken stone and concrete and reinforced with a wire cradle; not only this, they are also guaranteed to withstand the action of frost. There are bird baths, pedestals, alpine troughs, flower vases and tanks for miniature pools, etc., in grey or brown stone, and the older the ornament the more pleasing the colour it becomes. This "Dura Stone" can be made into any shape, and the prices are quite low, starting from a very few shillings.

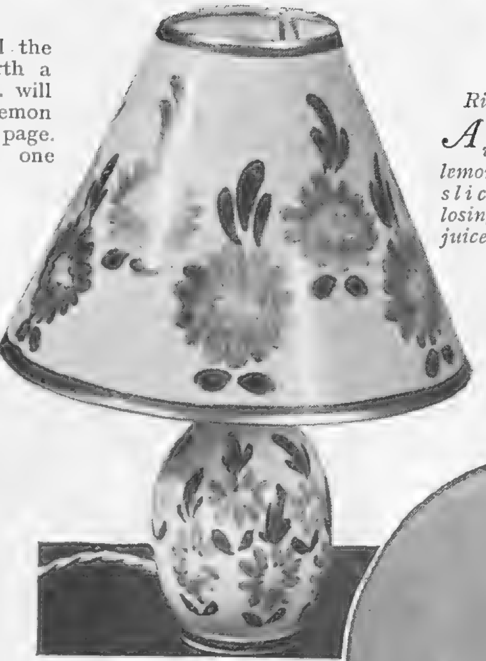
Bought *this* Month

which are both useful and decorative

Right: *A MACHINE which cuts lemons into even slices without losing any of the juice costs 19/6*

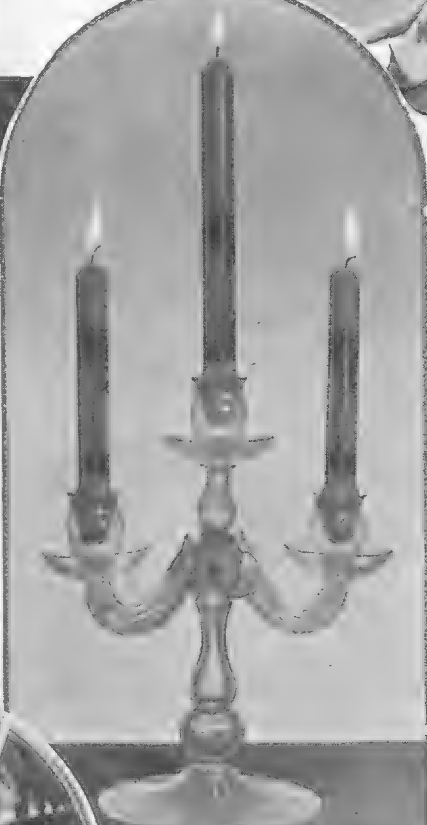
TIME and temper saved and the work done efficiently is worth a little outlay, so perhaps 19s. 6d. will be thought well spent on the lemon slicer shown on the top of this page. It certainly is efficient; just one push and a whole lemon is cut into neat equal portions with no waste of the juice. It has a pleasing real machine look about it, is very heavy, and has been made to last a lifetime.

There is also another article for use with these lemon slices. It is made with the two sides the shape of a slice and it will take only one piece between. The idea is to help those people who object to squeezing the juice out of the slice with their fingers, and it certainly does extract every drop of juice very cleanly. Price 2s. 6d.



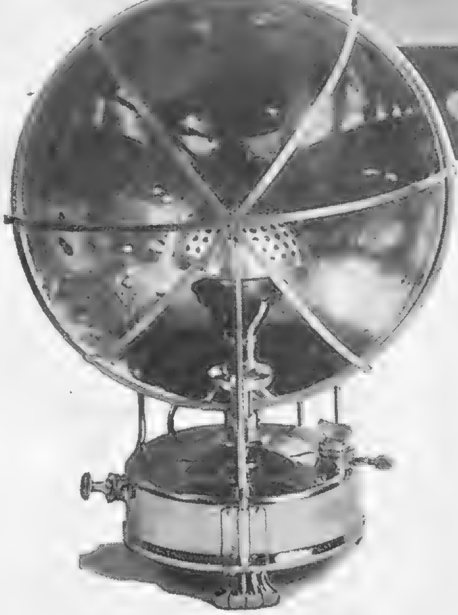
A POTTERY stand and a lampshade painted to match, which together stand about 12 inches high, costs 6/11

THIS lamp shown above is particularly good value for 6s. 11d. The bowl is 5 inches high, and is made of pottery, and the shade, which is decorated to match, measures 7 inches in height. As a matter of fact, there are many such attractive lamps to be found if one is really looking for some wherewith to make the occasional lighting in the home suitable for autumn days; and there is one particular shop which has lamps of very great attraction for surprisingly small prices. One, which had a base and shade made of a plaited straw material, cost only 14s.; another, which was of an unique modern design and consisted of just a cylinder-shaped glove supported by a nickel stand, was priced at 16s.



"NELL GWYNN" shadow candles are unusual and cost 1/- for a box of two measuring 8 inches high, or 1/3 for a box of two measuring 10 inches high

CANDLE lighting always will have a charm which is entirely its own, and when it is combined with decorative candles it is particularly attractive. Those seen in the illustration have an ebony black silhouette on a surface of vivid orange, and the effect is most unusual. Of course, these "Nell Gwynn" candles may be obtained in many other designs if this particular pattern does not quite suit your decorative scheme, and they are to be had in a wide range of delightful colours. Speaking of candles, one naturally thinks of candlesticks, and this reminds me that I have seen some very inexpensive and pleasing shapes in iron. They can be had in a shape which will blend with a past period style of furnishing, or in one which would go with the present. These candlesticks, whether they are single, or carry two or three on a stem, can be had from as little as 5s. 6d. They are extremely durable and last surprisingly well.



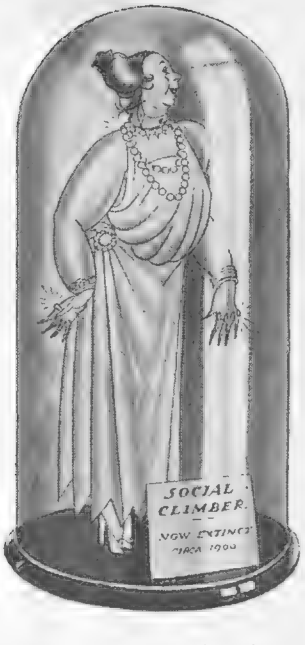
THIS oil stove may be used either as a radiator or as a cooker. Here it is shown set up as a radiator. *Price 31/6*

COOKING and heating by oil is becoming more and more practical, and one of the latest of these wickless oil stoves is the one which can be used as either a cooker or a heater. The base and reflector are of brass, and the price is 31s. 6d. There is another model which costs 38s., the only difference being that the reflector is copper and the tank nickel plated. In the photograph below you see the model set up as a radiator, but this is quickly converted into a cooker by simply removing the reflector, which just slips off, and by placing on the top a round stand which takes a good sized kettle or saucepan. The oil consumption is most economical; a filling of 2½ pints will last about 6 to 10 hours, and as a cooker the stove will boil a quart of water in three minutes. By this you can tell that the stove gives out a good heat, while the burner is of the regulating and non-carbonising cone type.

IF you are interested in cooking and heating by oil stoves you should see the catalogue issued by the makers of this cooker-heater. It shows inexpensive stoves for every possible use. Indeed, until one sees a catalogue like this, one has no idea how the house without gas or electricity has been catered for. There are ovens which can be used in conjunction with just such a stove as is illustrated, by which one can cook a dinner for a number of people with only one flame; there is a tripod stand which can be had for 6s. to stand over a stove and hold three large utensils, all of which will be heated. Not only these, there are also toasters which will cook four slices of bread at once, and iron heaters which will heat three irons simultaneously.

Another type of stove mentioned in this catalogue, and which was brought out within the last few months, is one suitable for motorists and owners of small cottages. It is made to use petrol instead of paraffin, and while it can be folded into the compact form of a case, it will be found that it holds a useful amount of fuel and has two burners. The top opens to form a wind screen and the petrol tank is fixed on the outside when in use. The price of this is 33s.

The Gentle Art of



LAST time I was in New York a nice American girl—they acquire ambition and sophistication young over there—asked me how one crashed into society in England. Not having given the matter intensive thought, I told her it was sometimes done by marriage and sometimes by wiliness, often by charm, but never by money, and that it took time.

"But tell me just how," she persisted. I looked out from that fifteenth-floor Italian balcony at the twinkling jewel of lights round New York's neck, and had an inspiration. "Study the rise of the house of Rothschild," I said. "Rothschild!" she exclaimed. "Rothschild," I assured her. "Finished artists. They knew how." She looked at me pityingly. "What *I* mean," she said, "is getting into an English social set before your great-grandchildren grow whiskers."

She was a very nice girl, and I should like to have been able to give her a lecture then and there on how to attain the social peaks in this island society. But we were interrupted; with a gesture she warned me off continuing the subject in public, and I did not get another opportunity.

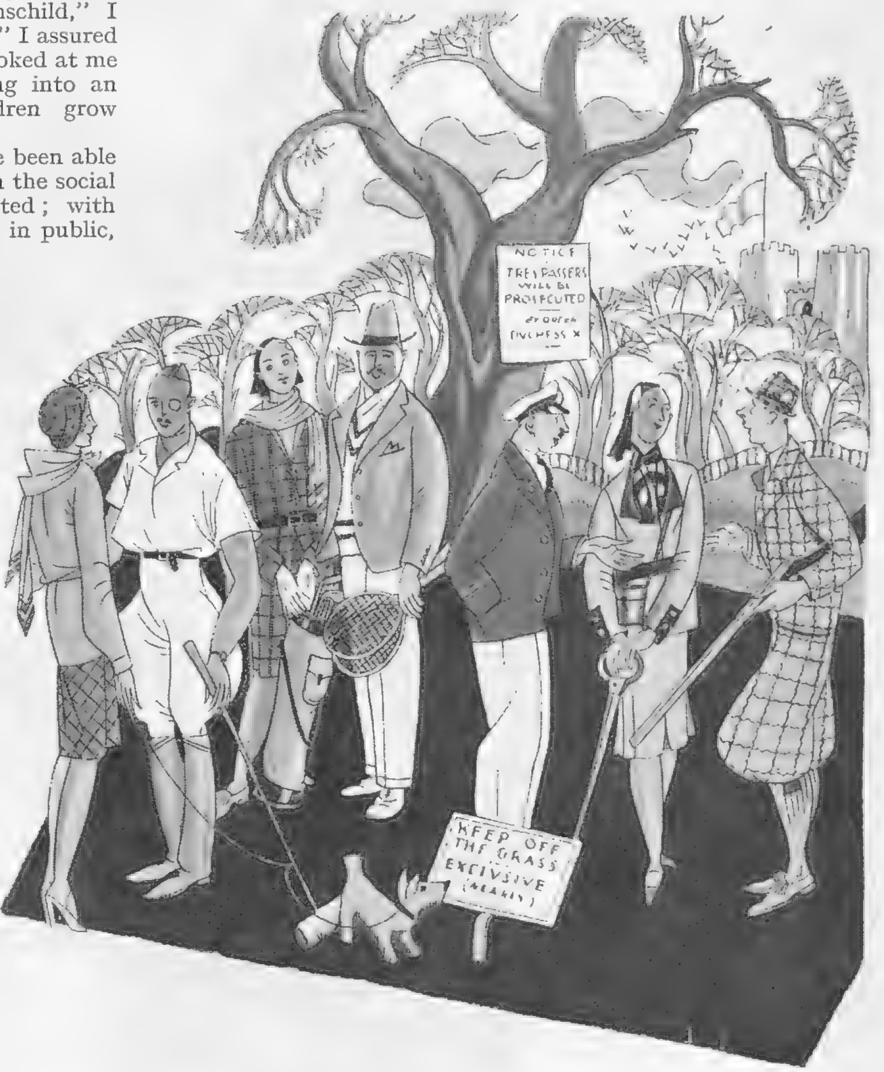
It occurred to me subsequently that I had met for the first time—to my conscious knowledge—an embryo social climber. Perhaps that very nice American girl is at this moment pulling strings to get herself a presentation at Buckingham Palace—and what that means only a woman of a great democracy where they officially despise titles, and send their ambassadors to foreign courts in plain evening suits, can know. At any rate, I was reminded of her by an incident in Paris the other night; and it occurred to me again how fallacious is the popular notion of the genus social climber as a diamond-encrusted profiteer's wife, of excessive avoirdupois, tripping over her aitches and exuding affability, snobbishness, and the wrong scent. That phenomenon has, of course, passed with the mammoth and the mastodon into the limbo of museum pieces.

IT was one of those hot nights when they open the long windows of the restaurant at the Ritz and put some tables out on the flagged terrace of the walled courtyard, with its festoons of fairy lamps. Sandwiched between a pretty woman whom I know and a tight-lipped dowager whom I had never met before, I was enjoying myself reasonably well, but not so profoundly that I failed to notice the ravishing woman who seemed to be hostess at the next table—a party of six who had drawn the *maître* from a general benevolent regard of the terrace diners to a concentrated anxiety which our party had entirely failed to inspire, although we did boast a French baroness, a British baronet, and the dowager, who was only a knight's lady, but connected in an indirect way with Court circles, and almost as haughty as a pre-war Prussian Court Chamberlain.

My partner, the pretty one, saw the direction of my glance, and gave me a nudge. "She is a good-looker, isn't she?" "I was wondering where I had seen her before," I said. The dowager had seen our neighbour too. "I dare say at a charity ball or the Café de Paris or the Embassy Club or somewhere," she observed, fanning herself with the paper fan generously supplied by the management. "She was very active in London during the Season, I heard." I looked at the woman I know. "A social climber," she smiled. "*And* licking her wounds," added the dowager.

That damned dowager! And yet the woman was right. The ravishing good-looker, so *chic*, so obviously charming, with a gay eye and (I'll swear) an acutely developed sense of fun, *was* a social climber, and she *was* licking wounds. The young widow of some Argentine merchant prince, she had made the mistake early in the Season of flirting with one of town's most eligible young bachelors; and that is a thing no wise social climber should do. Really an error. It alienated the established hostesses whose doors she wished to crash. It aroused sundry jealousies and made her enemies among women; and it is the women, and not the men, who have to be wooed and won by your successful climber.

I suppose one must write her down as one of the failures of last season's grand campaign. Every London season has its grand campaign, its massed assault upon the charmed circle by those odd folk who are denied happiness unless they can claim equality with their social betters.



"Charmed circle" is wrong anyway. It should be plural. Society for years has been growing less and less exclusive in point of numbers, until to-day the very word "Society" is an anachronism. There is no "Society," there are only social sets; and this enlargement and variation of the social battlefield is one of the reasons why you simply cannot keep an astute and determined social climber down now.

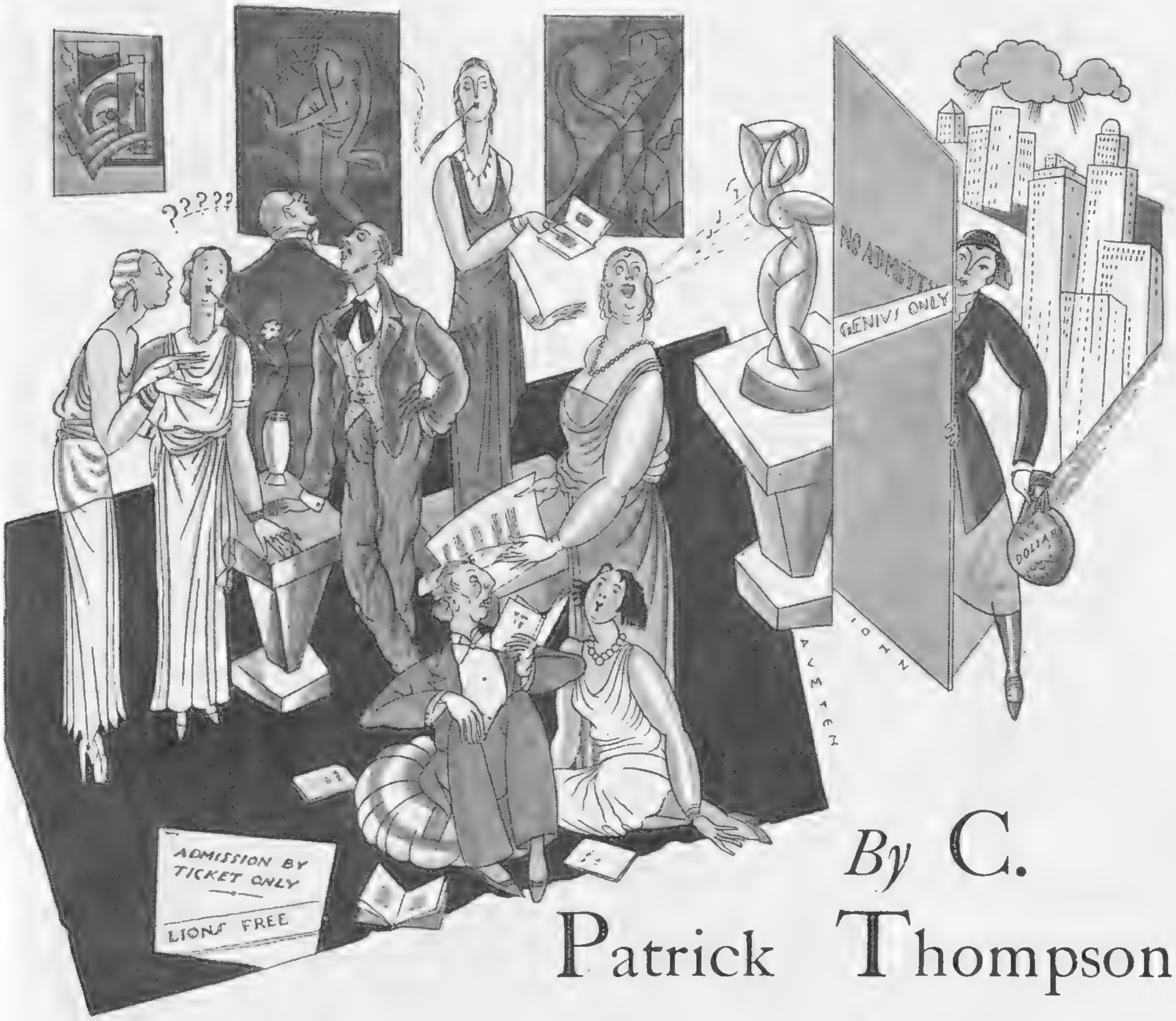
EVERYBODY wants to be amused. Everybody wants money or the things that money can buy. Everybody wants variety, luxury, colour, a bigger kick out of life than his mother and grandmother were content with, or his own personal means will give him. Everybody wants to do as he pleases, know whom he pleases, go where he pleases, and

Social Climbing

Illustrated by John Austen

suit his own taste. Such is the psychological chemical which has disintegrated the formerly compact and hedged body of society with a capital S. Young hostesses no longer acknowledge the authority of the older matrons. Sets spring up everywhere and around all sorts of individuals and pastimes and pursuits and tastes. Birth counts for less than a common interest and way of life. Peeresses of old lineage, who a generation ago would have been contained within the same walled garden of society, now go through an entire London season or a whole year without meeting at any party more private and exclusive than a race meeting, the Hendon air display, or the Aldershot Tattoo. Even charity balls tend to be organised round a particular social clique. The Duchess of Y's set will rally round this one—which means that the Countess of X's set will have nothing to do with it. And *vice versa.* And so on. The only exceptions to the general rule and tendency are what ribald youngsters call "the tribals."

For the benefit of my American girl friend—whom I wish to read this and profit thereby—I should explain that the tribals are also known as "the dull set." They correspond to that rigid old New York set which the celebrated Maria de Barril ruled for a generation from her modest apartment in the Hotel Touraine, New York. You simply could not get into the New York set unless you qualified. You couldn't buy, push or intrigue your way in, although by marriage a woman could edge in. It was provincialism at its grossest, and so ponderous, so devastatingly dull, exclusive and respectable, that the younger generation finally destroyed it by laughing at its rules and going off to play in the gardens of lower but more amusing persons across the street.



By C. Patrick Thompson

AMONG the tribals of modern England—a set nearly as provincial and interlocked by ties of blood-relationship and marriage as the tribal society of Ulster—smartness is no credential. The dull set does not go and stay in Hollywood, and in return receive film stars when they come to England and introduce them round. The dull set has not yet achieved beach pyjamas and The Bat. Its womenfolk do not give their names to beauty creams for the thrill of seeing their portraits in smart magazines—few, as a matter of fact, are sufficiently endowed with beauty to be alluring as an illustration to an advertisement. Nine months of the year the dull set lives on its ancestral country estate. But when the Academy private view draws near it digs out the topper which has seen fifteen Eton and Harrow matches at Lord's, and the peculiar toque which has not gone out of fashion (in this set) since Queen Alexandra's day, and it comes up to its town house to stay until Goodwood. It entertains, too, but only its old family friends and relatives, admitting, on occasion, for the convenience of a debutante daughter or a son newly commissioned, a few well-authenticated young men from the Guards. Every old country develops a tribal set like this, and climbers have about as much chance of breaking into it as a negro has of dining in the home of an old Virginian family.

SMARTNESS is the opium in the pipe of the social climber. He wants to carry the brand of social success as plainly as a fashionable woman conscious of her good looks wants to carry the hallmark of being not merely in the mode but a trifle in advance of it. He wants to ride the crests of waves where he can see and be seen. And that is why the dull set, which is the only really exclusive set left, is not habitually troubled by the social climber. It is not troubled because to endure such a life you have to be born and bred in this particular kennel.

Your gay duchesses who give *bal masques* and take parties to cabarets, your wealthy ultra-fashionables who take 40 trunks on a little holiday to Cuba and Mexico, your sporting set ladies who fly to Le Touquet for a last round of golf and a flutter at the tables before leaving for a month's big-game shooting in Africa, your rich arty set who get Sandra along to sing and Lifar to dance and who send Rene le Roy up to a balcony to play a Debussy air on his silver flute, your intellectual set who join the sun bathers and take an interest in politics and get the latest literary or scientific lion to dine in (*Continued on p. 98*)

Castaway

A *Desert* Island—the *Shipwrecked* Hero—the *lovely* Girl—Romance—*well*, Yes *and* No . . . This isn't *quite* that *kind* of *old-fashioned* Story . . .

By Beatrice Grimshaw

IF it was all going to be like this, he thought, the castaway business wasn't so bad. Small as it seemed, the island had been lived in. Behind the beach there was a track, old, but unmistakable. Paul Stevens, of New Zealand, hadn't always been a chartered accountant; he had lived “station” life long enough to know that the scar left by man's foot upon the earth takes years to heal. This pathway had not been used of late. Still, it would lead somewhere: on Ua, uninhabited island, it was as a ray of light to the sole survivor from the wreck of the mail boat *Tinomana*.

You crushed your way through a sort of magic thicket of pink and red hibiscus, jasmine, camellia, frangipanni and bougainvillea. You stepped on oranges that popped like balloons; guavas, gold and pink, cracked under the heels of your sodden shoes. You came out, suddenly, upon the very thing you would have asked for, if the usual fairy had appeared and offered you the usual three wishes: a house. Small, solid, built, in this hurricane belt of the Pacific, to stand against any weather; sawn blocks of coral, held by coral concrete, washed white with coral lime. Coral pebbles on the ground before the door. Fans and ridgy bowls of coral, white as frost, set on the window-sills. When you stood still to listen, the snare drums of the surf, thrumming, thrumming upon the coral reef; the reef that had beaten the lives out of everyone in the capsized whaleboat, except, by some lucky chance, Paul Stevens—Paul alone.

He said the words to himself. He was conscious, now, of his solitary plight. It would not do to think of those other people; they were strangers; they had been, if anything, a nuisance to him during the five days out from Auckland—he'd come away for a rest cure, and the ship full of Australian and American excursionists had been very far from restful; he had stayed in his cabin, and seen as little as he could of them all. But to think of them as dead—— No. Think of something else. Of the scent that filled the air; the cold purity of it, here under shade, as if no one had ever drawn breath on the island save himself. Of the luck he had met with, in finding the house. Fairy luck. What would the next of the three wishes be? Food. He thought he had seen a case or so among the rocks on the shore; that must be looked to by and by. Would this door be locked? Of course not. It had an old-fashioned latch, like the houses in fairy books. “Pull the bobbin, and the latch will come up.” . . . Not quite that; you pressed a funny old finger-piece, and the latch went up and the door opened with surprising ease.

Inside there was a dazzle of greenish light from overgrown window-panes; a smell of stone and mildew; chairs and a table, grey with dust, and——

A girl!

Afterwards Paul thought he must have been light-headed from hardship and excitement (though there hadn't been much hardship; a ship that went down quietly in calm water, her stern ripped open by a broken tail-shaft; passengers who made no fuss, boats and boats that sailed, some for Tahiti, far away, some for the nearer, dangerous Ua). At any rate, he found himself thinking, as he stared at the tall, slim thing in a soaked frock of inappropriate silk, that this must be the last of the three wishes, though he couldn't remember making it. Cast away on a coral island—where would be the sense of it without a beautiful girl?

A WOMAN, with one glance, takes in the nature, cost, style and age of every garment another woman is wearing; knows the brand of her lipstick, whether she has had her face lifted or is only thinking of it, what she does to her eyes, and whether or not her beautiful shoes have spoiled her beautiful feet. A man, in like case, sees with half a glance whether the woman is pretty or not; with the other half, whether, as woman, she interests him. And that is that.

The woman was very pretty indeed.

Paul had an impression of dark, bright, long eyes, thick eye-lashes, wet, wavy blue-black hair, straight classic features, olive and carnation skin. He noticed the beauty of the woman's manicured hands; the long slimness of her waist, her flat stomach (well, they invited you to consider them in detail, nowadays; for twopence he'd tell her he admired it)—her ankles, her thin feet. She was young. She was younger than he had thought; you might quite fairly call her a girl. She wore no wedding ring. The romance, up to specification and ready made. Paul was unmarried, too. There was a girl in Wellington—an American; he'd always liked Americans, the piquancy of them, the poise of the well-bred woman; Harrie (dear little old-fashioned name) was piquant and well-bred, and something more. He was not engaged to Harrie. She had too much money. All this passed through his mind in the first half-second. In the next half, the part that should by custom have been devoted to forming his opinion, the girl broke into speech.

“Oh, gee!” was all she said. But Paul became suddenly aware that he had found the foil to Harrie.

The island romance had begun.

FOR the next two or three hours Paul Stevens worked harder than he had ever done in his life. Luella Blane wanted things.

She had drifted ashore on a broken life-raft, was wet and cold. She wanted a fire to dry her clothes. She wanted to have wood collected, broken on a rock, piled up in the stone fireplace, and lighted with Paul's cigar-lighter. She wanted him to go down to the beach and look everywhere for signs of other escaped passengers, while she stripped in the house. “I couldn't go naked within a hundred yards of a strange man,” she told him, shivering partly with cold and partly with modesty. “I am the purest hearted girl in Akron, Ohio, and so everyone always said; that's me.”

When she had dressed (Paul not being exceptionally pure-hearted, ran bare about the beach till his shirt and trousers had dried in the hot sun) she called him up again, and told him he must hunt everywhere for food washed ashore from the wreck. The island was only a few miles round; he could do it before dark if he hurried—and at the same time he might pick all the oranges he could see and bring them back. “If I don't get my vitamins every day,” she assured him, “my natur'l vitality will dwindle, and all my charm will go.” Paul, as he hurried from needle-point rock to rock, paddled thigh-deep through bays and inlets floored with sharp coral grit, found himself saying dazedly, “Harrie—my God, Harrie!” The peace that surrounded Harrie. The grey eyes of her. The salt of her talk—chary talk it was, but how good in its selected kind! The——

Luella had come to meet him on the last lap. She was excitedly pointing to a palm tree that stood on a little hill. " If you climb up that," she said, " and tie a flag half-way——"

" Where am I to get the flag ? " Paul demanded. He had nearly said, " Where in hell."

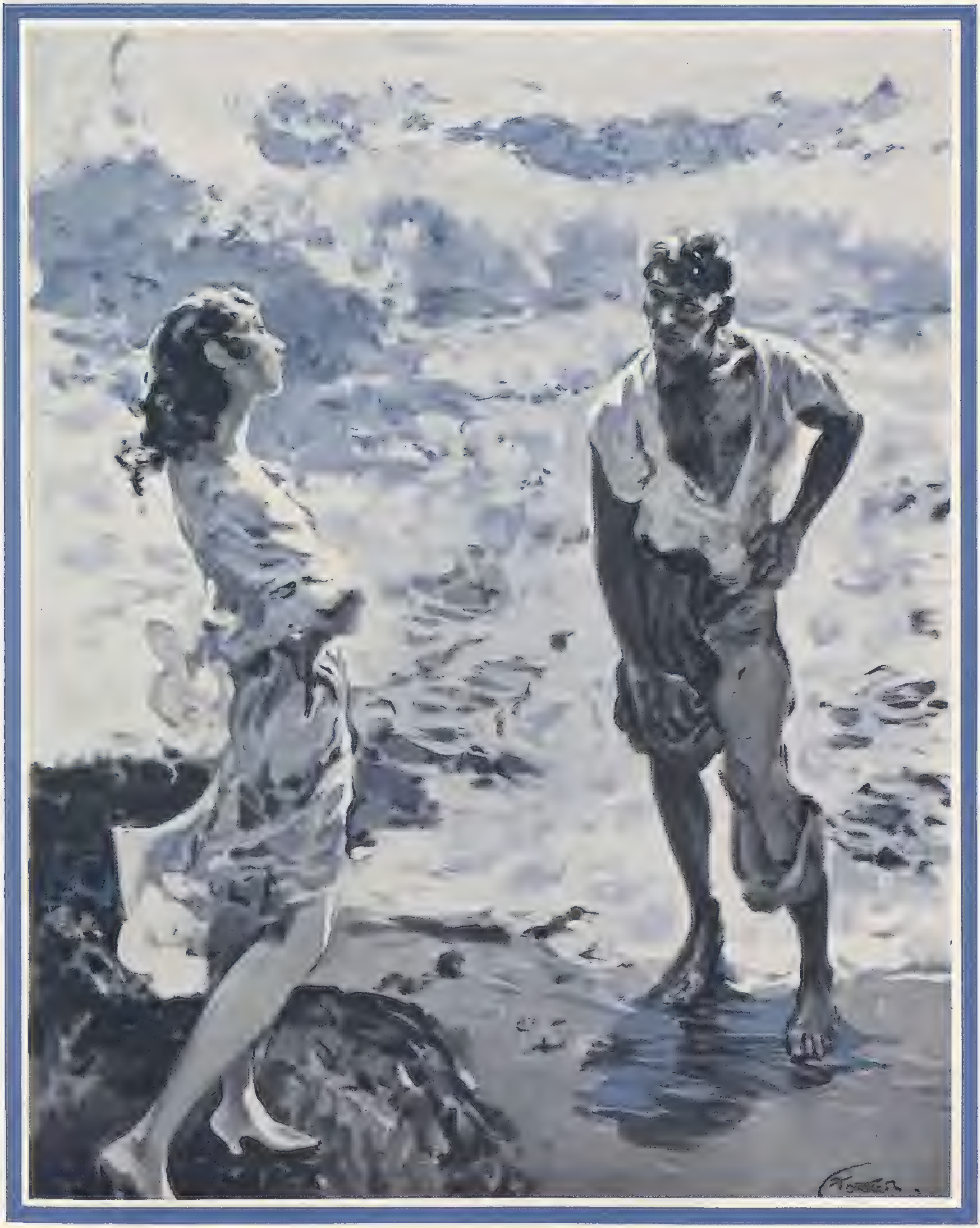
Luella seemed to feel the sting of the omitted word. She drew herself up a little. " If you use the common sense that the Almighty has given you," she said reprovingly, " you'll sure find something ; and, anyhow, let me explain to you that it's your duty. A man left alone on an island with a beautiful woman must do everything he can."

Illustrations by Forster

" In what way ? "

" To get off again as quick as possible."

PAUL looked at her. She was the prettiest thing he had ever seen. He



SHE drew herself up a little. " If you use the common sense that the Almighty has given you," she said reprovingly, " you'll sure find something" would have liked to drown her, but he couldn't help thinking—now she had drawn his attention to the fact—that she was extremely kissable. Probably. He'd never know. An unprotected girl, alone . . .

It was while he was down on the beach, busy with this last of what Luella called "chores," that he made the great discovery. It did not seem very great at the time. It was merely what Luella had wanted—a yard or two of torn sail-cloth, and beside it three or four cases cast up by the sea. Not from the sunken *Tinomana*; she had gone down in six hundred fathom. Not from the whale-boat; he and Luella were the sole survivors, and the clothes they stood in the only things that had come ashore with them. This stuff was sea-beaten, cracked, its iron bindings rusty. But it was a godsend; it might be food . . .

It was.

He smashed the top of a case with a coral boulder, and came upon a layer of tinned meats. "Funny that should have floated," he thought, and went on to the next. This also was meat. The third case held four large tins of the kind used for storing flour. "Good," he thought exultingly. "That fairy must have sent them in." Exhaustive search discovered two more cases. "Swiss Family Robinson all right," he thought, smashing the tops. The last two cases held bits of matting, sacks, and a filling of sand.

Poised motionless, Paul stood thinking. The snare-drums of the reef seemed to beat in his brain. He couldn't understand. Nevertheless some obscure, untried instinct was speaking; trying, rather, to speak. It did not like this thing.

"Now, why——? " he began, and the next instant felt his thought shatter like glass. Luella was calling.

"Mr. Paul Stevens, if you've found anything to make a flag, I sure would be obliged for you to come and put it half-way up that tree."

Paul came.

Luella was pleased with the flag, duly half-masted. "Now I can feel in tune with my true self," she said. "Unless I feel that I've done right, I cannot lay my head on my pillow with the emotion of a little child. Not any day or night. That's me."

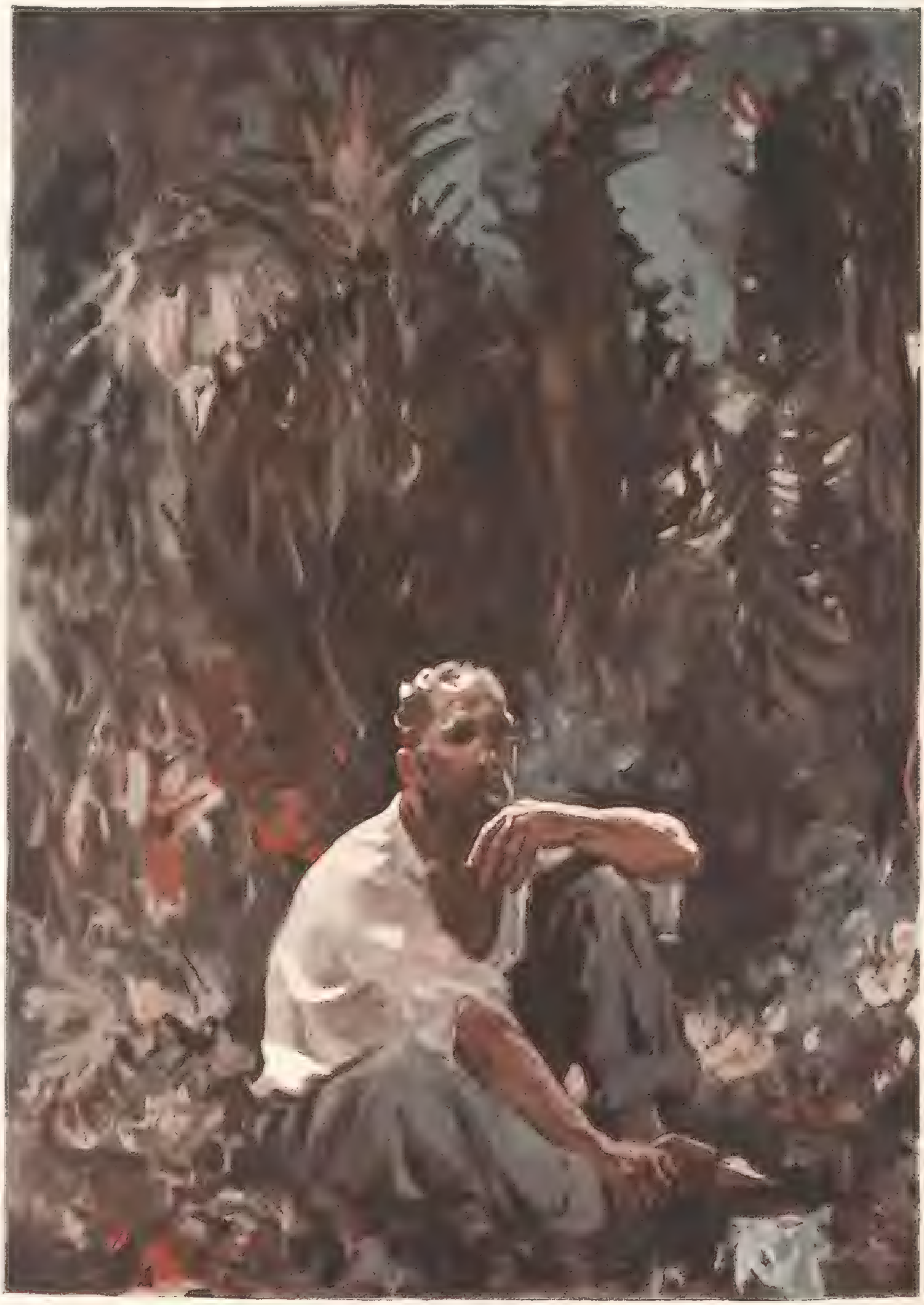
Paul refrained from telling her that she wasn't likely to lay her head on the pillow with any sort of emotion, childish or mature—because there were no pillows nearer than New Zealand. Instead, he went down to the beach and continued what he began to suspect were the typical labours of the idle castaway, thrown on a lazy, dreaming South Sea island.

He carried all the cases up to the house, dumped them on the coral pebbles at the door and began, with Luella's help, to investigate. The meat turned out to be a single layer on the top of a queer commingling of stones and rags. The flour—— Paul was beginning to be suspicious, though for the life of him he couldn't tell why. He was not surprised when the tins of flour, haggled open by his knife, turned out to be tins of sand.

Luella complained as bitterly as if she had given Paul special orders to have the island of Ua made fit for habitation. She said "it was mean." She told Paul he didn't understand what an aristocratic lady required. She more than hinted that the Almighty was inconsiderate of her special quality. And through it all she looked so extraordinarily beautiful, fell into such attitudes of far from unstudied grace, that Paul felt himself simply gaping at her.

"You are admiring my beauty," she told him. Obligingly, she rose and turned about before him like a mannequin. "No one has ever said I'm less than purrfect," she declared. "Except Sadie Jeems of Akron, Ohio; she is not responsive to any of the higher vibrations of the human soul, and she said I was flat behind. I'm not. Look."

"Certainly not," Paul Stevens's well-trained social instinct made reply, even while Paul Stevens himself was gaping like a stranded frog. Something, he didn't know what, made him ask suddenly, "Do you know Miss Harriet van



LUELLA looked at him sidewise and said reprovingly, "I never

Dyckman, of New York? She's staying in Wellington with——"

Luella smashed his sentence.

"I do not know her. Is she purrfect?"

"I—I—why, yes, Miss van Dyckman has the most perfect mind——"

"I get you. You are sure right to protect your friend. I am no Sadie Jeems, Mr. Paul Stevens; I'm most willing to allow Miss van Dyckman everything you say she is. Have you considered yet how we are going to sleep?"

"Yes, I have," replied Paul. "You can have the whole house to yourself, and all the rags to sleep on, and I'll doss in the kitchen shed. Will that do?" He knew there were two rooms in the cottage, but——

Luella replied calmly, "Suits me," and Paul, not for the first time that day, felt as if he had suddenly and disconcertingly put his foot down a top stair that wasn't there.

THEY had tinned meat for supper, with some of the oranges that Luella found so indispensable to the preservation of her charm, and afterwards they sat on the steps of the house till it was time to turn in, fighting mosquitoes and telling each other that it couldn't be more than a very few days before they were found. Luella, in the dark, when you couldn't see her beauty, seemed much more companionable; more likeable, too. "If she had been a plain woman," Paul found himself thinking. And then, disconnectedly, "Harrie is as pretty as a pink daisy, anyhow."

Sleeping uncomfortably on his doubled-up coat in the bare kitchen shed, he woke up once or twice to think and wonder about those boxes. "I don't like it," his half-waking mind subconsciously told him. But when the dawn and the screaming parrots in the palm-trees woke him to a new, full day, he felt ashamed of his absurdity. "We ought both of us to be jolly thankful we're alive, and not likely to starve yet awhile," he thought. "Things might be a darn sight worse."

So the first day went, and the second. About the third Luella began to be uneasy over the question of signals. She said the flag of distress wasn't having any effect. She suggested—commanded, rather—that Paul should make three fires, and keep them perpetually supplied with damp brushwood, so that they might send up a constant triple smoke. "In America," she told him, "that is a sure signal of distress."

"It is everywhere," snapped Paul.

"No, sir," Luella briefly contradicted; and Paul gave in.

He did not submit to these new labours of Hercules without a protest. "One fire's the devil to keep going," he told her. "How do you suppose I'm going to manage three?"

Luella said, "As a pure-minded gentleman, it is your duty to do everything possible to save me from embarrassment. I should wish to get away from this island, because sooner or later your passions will undoubtedly be aroused."

Paul, black-faced, dirty, but conscious of being as much and as good a man to look at as the next, couldn't help blurting out "What about your own?"

Luella was roused. "No, *sir*," she said indignantly. "I haven't got such a thing anywhere about me."

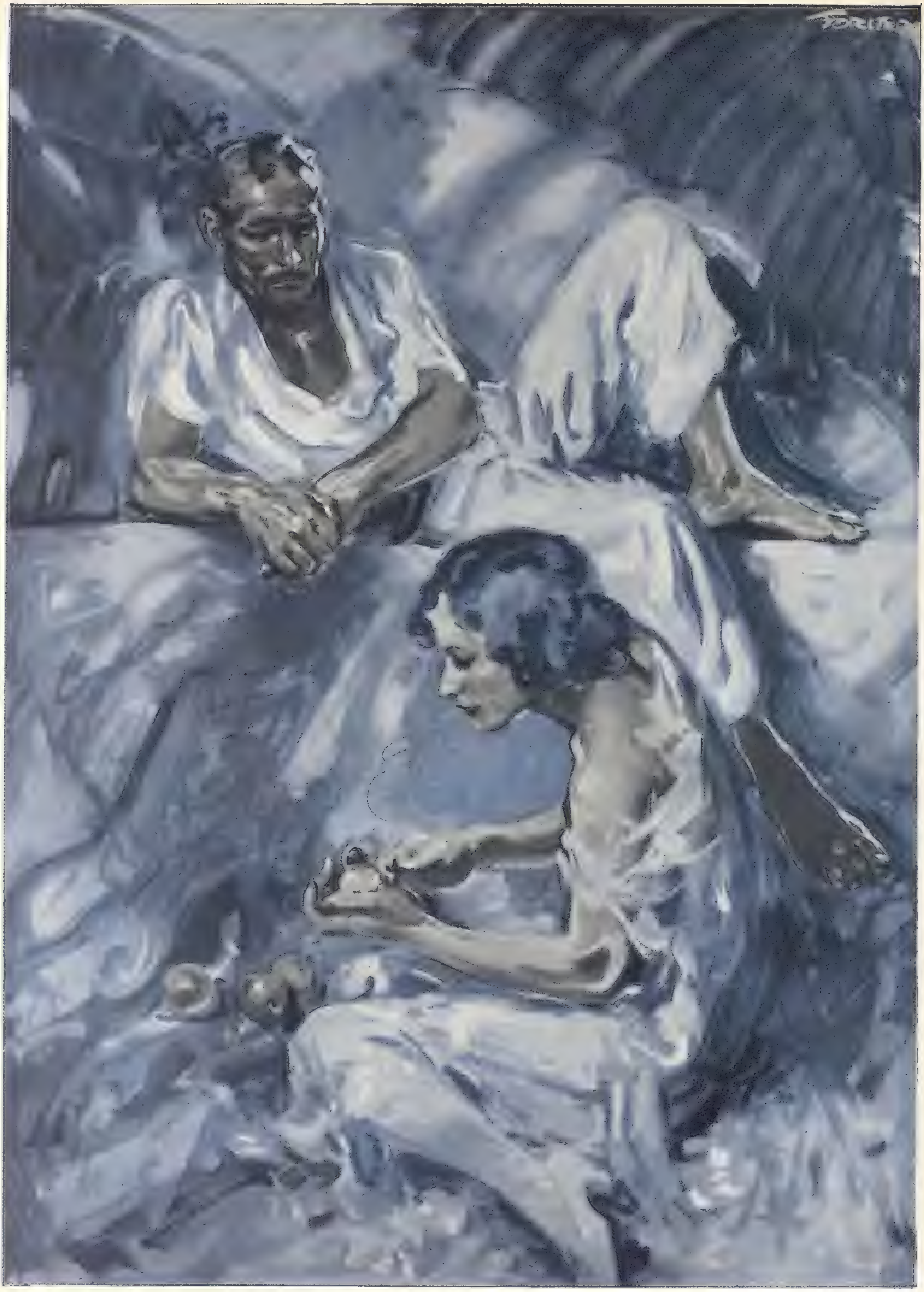
"Well, you needn't talk of it as if it was fleas," Paul declared.

Luella looked at him sidewise out of her amazingly beautiful eyes, and said reprovingly, "I never did care for indelicate conversation."

"Lord!" was Paul's private comment. "After the things she does say." But he despaired of finding a common plane with Luella.

SOME days passed without anxiety. Enough food had been found among the various cases to support life for at least a fortnight, and Paul calculated that the wireless, shrieking in agony over the Seven Seas, would long before now have sent out search parties to look for possible survivors. Ua, right in the line of the disaster, was sure to be looked at soon.

out of her amazingly beautiful eyes, did care for indelicate conversation"



LUELLA, in the dark, when you couldn't see her beauty, seemed much more companionable; more likeable, too

There was no cause for trouble. Nevertheless he troubled.

For one thing, it was such a glorious chance, such a magnificent adventure missed and spoiled. The island clutched at his heart with its beauty, its lonesomeness; more than that, with the nameless charm that every island wanderer, from Melville to Jack London, has felt, and none defined. Paul Stevens couldn't define it either, but he felt that one essential part of it, at least, was love. There the romancers were right. There was something—in the day-long, night-long drumming of the reef, in the smoking splendour of blue breakers, in the cold scent of hothouse flowers run wild about the beach—that called for love, and love. To be with Harrie on this island, cut off from all the world! To see the dawn spill roses on the green lagoon, with her; hold her to one's heart in the hot, star-blazing nights; through endless afternoons, sit with her on the stone steps of the cottage where no man came, and savour delightedly the salt, the fresh savour of chary, intriguing talk! The perfect place, the perfect time—everything right, down to the very nationality of the girl (Paul knew, though somehow he had always known, that the tang of sharp Americanism was just what his slow, solid New Zealand character needed)—nothing wrong, except the girl herself. Therefore, everything!

There were other causes for trouble. Paul hadn't told Luella, but he was almost certain that, early on the morning of the fifth day—when those cursed three fires had been at work for about eight and forty hours—he had seen, on the weather side of the island, the small white sail of a schooner. It had been just at daylight, and if he was right, the schooner had taken no notice of his signals, but simply slipped below the horizon and disappeared. Somehow, he did not like this; it seemed unnatural. Of course, the United Steamships Company wouldn't send sailing vessels to look for them, and no stray boat was bound to go off its course rescuing castaways, but, hang it! there was an unwritten law of the sea, and the beggar, whoever he might be, who had the schooner ought to have run in close enough to take a look. Paul pictured him in his own mind: a scrawny, pallid, mean-looking chap, with nasty blue eyes. The vision was very clear; it even appeared to him in his restless dreams, born for the most part of the extreme discomfort of the hard kitchen floor; one night, when there was full moon and a fellow couldn't rest because of its teasing, he had actually thought he saw the very face looking in through the jasmine-tangled window. . . . Of course, that was nonsense; but Paul, a modern and educated man, felt that it wasn't the sort of nonsense you wanted to cultivate alone—no, worse than alone—on a deserted island.

Luella found him, for the next two days, a very willing slave. When you were tired, quite tired, you slept without dreams.

Paul didn't dare to quote George Eliot to Luella, but he wished he could have plucked up courage to tell her that she made him think of Gwendoline in *Daniel Deronda*, who (how did it run?) "was always impressed with her own capability of forming a perfect judgment on any matter that came under consideration." Something like that . . . Luella was so darned sure of herself. For one thing, she was sure he hadn't properly looked over the windward side of the island. She was certain—and told him so, six times a day—that he must have overlooked something in the way of food. Disentangling her ideas, it seemed to him that she believed the powers of heaven could not so far neglect a perfect lady with a completely perfect figure as to leave her solely dependent upon tinned meat. Hence the necessity for doing over again what had already been done: hunting the windward beaches for more wreck.

PAUL went, silently protesting. He was so sure that he was right, and Luella wrong, that it was almost with a shock of disappointment he came upon a new, clean, wooden case caught between two rocks. "Hang it! she's right as usual," he thought. Luella was always right in what she said—that was the curse of it. Even her remarks about passions. No, he wasn't falling in love with her. But she "sure was" (as she said herself, and oughtn't she to know?) the loveliest thing on earth or sea. And if one had another six months on the island (which heaven forbid), one could imagine oneself developing a teasing, unhappy, crippled kind of love for her. . . . He'd hate her all the same—her and her "perfect" beauty.

When he carried back the case, with infinite toil, to the cottage and opened it in her delighted presence, it proved to be the greatest treasure they yet had found. Two twenty-pound sealed tins were what it held, and this time Paul's knife released no dull black sand, but a flood of dusty, creamy real flour, the veritable staff of life. Luella danced round the tins as gracefully and "disposedly" as if she was before a movie camera. Paul wondered, for the twentieth time, if she hadn't been "on the movies." He did not know. Luella could talk about herself (and did) for hours at a stretch, without telling you anything at all.

"You go get more firewood," she commanded. "I aim to make some biscuits to-night that'll tickle both our stomachs." She had the baking mixed by the time he came back. "There's no oven," she lamented; "they'll have to be baked in the ashes, and without baking powder. I'll never dare to eat them hot."

"That's all right," Paul cheerfully assured her. "I will."

"No–you–won't," rattled Luella, with a sudden sharpness that reminded Paul—now, of what did it remind him? . . . "I don't choose to have you sick on me; who'll there be to do anything? Get the fire ready, and when they're baked we'll leave them to cool on the doorstep."

Paul, who could have eaten bend leather if it so much as smelled of bread, gave in regretfully. Still more regretfully, he set out the "damper" (as he secretly called it) on the sill when it was cooked; told Luella that he couldn't sit there and watch it; he'd have to go down to the beach and let it alone till cooled, if she still insisted——

"Yes, *sir*," said Luella firmly. Then, relenting somewhat, "You can take your biscuit down to the beach with you if you promise not to eat it till it's cool. I don't aim——"

"No, of course not," Paul hurriedly agreed. He gathered up his share and went off with it.

DOWN on the beach, with the snow and sapphire breakers tumbling in, he forgot about the damper for a while. There was a small white cloud on the horizon; it seemed to grow, to move. Was it a cloud? Paul climbed on a rock and began to watch. If it wasn't a cloud, it was a schooner. And if it was a schooner, it was going away. And if it was going away—with the wind in that quarter—it must have passed quite close to Ua, some time in the night.

"Damn!" he said deliberately, climbed down again and instantly forgot about the schooner. He would have forgotten the whole Channel Fleet at the sight of what was going on at the foot of the rock. Rats. Only rats, the common shore kind, busily helping themselves to the damper that had long since cooled. Rats nibbling the damper; rats scurrying up to join the feast; rats, a little way off, lying dead. Even while he watched, one rat stopped nibbling, trembled, hesitated, and crept away. He knew, without looking at it again, that it was going to die.

"God," he said. "Luella!" It was a kind of prayer.

Luella, when he reached the cottage half a minute later, panting like a man who had just finished a hard race—Luella, sitting at the table, had a piece of damper in her hand. Her mouth seemed to be very full. She nodded at him, speechlessly, with a happy grin.

Paul flung himself on her, scooped her mouth out with his fingers, and shouted, "Have you eaten it?" Then, as she did not answer, "It's poisoned—where's the mustard?"

Spitting, she said coolly, "I guess in San Francisco."

"Put your fingers down your throat."

"No, sir," Luella answered determinedly. "There is no necessity for any such disgusting proceeding. It never reached my stomach. That was the first bite that you yanked out, without saying as much as 'Pardon me.' Did you eat any yourself?" The school-marm manner—was it that or something else?—had descended on her again. Paul felt constrained to answer, accurately and smartly.

"No. I found the rats on the beach eating it, and dying as they did. It must be full of poison."

Luella stared. Her eyes, in that half light, seemed big as the disputed biscuits.

Paul said, "It might have been poisoned to give to rats." But he did not believe his own solution. He wondered if Luella believed it either.

"Say," she began presently, "I always knew I was psychic; I can sense the smallest vibration from the Unseen; you'd wonder what I can know without knowing it, if you get me. They have said of me in the women's clubs of Akron, Ohio, that it was due partly to my beauty, and partly to my purity of heart."

"Yes," said Paul impatiently. "Look here, I believe there was a schoo——"

Luella went on. "And last night I had a vision. As your English poet says, a vision is Sin. In the moonlight. It came and looked at me through my window, and I knew, without batting an eye, that it was what we enlightened people call an Elemental. Half awake, I said 'Shoo-cat!' and it never moved. Then, being quite aroused, I used the formula that has been handed down from the Crusaders and the Rosicrucians for the abolition of evil spurrits, and it vanished. Slick—like that."

"H'm," was Paul's answer.

"I knew at (*Continued on page* 118)

May Edginton says—

From that Abasement of the Mind, from that Fainting of the Spirit, from INF

IT is not Nature, arbitrary as are her designs and decrees, who is responsible for the degrees of inferiority about which we hear so much in these days of general pathological study. Nature has arranged her strong and her weak, her big and her little. The dog is weaker than the lion; and the sparrow smaller than the eagle, but at least Nature has allotted separate realms in which each can be king. The soul disease of "inferiority" about which we think and talk so easily to-day is a disease bred by human society for various ends; the simple cures for which sickness have been withheld and guarded by all those who consider or find themselves to be in a position of masters of the world, or even only masters of their small immediate world.

The mysterious state of inferiority is feared, resented and rebelled against by every decent human being.

For the inferiority feeling is not the reasonable sense of material difference between high and low, or rich and poor, or between authority and those under it. It is, rather, an abasement of the mind, a fainting of the spirit, from which God save us all!

Inferiority, considered purely as a mental disease, cannot be inborn; although, as a mental disease, it frequently develops as the result of various inherited physical inferiorities. For instance, a very unattractive girl or a very puny boy is apt to grow an inferiority complex as a result of sheer poverty of physique; when, to overcome this unhappiness, they must depend, first upon the insight, compassion, and influence of those who have them in their care; and afterwards, upon their own strength and courage of mind, and the personal efforts arising therefrom.

To instil a sense of inferiority into a child is a crime which should count as soul murder; and to lift a sense of inferiority borne by a puny or unattractive child, in more enlightened times will come to rank with leprosy cures, or consumption cures or cancer cures.

For a sense of personal inferiority destroys all spontaneity of joy, all appetite for living, all enterprise and all courage. Our inferiorities, as compared with the superiorities of others, should be learned slowly and logically with the years, and self learned at that.

It is not that it takes the heart out of A to know himself inferior in certain ways to B. A is disheartened only for good and all when life and people have made him feel inferior to every separate unit of the whole world.

A baby has no betters; and the baby knows it. He looks out upon the world with a sweet and rational arrogance. A baby is a king or a queen in its own right, and the first few months of a healthy babyhood are glorious with sovereignty. But later may come the doubts and fears and misgivings, later may come the humilities—*the abnormal humilities*—which must be helped quickly and wisely if a healthy man or woman is to be grown.

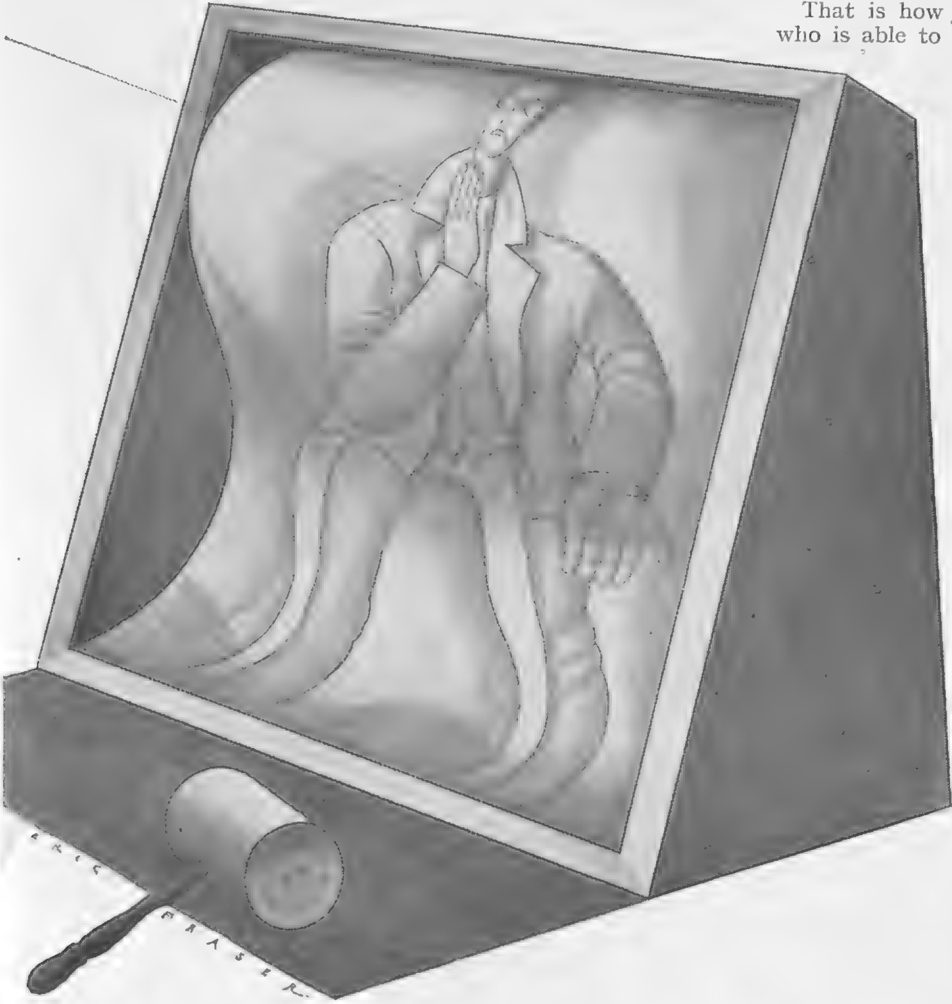
THE headmaster of a justly famous preparatory school said to me: "The youngest boys I get—the seven-year-olds—have never known fear." He meant that their baby sovereignty was still upon them. He was pleased because of an incident that occurred when he had sent for a small boy for a little talk in his study. It was the first time this small new boy—fresh from the safety of home—had been summoned thus. The headmaster was sitting on the club-fender in his study when the child entered. The child came in smiling and pleased to be sent for; and, not knowing that he should have stood reverently at attention before this great superior, he sat down cosily beside him. He had not realised the potentially sharp authority of a headmaster; he had merely realised that to which he was accustomed; a friend.

Later years have taught him, as he grew able to bear the lessons with equanimity, when and what to guard, to respect, and, at proper times, to fear. But he was lucky in his preparatory school headmaster that he got no lesson then.

It is the average mediocre mind in the mediocre, or less than mediocre, body which is in most danger of sinking in the dark thick depths of the subnormal when attacked, for any physical reason or other concrete cause, by some sense of a terrible inferiority. The strong mind of extra strength or brilliance may suffer lapses into some brief despair caused by concrete reasons; or a Samson with little to boast of in the way of brain may feel for a moment on occasion that his earth is no more worth living on. But a strong mind or a wonderful body usually triumphs at least over the sorrow of adversity if not over the adversity itself. Philip Snowden triumphs by sheer splendour of brain over bodily vicissitudes; and it is hard to imagine a Carnera creeping humble and mouselike about a miserable world merely because—let me suggest—most of his mental problems may need to be solved for him. He triumphs by body—for as long as it lasts.

The late Lord Birkenhead triumphed by mind and by body, and it was impossible that he should at any moment ever have felt a general sense of inferiority.

Decoration by
Eric Fraser



ERIORITY

may God save us all!

But if you will observe the average mind that has been hindered and confounded in youth by the authority of more robust and cruel minds; or if you will observe the merely average mind in the less than average body, you will observe a potential sufferer from the agonies of the inferiority complex.

These sufferers grow, like a cancer, the conviction of a more or less mysterious incompleteness or inadequacy.

The danger of their disease lies largely in this fact; that they coddle it increasingly with the passage of the years. They withdraw gradually but pertinaciously from the life which is too much for them, inventing this excuse and that excuse; but—as time goes on—never giving the right excuse: I am such a damned fool; I can't enjoy; I daren't enjoy; *no one wants me because I want no one.* I am afraid.

In quite a short time of callous treatment by others or indulgent treatment of themselves according to the way circumstances have placed them, these inferiority-sufferers lose any idea of their rightful claim on life itself.

THERE is always a reason? Oh, yes. The psycho-analysts, of course, are right in saying that; but if a sane, determined lay person—with the requisite amount of sympathy, *but no more*—takes one of these cases early in hand, simpler and heartier cures than those undertaken by professionals can often be effected.

The trouble here is that inferiority-sufferers so seldom seem worth bothering about. They are dull; they are tiresome; frequently they are foul with self-pity; in their poor puling way they are often matchless egoists; there is something better to do than to spend time on them. Let them stew in their own juice. Leave them to get on or get out. Throw them to the professionals.

That is how the upstanding healthy person of either sex, who is able to enjoy life normally, thinks of the inferiority-sufferers. This upstanding healthy person may give such a one a friendly smack or two, a kindly push or two. But, smack and push not revealing much improvement and fun being good and time short—good-bye, you miserable fool!

The inferiority-sufferer is of use as a slave—no more. Responsibility drops from him like a shed cloak. He has few burdens; for he carries nothing that can be put down. He becomes negative. He has not even the attribute of a shadow. He walks in other people's shadows, glad to be unobserved.

Sometimes these people are saved by the right contact with others, but oftener, as we note, stronger men do not find them worth troubling about. We all know the nervous diffident young man who marries some girl of courage and stubborness, whose mother instinct nourishes him and makes him flourish as it would cause her child to flourish. This is known as "marriage making a man of him." From a halting, retiring youth he becomes a citizen with a personality; fighting power; and knowledgeable rights. It is important to have rights, to know what they are with certainty, and to set out to obtain them.

Without the necessary assertive quality a human being can feel as outcast as a pariah dog.

Marriage, on the other hand, seldom causes a really inferior-feeling and nondescript girl to develop the qualities of a necessary assertion. It is apt further to nullify her. In fact, marriage to an insensitive type of man can often put inferiority complex into a wife. But as inferior-feeling and nondescript girls do not often marry, this does not greatly matter to the world.

Whereas inferior-feeling and nondescript men are usually marked down and married very determinedly by some woman or other who can get nothing better. For these men have little power of resistance.

The chief importance of the whole thing seems to lie in guarding the children from the virus of this soul-disease. All of us have many superiors and we should know it; but we should know also the pride that claims and fights for and holds the rights of our own place in the universe.

It is the people who, sadly and self-admittedly, have found no place, who are the problem.

I HAVE always been a great upholder of enjoyment. There has been more character destroyed, there have been more soul-killings, by oppression and petty authority, legal or private, than by any other means. There can be an immense and fundamental privation which, never outwardly touching well-nourished bodies, breaks hearts.

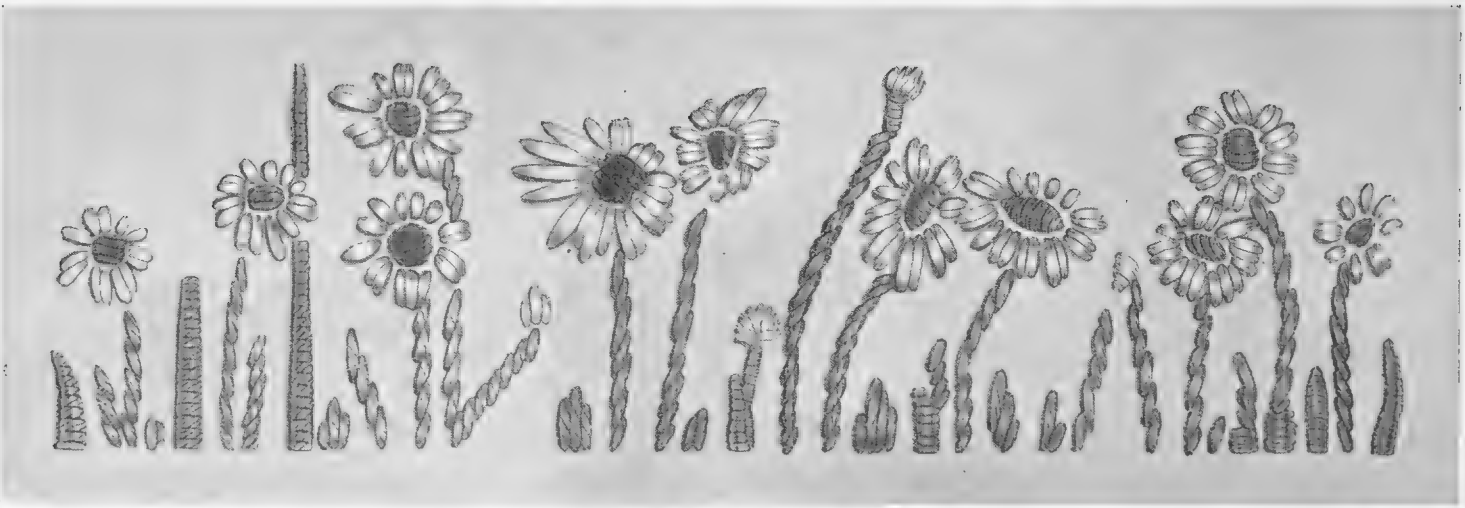
One day I laughed when I heard a small child in a garden say meekly and reverently to its mother, "May I play with this chestnut I have just found, please?"

There was nothing to laugh at, however. In that small child may have been growing countless stupid useless banal meeknesses and surrenders and humilities which might easily dog him through later life:

"May I play with this chestnut, please? . . . May I sit down, please? . . . May I get up, please? . . . May I look through this hole in the fence at an exciting world, please? . . . May I eat, please? . . . May I walk, may I run, may I have half a dozen yards' adventuring; may I have a minute all to myself? May I breathe, please? May I live?"

Until, from nine out of ten adult inferiority-sufferers goes up silently the timid question: "Oh God, may I die, please?"

(*Continued on page* 120)



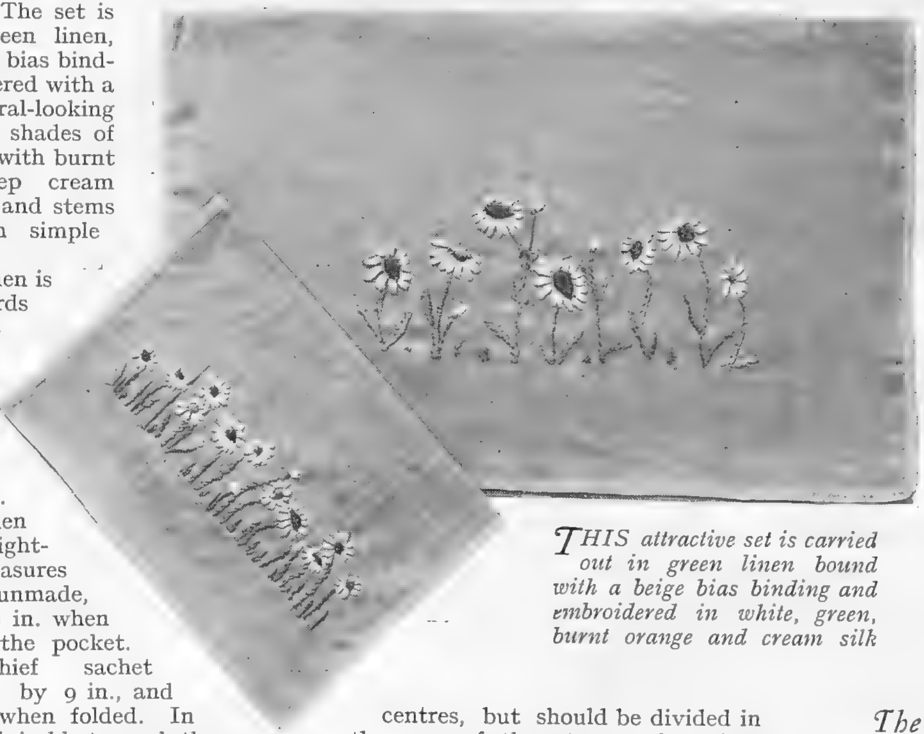
An *Embroidered* Sachet Set

TRANSFERS for this attractive design may be obtained for 1/- the pair: that is, one transfer of the design for the nightgown case and one transfer of the design for the handkerchief case. Send a postal order for 1/- to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2

THIS attractive nightdress sachet, with its matching case for handkerchiefs, is pretty enough for any trousseau. The set is made in apple-green linen, bound with beige bias binding, and embroidered with a border of natural-looking daisies worked in shades of oyster and white with burnt orange and deep cream centres. Leaves and stems are worked with simple stitches in green.

One yard of linen is required, two cards of cotton bias binding (6½d. a card), and two skeins of each colour of Clark's "Anchor" stranded cotton.

The strip of linen required for the nightdress case measures 17 in. by 30 in. unmade, and 17 in. by 10 in. when folded to form the pocket. The handkerchief sachet measures 18½ in. by 9 in., and 6½ in. by 9 in. when folded. In each case it is advisable to work the design before making up the sachet case. Neat embroidery stitches are best worked with the aid of an embroidery frame, although some workers prefer not to use one. A frame, however, prevents the material from puckering up and keeps the design flat. Any needlework shop can supply a suitable frame—about 9 inches diameter—for about 9d. to 1s.



THIS attractive set is carried out in green linen bound with a beige bias binding and embroidered in white, green, burnt orange and cream silk

Very simple stitches are used. A straight satin stitch is used for the flowers, worked across the *length* of the petals and across the *width* of the centres. Satin stitch is also used on a slope for the leaves, while the stems are done in ordinary stem stitch. The drawing at the top of the page shows these in detail.

THE whole six strands of the silk are used for the flower petals and centres, but should be divided in the case of the stems, when four strands only are required.

Working the nightdress sachet from left to right—with the design facing you—the embroidery is shaded as follows :—

No. 1. *Daisy.*—Oyster cream petals, burnt orange centre, with two leaves in green.

No. 2. *Daisy.*—Oyster cream petals, deep cream centre, white bud with green calyx, and green leaf and thickened stem.

No. 3. *Daisy.*—Half oyster, half white petals, burnt orange centre, white bud with green calyx, three small green leaves and green stems.

No. 4. *Daisy.*—White petals, burnt orange centre, green leaves and stem.

No. 5. *Bud.*—White with green calyx, green stems and leaves.

No. 6. *Daisy.*—White petals, burnt orange centre, green stem and leaves.

No. 7. *Daisy.*—Cream petals, burnt orange centre, green stem and leaves.

No. 8. *Daisy.*—White petals, deep cream centre, green stem and leaf.

The little tufts between the stems are worked in green.

Fasten off in each case neatly at the back, and press the embroidery carefully with a warm iron, on the wrong side, over a damp cloth. The whole sachet should be re-pressed when it has been made up.

Bind the edges of the material before you make up the pocket. It can be machined so long as care is taken to see that the stitching is on the *edge* of the binding. The corners can be rounded slightly, or the binding can be mitred.

To make up. Fold the embroidered end down to make a flap, and turn up ten inches of the other end for a pocket. Slipstitch up the sides of the pocket and press.

The Handkerchief Sachet

WORK the border design in the same way as explained for the nightdress case, using the same kind of embroidery stitches. Smaller satin stitches are used for the petals, with the leaves and stems in proportion.

The oyster, cream and white shades can be arranged to harmonise with the sachet already worked.

The pocket is turned up and slipstitched along the edges, and in the case of the handkerchief sachet the flap does not come to the lower edge of the sachet, but to within half an inch of this edge.

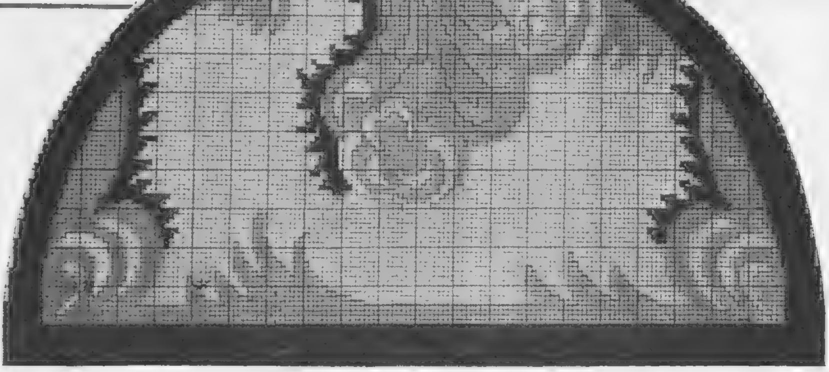
THE daisy border given along the top of this page is the same size as the embroidered design on the handkerchief sachet, and shows very clearly how all the stitches are formed.

Below:
AN unusual design is this landscape, carried out in lovely shades of green and brown

Above:
AN attractive rug of geometrical design is carried out in tones of beige and brown which harmonise well with the beige and green colour scheme of their surroundings

Above:
SEVERAL shades of green combine to make this unusual rug, whose shape renders it ideal as a companion to a desk or dressing-table

Below:
THIS illustration shows how clearly the design is marked on the colour chart. This hearthrug measures 50 in. by 27 in. wide, and requires 6 lbs. of wool



How *to* make *your* Own Rugs

A pastime which is not as difficult as it sounds, and which will well repay you for your time and labour

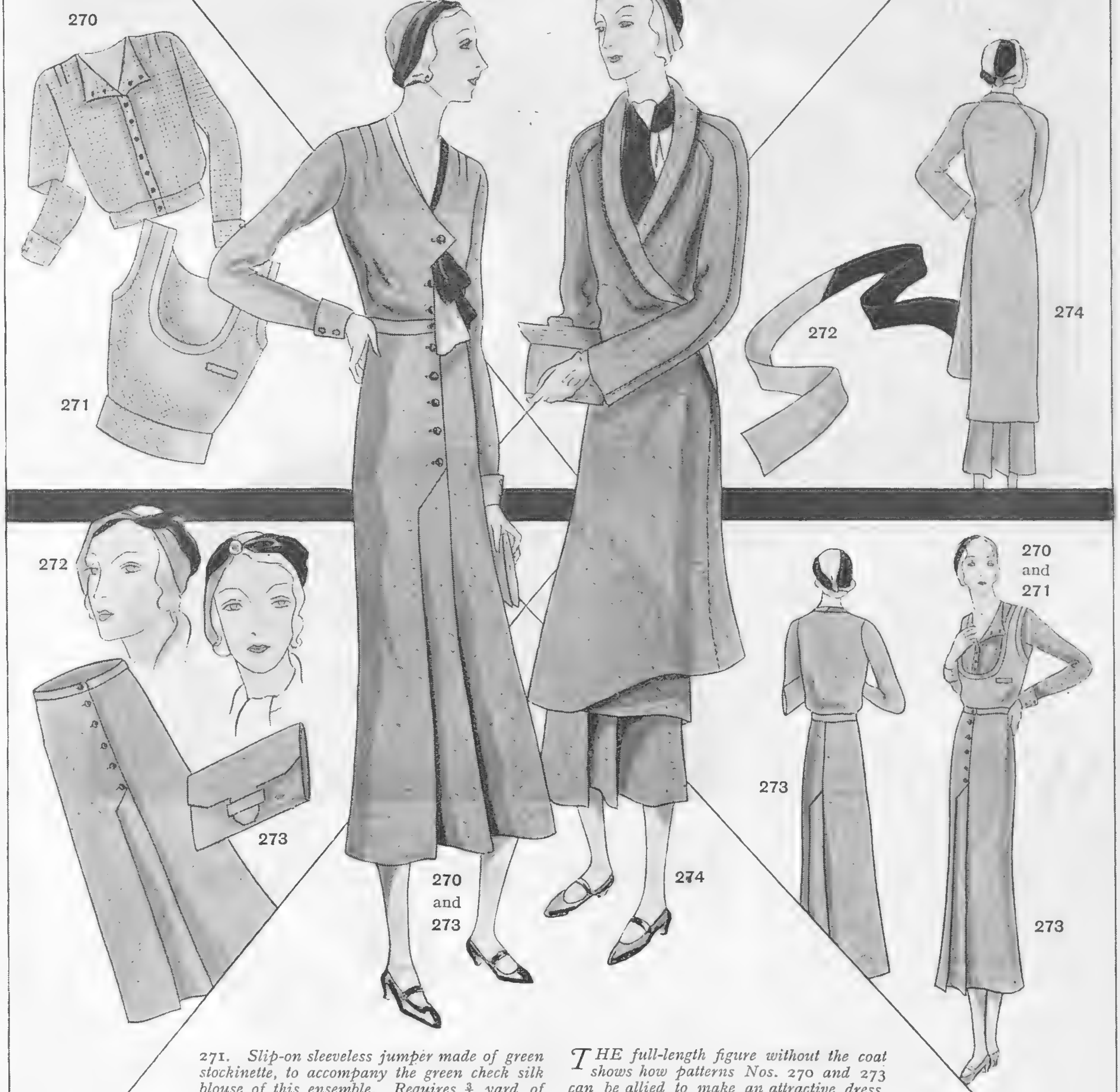
WITH the advent of autumn the question of rearranging the house for the winter months becomes of vital importance, and chief amongst the items to be considered are the floor coverings. Thick rugs add considerably to the comfort of a room, but they also add considerably to one's furnishing bills. That they are easy and inexpensive to make will at first sight seem improbable, and the amateur craftswoman, even the most enthusiastic, may be chary of attempting so ambitious an undertaking. Yet rugs can be made very easily and quickly at home, and this apparently skilled labour can be performed successfully by the most diffident beginner. The secret is this. It is possible to procure canvas of exceptional strength (the life of the rug depends on this) clearly marked with a design. There are about a hundred designs from which one can choose, and they vary in shape and size, and from a simple conventional design to a pictorial scheme such as that shown at the top of the page. With each design is sent a colour chart which shows in detail, square by square, knot by knot, where each colour is to be used, together with full instructions. These are easy to follow, and with their aid any beginner can execute with ease an apparently elaborate design. The only implements required are a hook and a wooden gauge, and since the Turkey rug wool required is thick enough to permit results to be quickly visible, even the most impatient worker will soon be satisfied that progress is being made. The saving in expense is enormous, for a rug 50 in. by 27 in. requires only 6 lbs. of wool; this costs 3s. 10d. a lb., therefore a handsome rug may be obtained for the sum of 23s. Added to this, the wearing qualities of this Paton and Baldwin wool are exceptional, so that very considerable additions to the permanent comfort and decoration of your home may be obtained for a very modest outlay.

Full particulars and a range of designs will be supplied to interested readers. Write to the Woman Editor, BRITANNIA AND EVE, 346, *Strand, W.C.2.*

TWO AUTUMN ENSEMBLES WHICH CAN

270. Blouse with two alternative necklines. Can be buttoned in front with turn-over revers, as shown below on the left, or can be made with a low V neck softened by a scarf, as shown on the full-length figure below. Requires 2⅛ yards of check silk 32 in. wide, or 1½ yards of light-weight tweed 54 in. wide. Price 1/-

274. This three-quarter length raglan coat is exceptionally easy to make. It has a slightly flared skirt and a roll collar with a stitched edge. The sleeves are cut in two sections. Can be lined or not as desired. Requires 2¾ yards of 54 in. tweed. Price 1/6



271. Slip-on sleeveless jumper made of green stockinette, to accompany the green check silk blouse of this ensemble. Requires ¾ yard of 54 in. stockinette. Is bound with the same material, has a slip pocket and a fitted waist-belt, and fastens under one arm. Price 1/-

272. Turban hat which is easily made out of two strips of jersey. Can be twisted around the head in a variety of ways, and fastens in front by two loops and a button. Included in this pattern is the two-colour scarf, and ⅝ yard of each colour jersey is required to make this ensemble. Price 1/-

THE full-length figure without the coat shows how patterns Nos. 270 and 273 can be allied to make an attractive dress. For sports wear the skirt No. 273can be worn with blouse No. 270 and jumper No. 271, as shown in the small sketch on the right

273. This simple skirt buttons in front, is slightly shaped and has a deep pleat at the centre back, and in front. It can be worn either with a blouse of matching material, as shown on the full-length figure, or with a blouse of washing silk. Requires 2⅛ yards of 54 in. tweed. An extra ¼ yard is required for the bag. Price 1/-

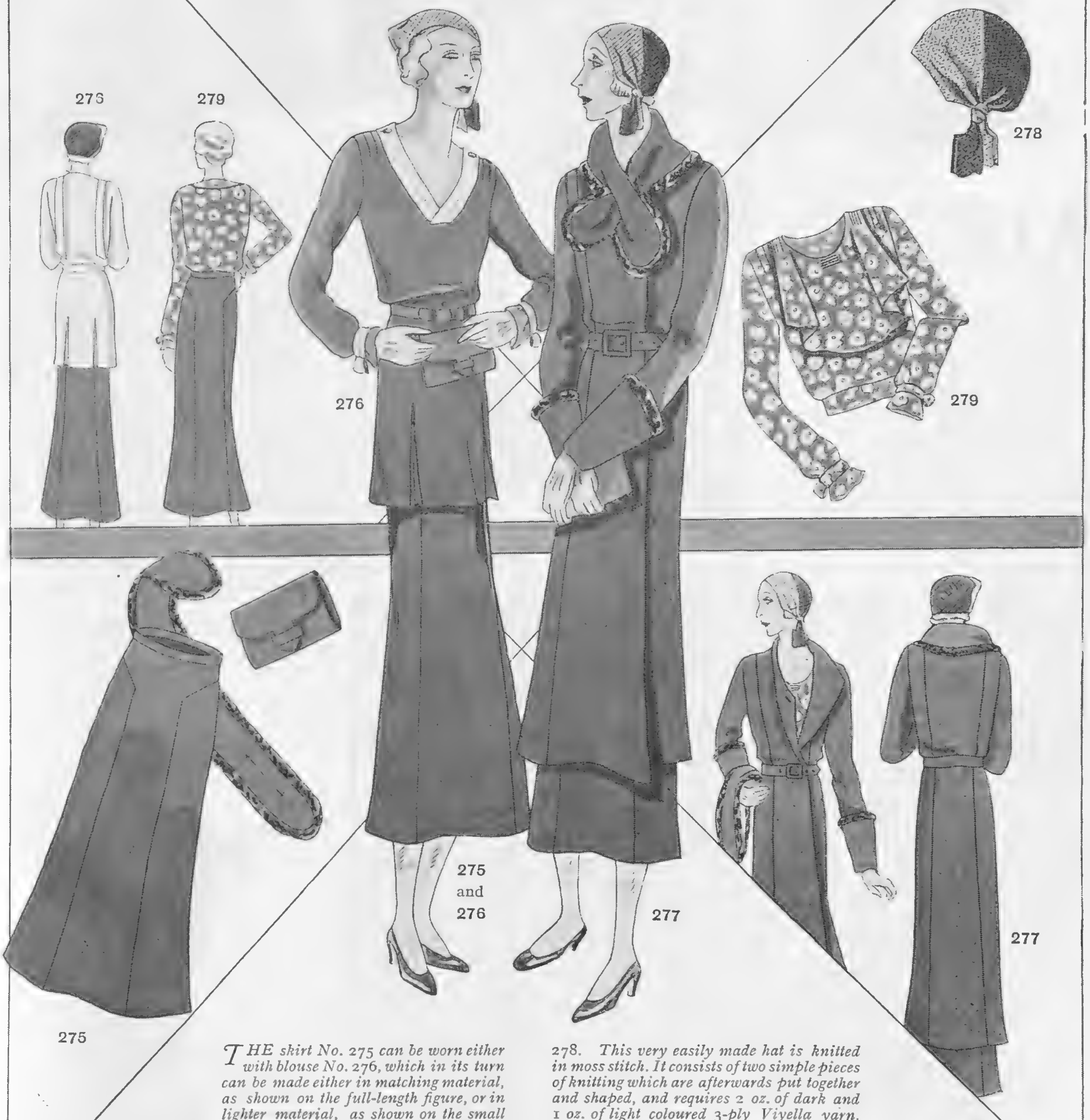
Materials from Marshall & Snelgrove

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins.; Hips, 4 inches larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/6 each; blouses, lingerie, hats, and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

BE EASILY CARRIED OUT AT HOME

276. *Tunic blouse which could be made either in white satin, as in the small sketch on the left, or in black wool crêpe to match the skirt, as shown on the full-length figure below, when it has a folded band of white satin around the neck and long streamers behind. Requires 2 yards of 54 in. wool crêpe, or 3 yards of 36 in. satin.* *Price* 1/-

277. *This smart coat of wool crêpe has a slightly flared skirt, large gauntlet cuffs, and a detachable collar bound with imitation fur. It is fitted in at the waist, which is accentuated by a wide belt. Requires 3 yards of 54 in. wool crêpe.* *Price* 1/6



THE skirt No. 275 can be worn either with blouse No. 276, which in its turn can be made either in matching material, as shown on the full-length figure, or in lighter material, as shown on the small figure above, or with blouse No. 279

275. *Useful skirt of black wool crêpe with slightly flared panels. Fastens on one side. Requires 2 yards of 54 in. wool crêpe. Can be worn with either of the two blouses shown on this page or with the tunic blouse carried out in the same material as shown on the full-length figure sketched above.* *Price* 1/-

278. *This very easily made hat is knitted in moss stitch. It consists of two simple pieces of knitting which are afterwards put together and shaped, and requires 2 oz. of dark and 1 oz. of light coloured 3-ply Viyella yarn. Full instructions and diagram, price* 1/-

279. *This alternative blouse is carried out in a black and pink figured crêpe de Chine, and has a becoming jabot front held in place with little tucks. It is made to tuck in beneath the skirt and has shaped cuffs fastened by ties. Requires 2½ yards of 36 in. material.* *Price* 1/-

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HOW TO DRESS ON NOTHING A YEAR

By MADGE GARLAND

(Woman Editor of "Britannia & Eve.")

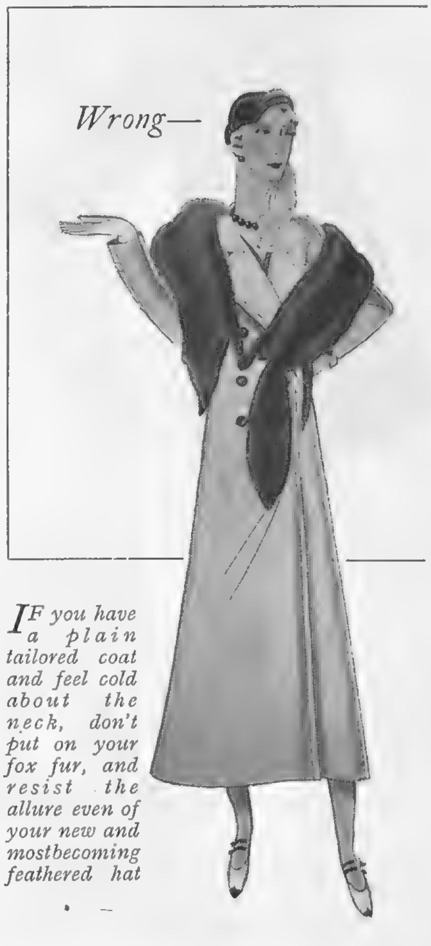
Some advice to all those women who must consider the pennies as well as the pounds, on a subject as dear to all women as it is to most men——

MOST women think that the secret of good dressing is an unlimited bank account, and I do not for a moment deny that money is the chief necessity—but it is far from being the only one, and since nowadays the lack of it is conspicuous in most of our lives, the first consideration is, how little do we require. Of course, if we are thinking of those women of almost international fame who really are perfectly dressed, then our budget must run into many hundreds, but most of us live rather more varied, healthy and happy lives than these public mannequins, and although I am the first to appreciate the perfectly-turned-out woman, let us be thankful that such specialisation is not for us! Apart from money, the two chief requirements are time and attention. Good dressing takes up a lot of time, and it also requires much concentrated thought.

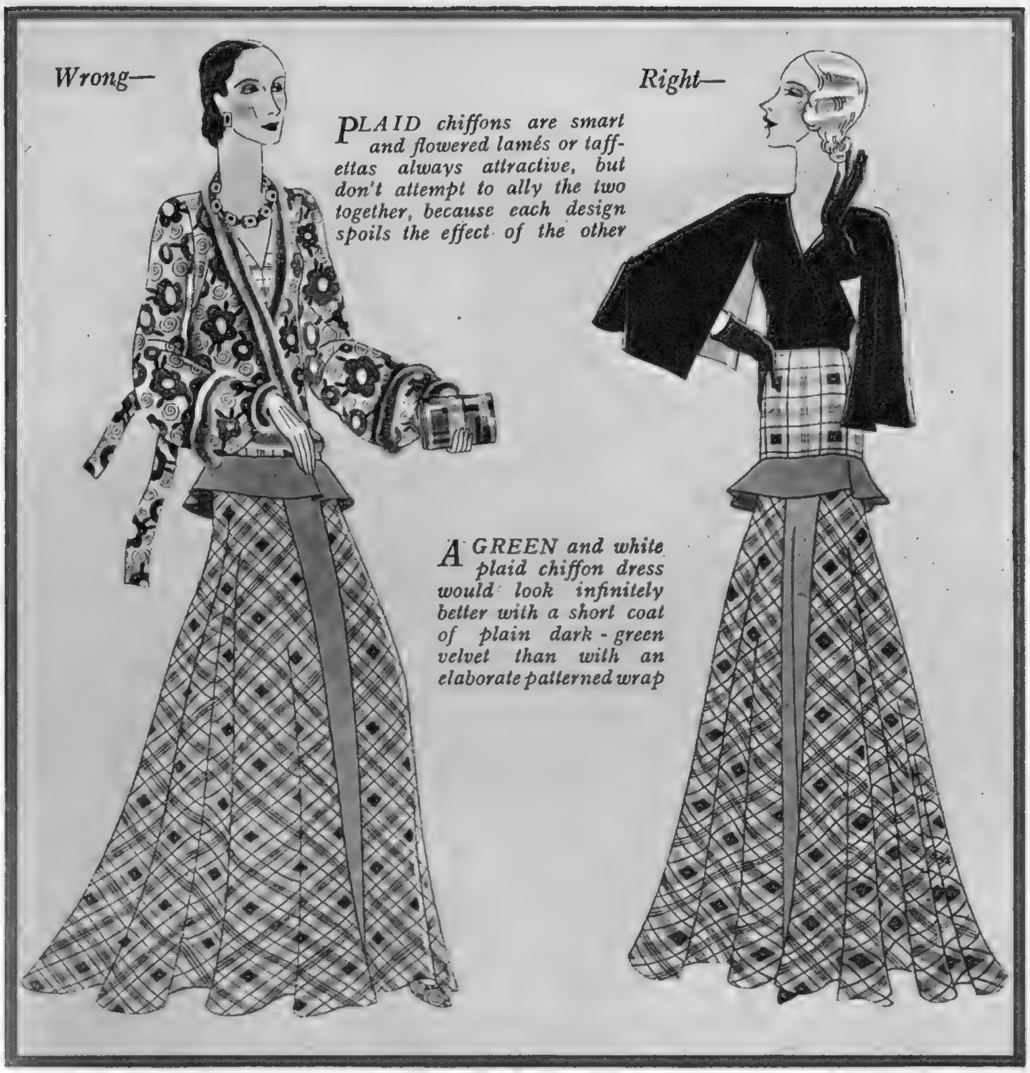
One's first thought when considering the slimness of one's allowance and the manifold necessities of one's wardrobe, is how much can I buy for so-and-so. But a wiser method is to compute the minimum number of clothes in which one can adequately go out and about during the next season. Never think more than a season ahead; do not buy anything to store it up until it is needed—even gloves change in fashion, and stockings in colour, and underclothes in cut. Never buy anything which is not absolutely required for that actual season. One exquisite and most becoming gown is infinitely better than three quite ordinary and inconspicuous ones, and when I say "conspicuous" I do not mean eccentric or *outré* clothes, but clothes which are conspicuously becoming to the wearer and which do what all good clothes should do, accentuate the personality of the wearer. To my mind, all Anglo-Saxon women think of clothes objectively and Latin women subjectively—that is, we think of clothes as something separate and distinct from ourselves, and when we hear that a certain style is "in," buy and wear it self-consciously, whereas the Latin woman considers all and every style as a possible part of herself, and wears the newest hat not only to show how up-to-date she is, but as a further enhancement of her charms. At the same time we are apt to hang back and not wear a new style because we think it exaggerated. This is fatal, we must be completely pliable and adaptable, while always remembering that the smartest styles are *never* exaggerated.

THE next most important rule to remember is that discipline is essential. Never buy the prettiest hat in the world, not even if it is also the most becoming, unless it is exactly what you require at the moment and you either have, or intend to buy, a dress or coat to accompany it. Turn a blind eye to the loveliest evening gown if you do not actually want one for that season, because to buy clothes when they are not wanted is to court disappointment, for when a great occasion presents itself one's budget will be exhausted and there will be nothing to do but wear what already seems an old dress.

Personally I am in favour of a seasonal overhauling of one's wardrobe and of concentrating all one's shopping, within reason, into three or four weeks in the autumn and spring, when the new season's models make their appearance. This is the moment to make a complete survey of your wardrobe, to decide which clothes are possible and which must be discarded. Sports clothes—tweeds, jumpers, and overcoats, should be almost eternal—that is, last at least three seasons, and should be chosen for the simplicity of their cut, their durable qualities and the charm of their colour. Evening dresses should last at least a year—never wear a new one to the theatre—there your success will depend far more on your wrap, and a rather tired dance frock, perhaps even dyed a darker and more serviceable shade, will look very effective with a light and becoming wrap for theatre use. Afternoon clothes are the most ephemeral, and hats are positively transitory, so these are the things on which to concentrate one's fashion sense, and in which one can afford to indulge the latest fancies.



IF you have a plain tailored coat and feel cold about the neck, don't put on your fox fur, and resist the allure even of your new and most becoming feathered hat


Wrong—
Right—

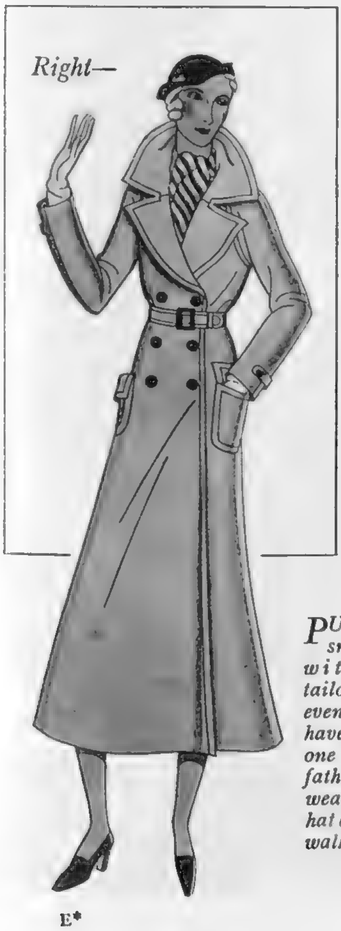
PLAID chiffons are smart and flowered lamés or taffetas always attractive, but don't attempt to ally the two together, because each design spoils the effect of the other

A GREEN and white plaid chiffon dress would look infinitely better with a short coat of plain dark-green velvet than with an elaborate patterned wrap

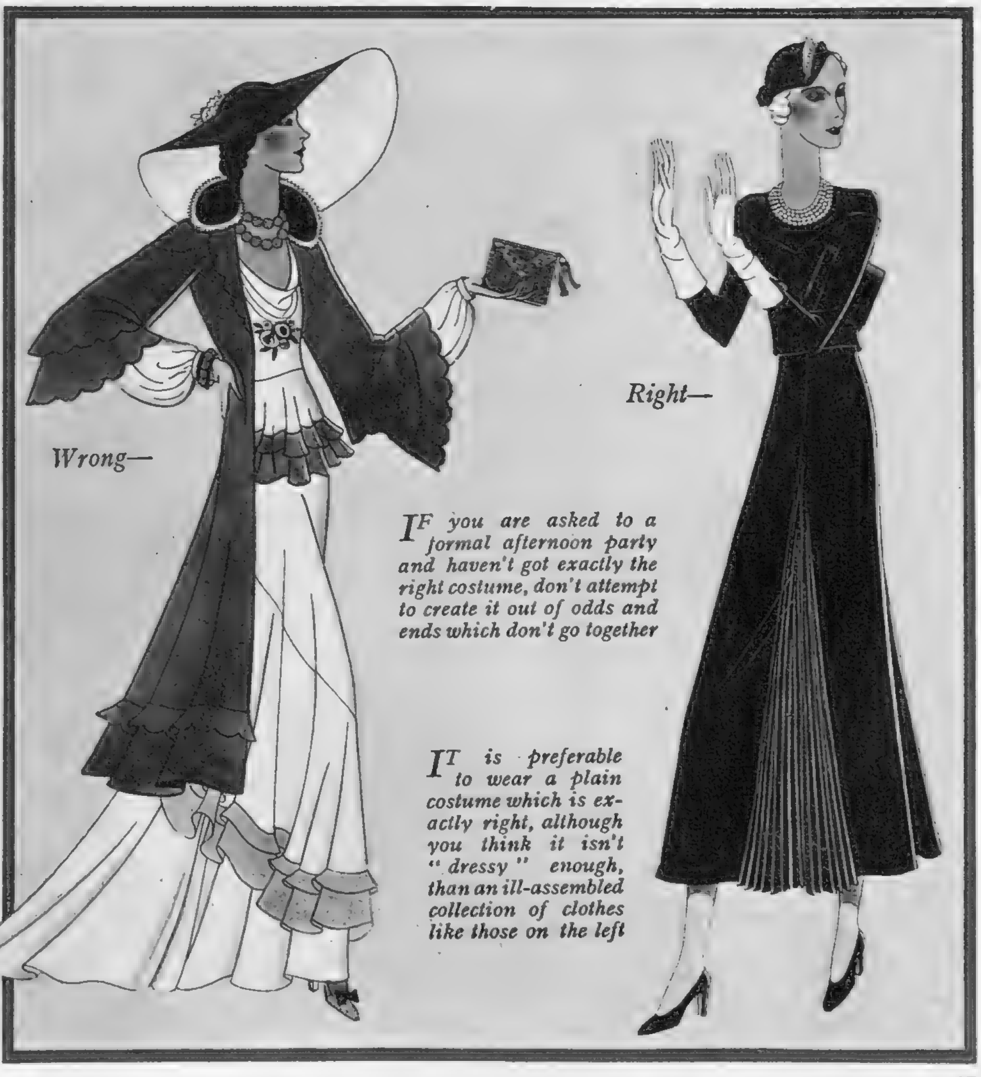
The wise woman will always keep a couple of pounds on one side in case some new and exciting millinery mode makes its appearance, and nothing is so rejuvenating to an old costume (and to oneself) as a new hat, provided, of course, that it matches and is suitable to the said costume.

I always sigh when I hear people saying they have bought a nice little dress which will do for odd occasions—what odd occasions? A dress is required either for wearing to luncheon or tea or dinner-parties, or to the office, or for a dance or a theatre, and no dress which is suitable for these occasions should ever be worn when lounging or working around the house. The American custom of a "house-dress," usually a simple but smartly-cut dress of washing material, cannot be over-praised.

When you have decided which of your present stock is still wearable, study the ruling styles with attention and see which of these are likely to suit you. Then decide what you will require for the whole season (bearing in mind what you already have), and decide which of these garments can be made at home, and on which you will want to spend the major portion of your allowance. One set of accessories may accompany two or more costumes, or *vice versa*, but always think out all the alternatives, and the lines and colours their amalgamation will produce, before allowing them to see the light of day.



PUT on a smart scarf with your tailored coat, even if you have to borrow one from your father, and wear a plain hat and simple walking shoes


Wrong—
Right—

IF you are asked to a formal afternoon party and haven't got exactly the right costume, don't attempt to create it out of odds and ends which don't go together

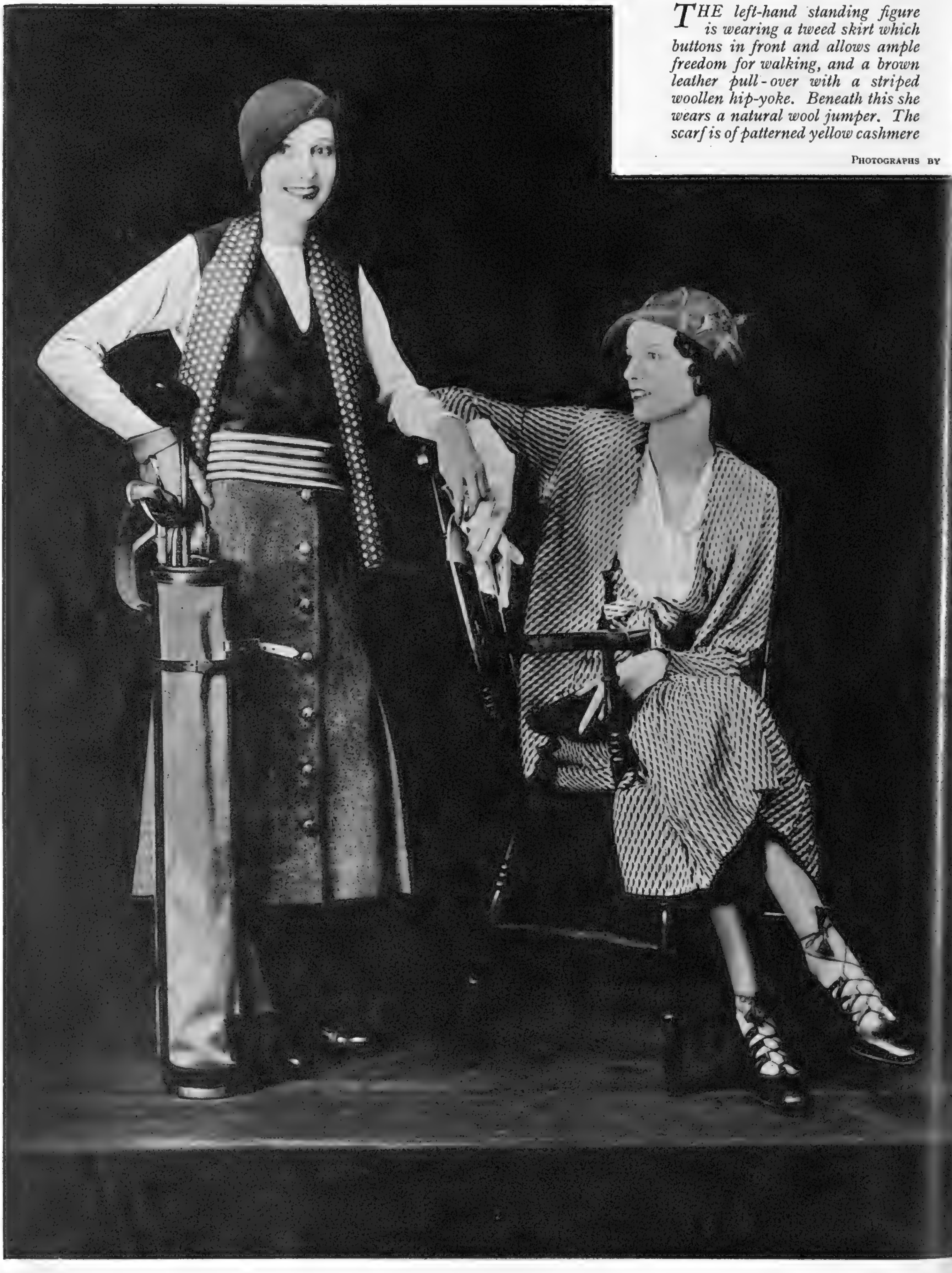
IT is preferable to wear a plain costume which is exactly right, although you think it isn't "dressy" enough, than an ill-assembled collection of clothes like those on the left

AUTUMN SUGGESTIONS FOR THE

Sports clothes which illustrate the new

THE left-hand standing figure is wearing a tweed skirt which buttons in front and allows ample freedom for walking, and a brown leather pull-over with a striped woollen hip-yoke. Beneath this she wears a natural wool jumper. The scarf is of patterned yellow cashmere

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

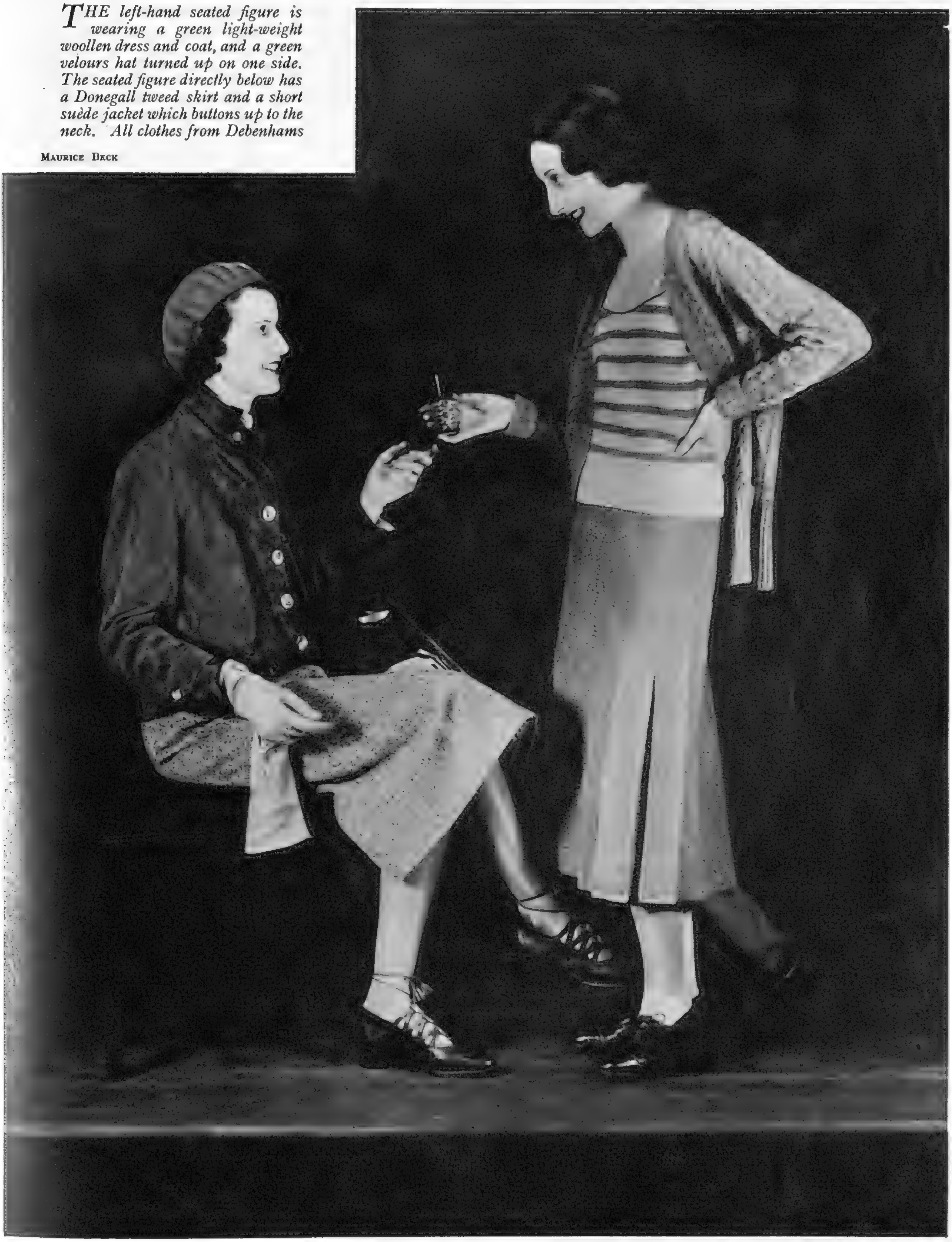


COUNTRY WOMAN AND THE GOLFER

Lines while remaining strictly practical

THE left-hand seated figure is wearing a green light-weight woollen dress and coat, and a green velours hat turned up on one side. The seated figure directly below has a Donegall tweed skirt and a short suède jacket which buttons up to the neck. All clothes from Debenhams

MAURICE BECK



STARTING in Life

SOMEONE has said that the most telling characteristic of the post-war generation is its capacity for inserting a quart into a pint pot! That may or may not be so, although, in matters of the home at least, it is undoubtedly true.

Small incomes, small houses and, inevitably, small families, have superseded the more imposing achievements of our grandparents, and in adapting themselves to the newer conditions, the younger generation have accomplished far more than they would have themselves thought possible. At the same time, the problem of bringing up a family in restricted quarters must still be a very urgent one for the mother of to-day, and all her most earnest powers of invention must be brought to bear upon the subject of providing the little ones with happy and comfortable accommodation without encroaching too much upon the limited space at her disposal.

NOTHING will more certainly ensure Baby's rest than a collapsible Treasure Cot, which costs £1 15 11. Trimming can be obtained from £2 3 6

One can imagine, for instance, the perplexity of the woman who is faced with the necessity of including a nursery in the home which has hitherto seemed barely large enough for two, to say nothing of her dismay at the apparent cost of everything connected with the small person about to make his début; for it is perfectly true that one can spend a small fortune in nursery equipment although, on the other hand, there are more moderate ways, as I hope to prove.

In the first place, it is not unlikely that the woman who is limited for space will be tempted to dispense with a nursery, but that, I am sure, is a fatal mistake. From the point of view of the baby's health alone, apart from the question of her own comfort, she will be wise to set aside a room, however small, for this purpose. It is difficult to imagine, unless one has had experience, exactly how many possessions such a very small person will accumulate in a short time, and what a bewildering habit they have of bestrewing themselves and their odds and ends about the house and thus interfering with the smooth conduct of its affairs. Moreover, a home where one can never "escape" from the baby—if I may be forgiven the expression—is trying in the extreme.

Having decided then upon the room for the purpose, the next step is to set about decorating it in the most suitable and inexpensive way, with an eye to the fact that it is to serve the purpose both of a day and night nursery without too obviously being a makeshift for either.

Washable walls, though not absolutely necessary at first, will be appreciated later, and a washable distemper or paint could be used for this purpose, the advantage of both being that one could quite easily apply them oneself. In a tiny room, walls and ceiling to match will give an effect of space, though the colouring should be delicate in order to avoid the impression of living in a box. Then add a nursery frieze to give a "spirit" to the room.

So far, the process has been inexpensive, and it will cost only a few shillings more to curtain the windows with a brightly-coloured canvas or a natural crash at a few pence a yard. A gay and quite distinctive addition could be given by some wool embroidery in brilliant colours at the hem and on the pelmet. In fact, the wall frieze could continue its adventures across the curtains if one were clever enough to copy its outline.

Furniture is the next consideration, and it is here that the resourceful woman will exercise real economy. The child's cot is not, however, an item upon which one would be inclined to stint money, because health and comfort demand the very

A VERY simple but delightful chest-of-drawers, painted and enamelled, costs £4 15 0. Treasure Cot Company

SOME suggestions for the equipment of a nursery for a sum which will agree with the smallness of the occupant rather than the greatness of the occasion

By Carol Avis

best of sleeping accommodation. In the small room choice will naturally rest upon the piece of furniture that occupies the least space and is easy to move, whilst conforming in every other way to the required standards. The folding Treasure Cot is ideal for the new arrival, because it is comfortable and hygienic and can be folded small enough to send through the post—a not unimportant consideration. The cost, too, is reasonable, as they can be obtained for as little as 21s. 11d.

A screen is another essential part of the equipment of the nursery, and a perfectly satisfactory one can be made at home by painting an ordinary clothes-horse and attaching a curtain of nursery cretonne or some other fabric to the top rail in folds, covering the whole width of the horse and hanging down to within an inch of the ground.

A large chest of drawers for clothes and linen is also an indispensable item, and in order to save money one can buy from any good store one of the perfectly good unpainted deal ones, which cost anything from fifteen to twenty-five shillings. A coat of coloured enamel will completely conceal its humble origin, and it will serve the purpose quite as efficiently as a more costly one would do.

Much the same treatment can be applied to other pieces of inexpensive deal furniture, whilst any odd chair, gaily painted, and with a few inches of the legs sawn off, will be comfortable for nursing. I have seen washstand cupboards with lids which close down to conceal the basin, forming a useful table which would be most acceptable in the older child's nursery, where cupboard room can never be too profuse.

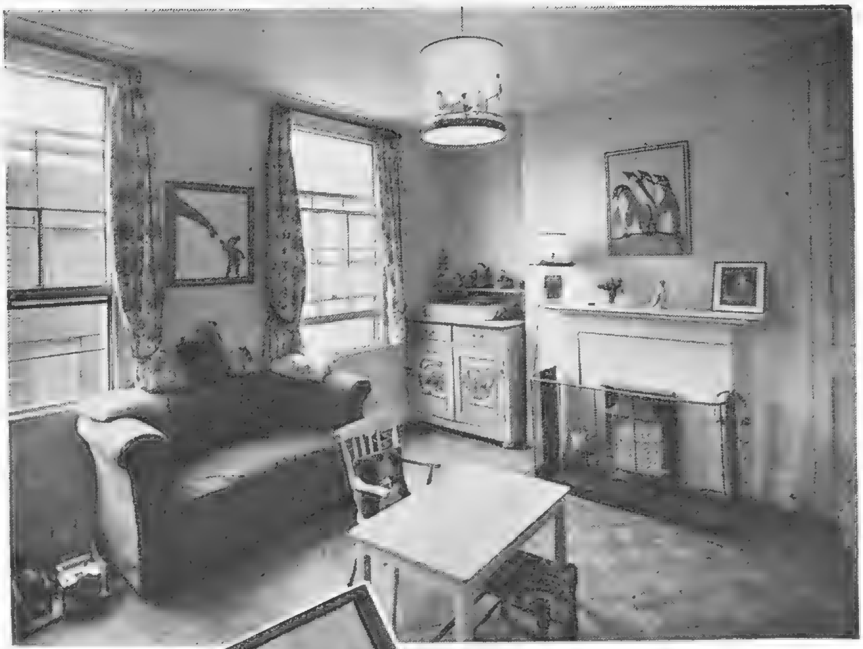
Cork lino is perhaps the best floor covering, for the reason that it is easy to clean and has the advantage of being so warm to the tread when tiny bare feet begin to patter about. It can be had in many colours, and the addition of a few nursery rugs will give all the variety that one might think necessary. Sundour nursery rugs are unfadable, washable, and quite moderate in price, costing from 7s. 9d. each to 54s.

On the subject of heating the nursery it is well to remember that a coal fire, while perhaps most cheerful, is far less to be desired in a room which is for both day and night use than gas or electricity. Nothing is more essential than that the child should be put to sleep in a fresh, cool atmosphere, and in a room where a fire has been burning all day this is impossible. After the first months the child's greatest chance of health lies in nothing more or less than fresh air every moment of the twenty-four hours. The nursery should be comfortably heated, of course, but when the child is put to sleep at any time of day, it should be by an open window unless the atmosphere is actually damp or foggy. The bed covering should be light and warm, and one should be careful to exclude all draughts. Then the fire should be switched off and baby should be left to sleep in this cool atmosphere. It is only a matter of moments, when he awakes, to warm the room again if gas or electricity is used.

While on the subject of sleeping, a few words about bedclothes may be helpful. The mattress should, of course, have a waterproof covering, and quite the most convenient form for this is one which is large enough to cover the mattress completely with enough over to tuck under the sides. Light bed covering is essential, and for this reason Aertex sheets are hard to improve upon. This material can be bought by the yard, and tiny cot sheets are simple enough to make.

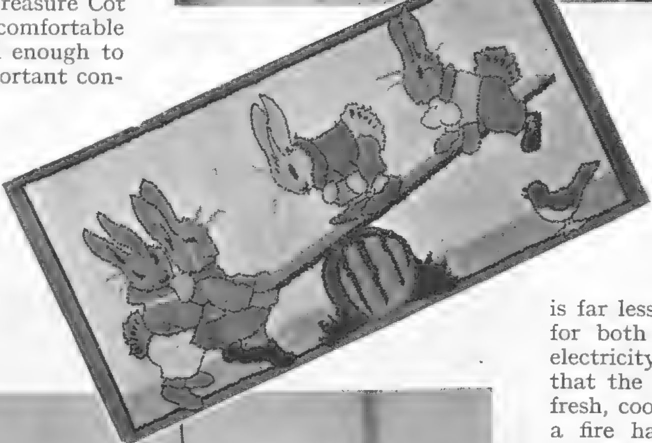
When the kicking stage arrives, and with it the difficulty of keeping baby covered in bed, a "blanket bag" will solve the problem. A large square bag into which his lower half is inserted, and which is tied loosely under his arms with a draw-tape, will allow all the freedom he demands and will still exclude draughts.

IN the early days of his life there will be no danger of accident from the fire, since he will be quite safe in his cot or pen, though it would be wise, and absolutely essential later, to use a fireguard. On the whole it will be found that if the nursery is carefully organised it will do much to simplify the problem of living in restricted quarters with children, and the wise woman with experience of such things will be quick to appreciate this fact.

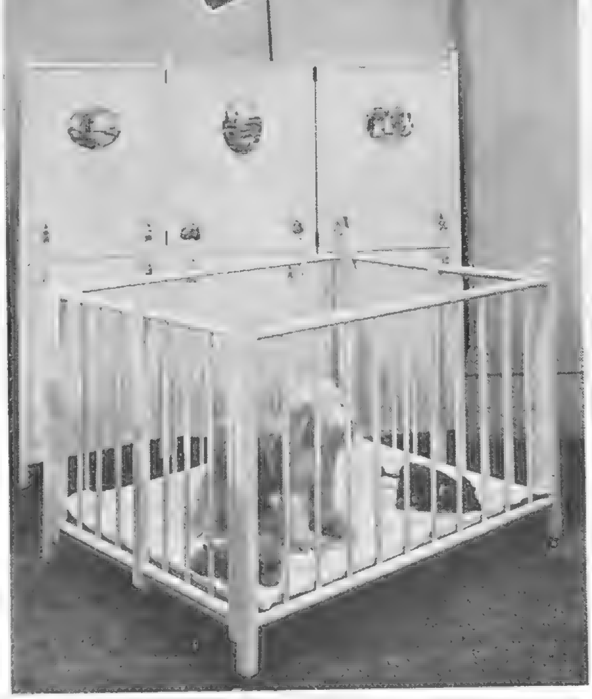


Humphrey Joel

THIS London nursery has a polished wooden floor, light distempered walls, and is gay with coloured paintings, which even decorate the cupboard doors and the lampshades



SUNDOUR rugs are fadeless and washable and may be obtained from 7/9. This charming example comes from Harvey Nichols



A PLAY-PEN with a floor to obviate the fear of draughts costs, in plain wood, £4-7-6; when enamelled a gay colour it costs £4-15-0. From the Treasure Cot Co.

USE a wooden spoon for stirring and a silver one for skimming; this prevents discoloration. The aluminium pan costs 10/6

Autumn

Simple recipes and instructions
for the housewife who
is proud of her
store-room

By
C. Hughes
Hallett

EVERYONE will agree that there is something specially attractive about home-made preserves. The housewife who has been holiday-making during the summer need not despair, as autumn provides an abundance of fruits especially good for the preparation of delightful jams and chutneys.

Before giving a selection of recipes, I should like to draw attention to the fact that some jams set more easily than others, the reason being that certain fruits contain a greater proportion of "pectin," which is the name given to the setting agent in jam. The deficiency is specially noticed in strawberry, cherry, blackberry and the vegetable marrow. For these it is necessary to add something which will help the jellying power; for example, strawberry jam may be made with the addition of rhubarb, red currant, or lemon juice. Blackberry is generally combined with apple, while vegetable marrow may have lemon or apple juice added.

While all these additions are perfectly practicable, they at the same time present a certain amount of time and labour. All this may be saved by using a very simple and efficient substitute called "Certo." Full instructions are given with each bottle, but I have also included amongst my recipes an example illustrating the use of this excellent product.

When making jam, see that the fruit is dry and in good condition; the harder fruits such as plums and damsons may be washed. The sugar should be pure and preferably cane, otherwise the jam will go wrong. Use clean, dry pots, and have them heated, as this prevents cracking when dishing the jam. Cover first with thin wax papers dipped in spirit, then with jam-pot covers or parchment. Label each jar with the name and date when made. Other points to remember are :—

1. The pan should be absolutely clean and rinsed before using, and preferably of brass or aluminium.

2. A wooden spoon should be used for stirring and a silver one for skimming. This prevents discoloration.

3. Jam must boil briskly and be stirred constantly.

4. When boiled for the prescribed length of time, test by putting in a saucer, when it should set in a few minutes.

5. Jam will crystallise if boiled too long, and ferment if not boiled long enough.

6. Damp jars or storage causes a green mould to form on tops.

7. Good jam should be jellied without being too stiff.

FIRST cover the jars with thin wax papers dipped in spirit, then with jam-pot covers or parchment. Be careful to label each jar with the name of the jam and the date when it was made

Greengage Jam

INGREDIENTS.—*6 lb. greengages, 6½ lb. preserving sugar, ½ pint water.*

METHOD.—Wipe and stone the greengages. Break half of the stones and remove the kernels, blanch and skin them. Tie the rest of the stones in muslin. Dissolve the sugar in the water and put in the greengages and the stones tied in muslin. Stir till boiling. While boiling, skim, then boil steadily for 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove stones. Test, and if firming add the kernels (the kernels may be left out if wished). Boil well up, then pot.

N.B.—All large fruit such as plums, damsons, etc., are prepared in this way.

Vegetable Marrow Jam

INGREDIENTS.—*5 lb. vegetable marrow (skinned and seeded), 5 lb. sugar, 3 lemons, 2 oz. preserved ginger, 2 oz. root ginger (tied in muslin)*

METHOD.—Skin the marrow and remove the pith from the centre. Cut the marrow into neat cubes, also the preserved ginger. Squeeze the juice from the lemon, and tie the rind in muslin. Put the sugar into a preserving pan, with enough water to cover the foot of the pan. Melt very slowly, stirring all the time. Add all the other prepared ingredients, and boil steadily for one hour, stirring occasionally. Skim if necessary, test, remove the root ginger and rind, then pot.

Medley

INGREDIENTS.—*Equal quantities of apples, pears and plums, 1 lb. sugar to every 1 lb. mixed fruit and ½ lb. for each pint water, enough water to cover the fruit.*

METHOD.—Peel and stone the fruit, cut it into neat pieces and put it into a pan with enough water to cover. (The plums need not be skinned.) Bring to the boil, and boil until the plum skins are tender. Add the sugar, stir till it boils and boil steadily for half an hour, stirring occasionally. Test and pot.

Dried Apricot Jam

INGREDIENTS.—*1 lb. dried apricots, 5 pt. water, 5 lb. sugar, 1 oz. almonds, 1 teaspoonful essence of ratafia, juice of a lemon.*

METHOD.—Wash the apricots well and soak them for 24 hours in the 5 pints of water. Put them into a preserving pan, and boil them until half the water is boiled away. Add sugar and lemon juice and boil for about ½ hour. Test, and if setting add the blanched and shredded almonds, and the ratafia essence. Boil up and pot.

Rowan Jelly

INGREDIENTS.—*1 pt. rowan juice (after boiling), 1 pt. apple juice (after boiling), 2 lb. sugar to every 2 pt. juices.*

Jams *and* Chutneys

When the jam has been boiled for the prescribed length of time, test it by putting a little in a saucer, when it should set in a few minutes. Jam will crystallise if boiled too long, and ferment if not boiled long enough

Elsie Collins

METHOD.—Wash the rowans well, put them into a preserving pan, and boil until soft. Strain through a jelly bag and measure the juice. Wipe the apples, cut them into quarters, boil until soft, strain and measure the apple juice. Put the juices into a preserving pan and to each 2 pt. of juices allow 2 lb. sugar. Bring to the boil and boil steadily for ½ hour, stirring frequently, then pot in small pots or cups.

Apple Jelly

INGREDIENTS.—*¼ stone of apples, 1 lemon, 1 teacupful water, 1 lb. sugar to each pint of juice.*

METHOD.—Wipe the apples and cut them into quarters without peeling or coring. Put them into a pan with the water. Simmer until soft, then strain through a jelly bag. Allow to stand and next day measure the juice and allow 1 lb. sugar to each pint of juice. Put these into a pan with the juice of the lemon, stir until the sugar has melted, then boil for about 20 minutes. Test and pot.

To make apple chutney you will require apple, sultanas, almonds, peppercorns and onions. Be sure to tie the peppercorns in a small piece of muslin

Below:

To make orange jelly the oranges must be cut in half, and the juice removed by a squeezer and strained through a cheese-cloth

Orange Jelly

INGREDIENTS.—*1¼ lb. orange juice and water, 2½ lb. sugar, 1 bottle Certo.*

METHOD.—Use 3–6 good-sized ripe oranges. Grate the rinds. Cut the oranges in half and remove the juice with a lemon squeezer. Mix the rind and juice and let it stand 10 minutes, then strain the juice through a cheesecloth. Measure sugar and juice into a pan, adding water to make the juice up to 1¼ lb. Stir and bring to the boil. Add Certo, stirring constantly, and bring quickly to the boil and boil for 1–2 minutes. Remove from the fire and let it stand for one minute. Skim, pour quickly into small jars and cover in the usual way.

Blackberry and Apple Jam

INGREDIENTS. — *Equal quantities of blackberries and apples, ¾ lb. sugar to each pound of fruit, water.*

METHOD.—Peel, core and slice the apples—wash the blackberries and remove the stalks. Put them into a pan with a very little water to start them cooking. Simmer until the fruit is soft, add sugar, stir until boiling, then boil steadily for about 20 minutes. Test and pot.

Apple Chutney

INGREDIENTS.—*9 oz. apples, 6 oz. demerara sugar, 4 oz. sultanas, 2 oz. onions, 1 oz. almonds, 2 teaspoonfuls salt, 1 teaspoonful ground ginger, 1 teaspoonful white peppercorns, 2 red chillies, cayenne (pinch), ¾ pt. vinegar.*

METHOD.—Prepare and chop the apples, sultanas, almonds and onions. Tie the peppercorns in muslin. Put all the ingredients except the chillies into a lined saucepan and simmer slowly for 1½–2 hours, until the ingredients are soft and have absorbed the vinegar. Stir very frequently. When ready, dish into glass jars, put a piece of chilli in each jar. Cover with parchment—use a tight-fitting cork and seal with wax, then store.

Pear Chutney

INGREDIENTS.—*2 lb. pears (after peeling and corings), 6 oz. brown sugar, 2 large sour apples (cored and sliced), 1 Spanish onion, 4 oz. stoned raisins, ½ teaspoonful ground cinnamon, ½ teaspoonful ground ginger, 1 pint vinegar, ½ oz. spice, 1 tablespoonful salt, pinch cayenne.*

METHOD.—Prepare the pears and boil until soft in the vinegar, then add all the other ingredients. Boil for ¼ hour, stirring frequently, then bottle and cover in the usual way.

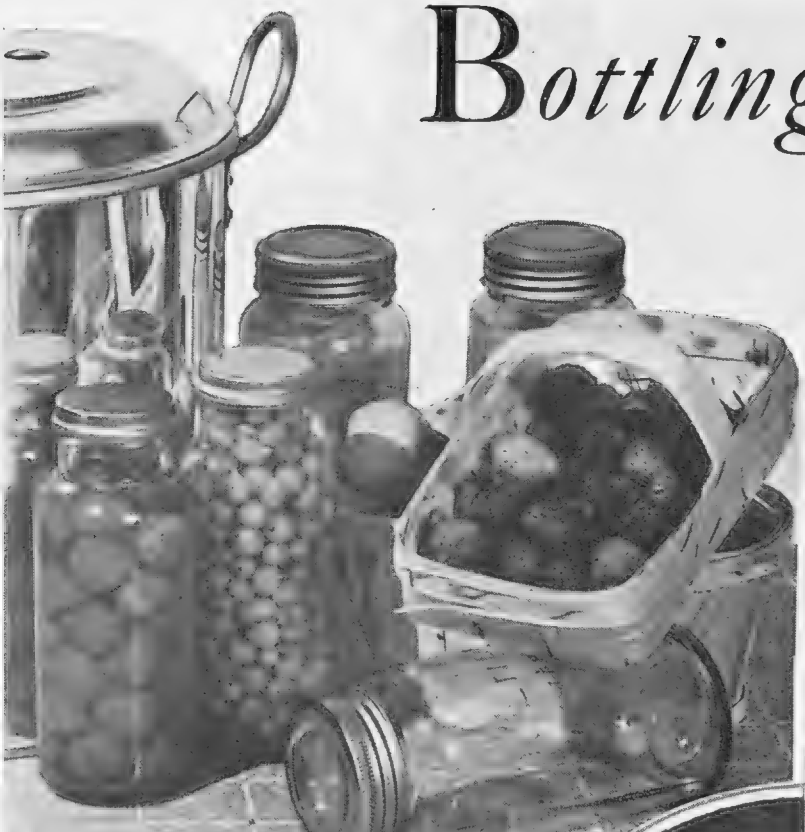
Indian Chutney

INGREDIENTS.—*1 lb. raisins, 1 lb. tamarinds, 3 oz. garlic, 3 lb. apples, 1 lb. sugar, 2 qt. brown vinegar, 2 oz. ground ginger, salt and cayenne and mustard.*

METHOD.—Prepare the apples and stew them in the vinegar until they are soft and form a syrup. Add the other ingredients stoned, peeled and chopped finely. Season with the sugar and spices, mix all very thoroughly together, put into wide-mouthed jars, cork and seal.

Bottling Fruits at

FRESH summer fruits during autumn and winter days are not only an extremely pleasant but an economical addition to the menu, and they are easy to achieve if the accompanying instructions are followed carefully



BOTTLED fruits should resemble fresh fruits as nearly as possible in colour, flavour and appearance, and this can be achieved only by bottling them in the correct manner

THE mention of bottled fruits should conjure up shelves of fine, luscious plums, juicy greengages, soft melting pears, delicate apricots, tasty gooseberries and delightful mixtures of apple and blackberries—all preserved so as to be as near as possible equal to the fresh fruits in colour, flavour and appearance.

Bottling offers definite advantages. It provides us with fruits at a season when they are either unobtainable or else too costly and also enables us to make full use of fruits which, owing to their short keeping season, would spoil quickly. What is still more important, these fruits contain the vital food essentials unimpaired and are a certain aid to maintained good health during the winter season when life is at a low ebb.

There are several ways of bottling fruit, but the one detailed here is the best because of the greatly improved colour, flavour and appearance of the resultant product. It is simple and sure as well.

THIS is the type of bottle which should be used. It has a glass sealing surface and a screw band with a rubber ring which guarantees the exclusion of air. The fruit preserving container, complete with a thermometer, which is shown at the back of the photograph, costs 15/-

Any bottle which has a definite seal can be used, but for the best results the proper preserving bottles are to be preferred. To buy these is a wise investment, for they last a lifetime and make sealing simple and certain. A 2 lb. bottle costs 6d.

The bottles must be examined for any flaw or fracture in any of the glass sealing surfaces and in the caps or screw bands. New rubber rings should be used each year. Every appliance must be thoroughly clean.

It does not matter if the bottle is left wet inside, as the fruit often packs better for this.

Choice of Fruit

THE best flavour in the finished product will be obtained if (1) the fruit is just a little under-ripe, and (2) if certain varieties are used. Really under-ripe fruit must not be used because of the lack of flavour, and over-ripe fruit should be discarded because it squashes down on the bottles and is spoiled in appearance.

In regard to the best varieties, certain sorts do bottle better than others and they are as follows: Apples—early cooking, *e.g.* Emneth Early or Lord Grosvenor; apricots—Moor Park and Shipley; blackberries—large English garden varieties; cherries—May Duke for colour, or Black Hearts; black currants—in season now, Daniel's September; damsons—Merryweather and Bradley's King; nectarines—Pineapple, Elruge, and Lord Napier; pears—Williams, Pitmaston Duchess and Durondeau, and plums—late varieties and greengages.

Of course, if one grows only a limited choice, then on the score of economy it will be best to bottle those than to buy from outsiders.

The fruit must be clean, and if dusty it should be washed by packing in the jar, filling with water, inverting over the fingers and allowing the water to drain away.

To remove the maggots out of loganberries allow them to soak in a weak solution of one teaspoonful of salt to the pint for one hour and then wash in cold water.

Where the skins of fruit such as plums are known to be hard when cooked a superior product is obtained if the plums are skinned before bottling. This may be done all the more easily if the fruit is immersed in boiling water for one minute and then placed quickly into cold water.

Packing and Filling

A COMMON fault is loose packing, when the fruit rises in the bottle and leaves a wasteful space. To pack and "coax" together the fruit in the lower parts of the jar, a packing spoon or stick is necessary, and this can easily be made at home after the pattern shown in the photograph.

Small fruits should be shaken together by jarring the half-filled bottle on the hand.

Pack the bottle right to the top with the fruit and then pour in either cold water or syrup to fill. Syrup is preferable because it keeps the fruit a better colour, flavour and texture. An excellent syrup is made by bringing water to the boil, adding ½ lb. of white sugar to the pint of water, stirring until dissolved and then allowing all to cool before using.

After filling, adjust the caps, allowing with the brass screw bands half a turn to permit escape of heated air,

Home

By Cyril Grange

Left:
To pack and "coax" together the fruit in the lower parts of the jar a packing spoon or stick is necessary. Small fruits should be shaken together by jarring the half-filled bottle on the hand

The filled and adjusted bottles are placed at least ½" apart in the steriliser and cold water is poured in until it reaches to the top of the caps

The bottles should be tested for perfect sealing by taking off the screw band and noting if the glass cap is held securely in place by the vacuum

but fitting the spring clips completely down.

Heating

THE fruits and bottles are sterilised by heating in water and any vessel which is deep enough to permit the bottle being almost submerged may be used, or we can buy a special steriliser for £1. A false bottom to the steriliser is necessary and the bottles stand on this to prevent the heat breaking them, but a piece of wire netting bent over on to itself to form a pad ¼ in. thick is excellent.

The filled and adjusted bottles are placed at least ½ in. apart in the steriliser and cold water is poured in to reach to the top of the caps.

Heating is now begun and is quite gradual, so that in one hour and a half the temperature of the water is 165° Fahrenheit. At this heat it is kept for 10 minutes, when sterilising is complete. Each bottle is now taken out of the hot water and the caps fully screwed down. Spring clips need no further adjusting. Bottle tongs (9d.) should be used to take the bottles out of the hot water (see the photo).

Pears, cherries, black currants and mulberries should be heated to 180° F. and kept at that heat for 20 minutes and then taken out and fully adjusted. The hot bottles must be stood on a wooden surface, not on to one of metal, enamel or porcelain, or they will probably crack. Over-heating spoils the flavour, colour and texture of the fruit and these temperatures must *never* be exceeded. A 2s. dairy thermometer (floating) should be used.

This heating is sufficient to cook the fruits so that when required for use they may be turned out as cold dessert or else used to fill pies and tarts.

Twelve hours after taking out of the water the bottles will be cold and should be tested for perfect sealing by taking off the screw band or spring clip and noting if the glass or brass cap is held securely in place by the vacuum (as shown in the photograph at the bottom of the page). If this is so, the bottles should be stored away in a cool and dark place—dark to prevent loss of colour. The screw bands and spring clips should NOT be adjusted again, but should be stored away separately in a box.

Thus by dint of a little labour we ensure for ourselves a fine array of luscious fruits which will keep for many months (years, if necessary) in as near as possible their fresh condition and can be certain that we will be richly repaid for our trouble in preparing these delightful and health-giving foods.

To Trace Bottling Faults

EVERYONE who has bottled fruits has found trouble at some time or other. Failure, though only partial, means a waste of labour, loss of heat, spoilt bottles and sometimes the wasting of fruit. Happily we can learn from our mistakes and so reach an easy perfection.

Troubles may be caused by the actual bottles and apparatus, by the packing, the heating or the storing.

The bottles should be tested before being packed with fruit. There must be no flaw in the glass sealing surfaces and the edges must be level. The slightest chip in the glass lid will prevent sealing; old rubber rings have lost elasticity. The screw bands must screw right down and spring clips must be fully "springy."

To test the thermometer, it is held in boiling water, when it should register 212° Fahrenheit.

Lack of a false bottom in the steriliser will cause cracking of the bottles, which may also be cracked if they are stood, when hot, on to a cold surface or in a draught.

When one finds, after heating, a space in the bottle containing no fruit, only liquid, it is an indication of loose packing. Where syrup is used this may not be so apparent with some fruits, but they will appear quite loose in the bottles.

If the bottles crack during filling, it means that the cold glass has been too suddenly heated by hot liquid.

Incorrect heating is responsible for many faults. Fruits must never be brought to boiling. Overheated fruits are found to be squashed down and their appearance, colour and flavour spoilt. Too rapid heating results in insufficient sterilisation and the fruits go bad after six weeks.

Unless stored in a dark cupboard or protected from the light with brown paper, much of the attractive colour will be lost.

Talking about colouring, some fruits lose their colour when heated more than others, but if desired this can be increased by using the juice of other fruits such as blue plums, blackberries and black currants, or by adding some artificial colouring. Cochineal, carmine or apple green are three "colours" which are harmless and can be obtained from any chemist or store. Two small teaspoonfuls of cochineal will be ample for a 2 lb. jar.

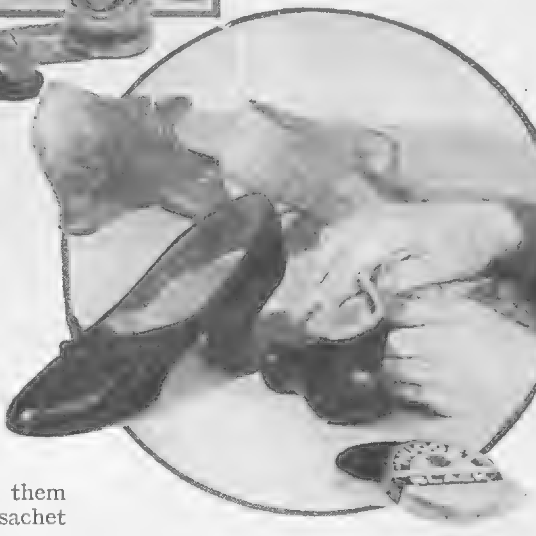
It is the Small Details *that count*

The well-groomed woman is one who never forgets how to be her own maid

By Olive Rinder

THE insides of the collars of coats and the cuffs should be looked at every time the garment is taken off, and if necessary, cleaned with petrol

CHAMOIS leather gloves should be washed on the hands in a soapy solution to which has been added a drop of olive oil



SHOES should be dusted and cleaned as soon as they are taken off; different cloths should be kept for each colour polish, and a pair of trees for each pair of shoes

PAY attention to the small details, and the large ones will take care of themselves, might be said of clothes. For it is just this attention that stamps the really *chic* woman of to-day. She sees that all the little minor details are attended to each day.

Here are some of them, beginning from the crown of the head and finishing at the sole of the shoe.

See that the veil to go with your hat is not crumpled, and that the veils for each hat are put away in the crown of the hat to which they belong; roll them, do not fold them.

See that your collars and cuffs are absolutely clean. Take them off, wash and iron them as soon as they are soiled, but do not sew them into the dress until just before putting it on, because clean collars and cuffs, particularly muslin ones, are apt to crush when hanging in the cupboard.

Never allow the inside of the collar of tailor-made coats and skirts to become marked; the cuffs, too, should be looked at on the inside. A little sponging with petrol will take off any surface grease.

See that your gloves are absolutely clean. Wash chamois leather gloves each day in lukewarm soapy water to which has been added a drop of salad oil. Have washable suède washed as often as required for cleanliness. All other types of gloves should either be sent to the cleaners as often as necessary or they can be cleaned at home. Put them in a glass jar with a screw top, and fill it with refined benzine. Leave them overnight and next morning put them one by one on a wooden glove hand and rub any soiled parts with a clean rag soaked in benzine. They can, of course, be put on your own hand, but the benzine hurts and hardens the skin, so it is as well to use a wooden hand and to wear rubber gloves while this work is in process. Hang them in a draught in order that the odour shall evaporate quickly. See that all buttons or buckles are sewn on firmly before putting them away. Keep them in a scented sachet or box.

AS soon as you remove your shoes put them in the trees, dust and clean them. It is important to do this *before* you put them away, so that the leather is properly fed and therefore remains supple. Different cloths, polishers and brushes must be kept for each colour. Leather walking shoes should have the rim of the sole and the underneath of the arch painted with a special preparation: this not only gives the shoes a well-cared-for appearance, but helps to keep them waterproof and considerably lengthens the life of the shoe. Patent leather should be smeared with vaseline, and then polished with a duster.

See that the heels are always repaired, and if they are laced that the laces are fresh and unfrayed. See that your evening shoes have no rubbed toes or heels. Shoes can be re-covered to match any dress at a moderate cost, and quite small left-over pieces of material can be used for this purpose.

See that your evening dresses are provided with a tiny strap and patent fastener on each shoulder so that the shoulder straps of your princess slip never show, and that these are firmly sewn or clipped on. Never mix up your day and evening slips, but keep separate ones for each occasion. It does not harm underclothes if they are washed frequently, as they do not require so much rubbing as when they are left for several days.

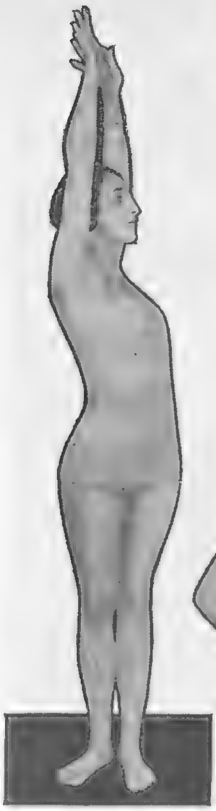
See that the stockings you wear match, and that you have all the pairs in your drawer clean, mended, and matching. Always buy two pairs of the same make and brand, in case one ladders. Wash them at the same time, so that there is no difference in colour. Never wear your evening stockings in the day time, or *vice versa*.

Stockings should be washed every day. They will not ladder so easily if this course is followed, and there is no possibility of splashes from the day before being seen on the following day. No handkerchief should ever be used twice, and all laundry marks must be taken out before using.

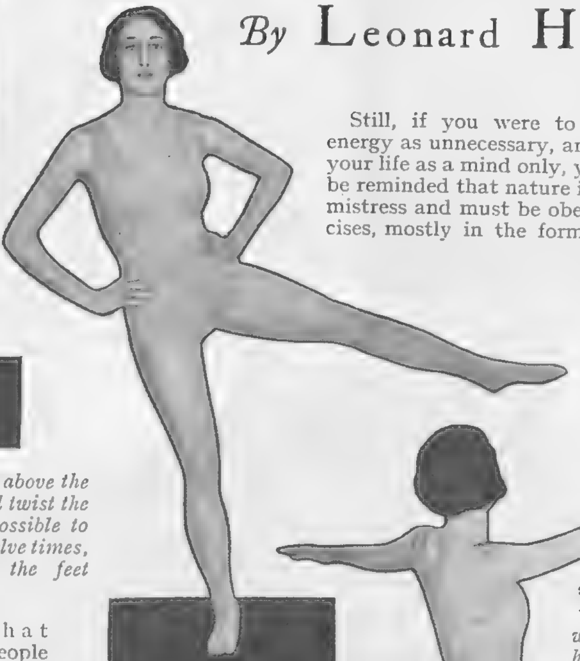
Keep the Health you've won

Five exercises which, if practised every day, will ensure the continuation of your holiday health

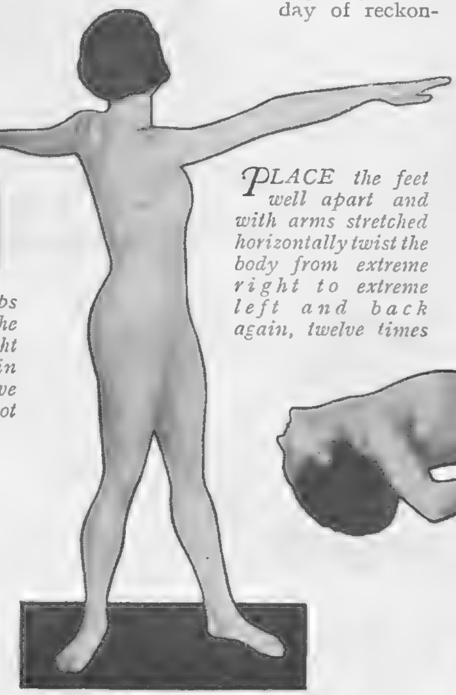
By Leonard Henslowe



JOIN the hands above the head, swing and twist the body as far as possible to right and to left, twelve times, without moving the feet



WITH hands on hips and left foot on the ground, swing the right forward and outward in a circular movement, twelve times. Repeat with left foot



PLACE the feet well apart and with arms stretched horizontally twist the body from extreme right to extreme left and back again, twelve times

NOW that happy people are returning from sun and sea bathing with health stored up, I suggest that by sensible living and a little forethought they should keep the fitness they have gained.

For some generations a large section of the world has worked with its brains only, and this has led to a certain stagnation physically, which has called for a definite practice of physical exercises as part of one's daily routine.

We function in a physical machine which needs proper attention and constant movement for its well being; if this movement, called exercise, is not given, then it gets sluggish, which is the equivalent to rust in metal machinery.

Food, water, air, exercise, rest, sleep, these are the essential requirements of this body, and in as much as they are provided intelligently, to this extent will the body function satisfactorily and give its owner useful, carefree service throughout a long and happy life.

It may with truth be said that in a state of nature neither animal nor man goes through a set form of exercises on rising in the morning. But likewise it can be said that in a state of nature we do not inhabit houses, live sedentary lives, eat cooked food, sleep in a more or less vitiated atmosphere and spend many hours a day sitting in a curled-up posture.

IN the beginning Man originally had to hunt for a great part of his food and he had to till the soil for the rest, and this kept him hard at work, and never a day was lived without a good sweat.

Then as the world became more densely populated, while one section of the population continued to work manually, another section began to do work that was not manual, work that necessitated using the brain instead of the muscles.

From this time forth, physical culture of one kind or another became necessary, although the building up of big muscles is not required to-day.

Still, if you were to consider muscular energy as unnecessary, and proceeded to live your life as a mind only, you would very soon be reminded that nature is still your physical mistress and must be obeyed. Certain exercises, mostly in the form of stretchings and twistings, must be performed daily if you wish to keep fit. Nature cannot be "put about" with impunity. The day of reckoning arrives pretty promptly, and one is reminded that one is still a human machine, or rather a soul working in a mechanical body. One of our most urgent daily needs is the elimination of poisons from the body. This can be brought about through Turkish baths or vapour cabinet baths, but the best method is by physical exertion, preferably out-of-doors. Physical work of all kinds, games, sports, walking, running, cycling, hunting, climbing, skating, dancing, all these things exercise the human body and so bring about the necessary sweating, without which vigorous health cannot be maintained. And so the more machinery and its wonderful productions replace physical energy, the more that energy must be augmented by a daily system of physical exercise. As to the amount, cases differ according to inclination, health, strength and other circumstances.

In walking, begin with, say, five miles, taking a rest half-way, then increase it to seven, then ten. In a little while a fifteen-mile walk will not seem out of the ordinary. It is most necessary though, in this connection, to look after one's feet, and wear shoes that do not pinch and are not high heeled.

I would calculate a five-mile walk to be equal to a 20-mile cycle ride, and 12 miles walking equal to 50 miles cycling.

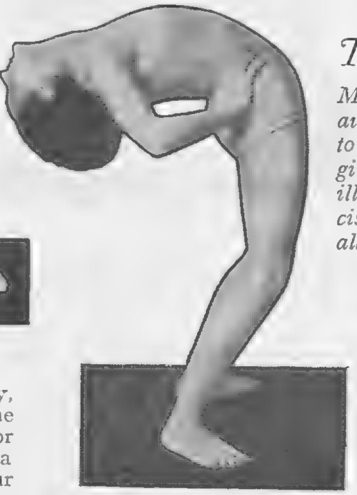
In modern life much of our time is spent lolling about in easy chairs, on sofas, and generally in a crouched-up attitude which curves the spine in a way that Nature never intended. This constantly hunched position is very bad for the body, and the spine eventually gets a permanent curve to it. Physical exercises are most necessary to correct this modern tendency to spinal curvature, but with the right form of exercise there is no reason why, even in the modern luxurious days, one should not keep a straight back through life.

Arriving at the same time as an artificial and chemicalised diet, it can be certain that the human body is not going to accept absence of exercise without remonstrance. As to the diet, I will only say here that we would do well to eat natural simple foods which are not devitalised.

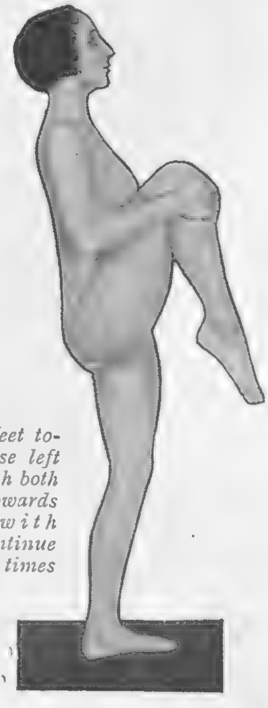
THERE appears to exist a popular fallacy that the more food you eat of the nourishing kinds, the stronger you become. There is no greater illusion. You cannot "feed" yourself strong in the way that you can strengthen a wire rope by adding more strands to it. There is not only no advantage in eating more food than the body can properly and usefully assimilate, there is positive harm because the excess of nourishment has to be got rid of by exercise, and if it is not, then it is stored up as fat and is detrimental to your physical well-being.

I always recommend people to weigh themselves regularly. There are scales sold for use in one's own bathroom. If you increase by two or three pounds above your normal weight when in health, then the right and only natural way of regaining the normal is by dropping out a meal or two or making a few meals of fruit only, in addition to an added amount of exercise, say an extra five-mile walk on two or three occasions.

THIS article is the first of a series in which Mr. Henslowe, the well-known authority on health in relation to the lives most of us lead, will give a summary of his system, illustrated by progressive exercises which all of us could, and all of us should, do every day



WITH feet apart and hands on hips, bend the body backwards, moving it slowly from extreme left to extreme right, and back again, twelve times



STAND with feet together, then raise left knee, clasp it with both hands and pull towards body. Repeat with right knee and continue alternately, twelve times

Helen Macgregor

Sachets de Fraicheur

THESE refreshing "Sachets de Fraicheur" prevent the skin becoming dry and wrinkled. They cost 13/- for a box of 50. The "Crème du Dr. Dys" is a good massage cream and also makes an excellent foundation for powder. It costs 8/6a jar

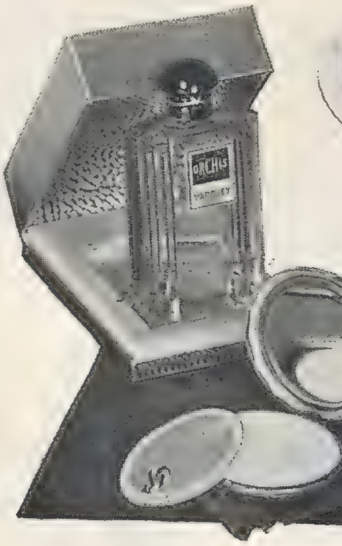
A COMPENDIUM OF BEAUTY

By "CHRYSIS"

A complete system of Beauty Culture by means of which Modern Woman preserves the Gifts of the Gods, Youth and Beauty, more carefully than any "keepsake," with the help of fragrant sachets, creams and lotions

Below:

THE "4711" Eau de Cologne is too well known to require description, but it is less widely known that all toilet requisites may be obtained with the same perfume



Left:

YARDLEY'S "Orchis" has already become most deservedly popular, and this firm have recently produced a complexion cream which combines the properties of a cleansing and beauty cream, and a powder foundation, in one

If one never made an experiment one would never make a discovery, but I sometimes think that women are too experimental in regard to their beauty culture and toilet preparations.

When I am asked for advice about treatments and creams, lotions and powders, I naturally ask what my interlocutors are in the habit of using, and sometimes I am stunned by the list—so many, so various, and so contradictory are the stuffs and methods women will apply to themselves! The wonder is that their complexions survive the treatments and applications to which they are subjected.

Even to-day, when so much is written about beauty culture and so many scientific beauty specialists are in practice, many women seem to be strangely ignorant, not only of the nature and effect of the preparations they use, but also about their own skins and constitutions, and their special needs.

Recently I met a woman who was troubled by a mild form of skin trouble for which she used a strongly astringent medicated cream. This dried her skin, which was of the delicate variety, and was causing wrinkles. To counteract this she also used a heavy skin food. This clogged the pores and increased the original trouble. In the daytime she used a liquid make-up to disguise the defects of her complexion. It had the effect of emphasising the wrinkles and dryness and making her look old and hard. Each one of her efforts at beautifying nullified any possibly good effect the other might have.

I am in favour of consulting a knowledgeable and scientific beauty specialist and carrying out the whole of the treatment they advise. In that way one will, at least, obtain complementary and not contradictory specifics.

Nearly all skin troubles are caused by the fact that the pores of the skin have become clogged; possibly there is some local and extraneous cause; often the wrong creams and inferior cosmetics are to blame, or there may be some internal or constitutional cause. In the latter case diet and possibly some medicine may be the necessary corrective, but in any case the complexion itself must be cleared and the epidermis educated to act naturally and healthily. The skin should be soft and supple, the pores clear of impurities, the texture fine; some greases coarsen the pores and make the flesh flabby; astringent lotions containing caustics may be extremely injurious.

Some of the most successful beauty treatments, which have stood the test of time, have a herbal basis. There is one in which sachets added to the washing water play an important part, which has been used by beautiful women for a generation—and many of them are *still* beautiful! It has the great advantage of being scientific and comprehensive. There are special series of preparations for every type of skin and for every branch of beauty culture. For dry skins and for oily ones, for the eyes, the throat, whether it's "scrawny" and wrinkled or over-fleshy, for the hands and for the hair, and the several scalp troubles which not only rob the hair of beauty but may affect the complexion.

If you do not fully understand your complexion troubles and the needs of your skin it is well to consult the trained representative of the doctor who evolved and is still adding to and improving on this system. The treatment can be carried out at home, and, once the right preparations are secured, is fool-proof, provided the instructions are accurately carried out and the correct quantities are used. It is utterly simple and delightfully refreshing.

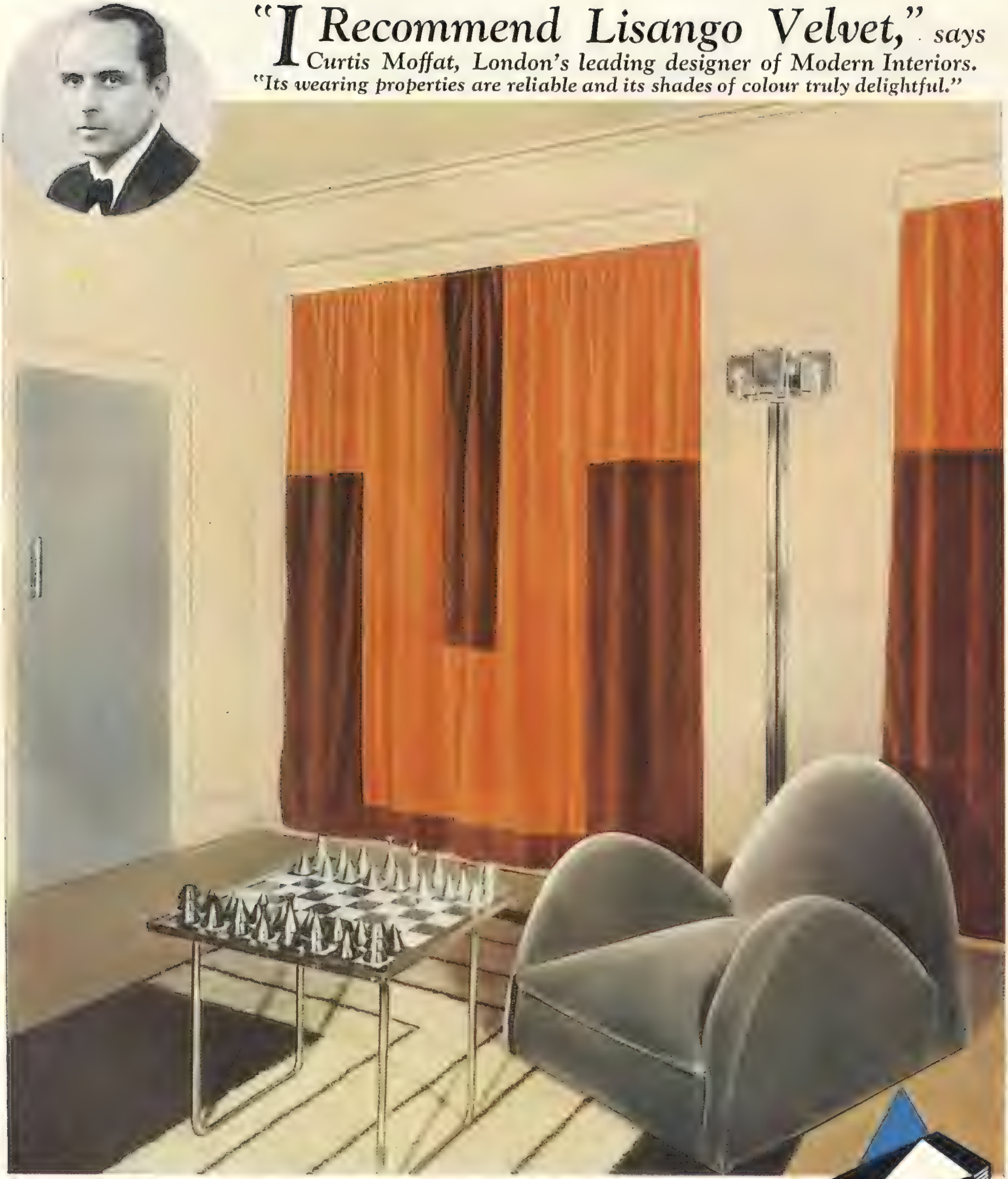
At night a sachet, selected for individual requirements, is squeezed into two quarts of tepid water (which has been boiled, for antiseptic reasons) until there is a delicious milky liquid in which to bathe the face and neck. A suave skin food, which promotes the "breathing" of the pores instead of clogging them, can be applied at night if the skin is at all dry. In the morning a different sachet is used in the same way. If the skin is oily hotter water may be used and different sachets, creams and lotions will be prescribed. The action of the sachets is to cleanse the pores, soften and refine the skin, tone up the underlying tissues, and eliminate harshness and wrinkles. There are special preparations for restoring and rejuvenating wrinkled, ageing necks, sachets for the bath to keep the skin of the whole body in condition, and delicious lotions for the face, the neck and shoulders, and the scalp; a cream to whiten the hands and keep their epidermis smooth and fine and unwrinkled. (How many women realise that their hands may "give away" their age, even when their faces are preserved or lifted?)

I have not space here to enumerate all the preparations incorporated in this system of beauty culture. I can only indicate that nearly every woman will find among them the answer to her particular riddle, but to all those who are interested further information will be sent on request. The underlying theory is the preservation of the health, beauty and youth of the skin so that the necessity for exaggerated make-up is obviated. Many women have found the sachets and the creams invaluable and none of the newer rejuvenating processes have weaned them from their allegiance because, remaining youthful and unwrinkled, they have not needed drastic rejuvenation. At any rate, this is a very complete system of beauty culture and the preparations, guaranteed to contain no injurious ingredients, are calculated to appeal strongly to the most fastidious.

DUNLOP
3
3
DUNLOP REINFORCED
FORT
IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

C.F.H.1006

"I Recommend Lisango Velvet," says Curtis Moffat, London's leading designer of Modern Interiors.
"Its wearing properties are reliable and its shades of colour truly delightful."



"Smoke Grey" and "Galleon Gold" are used for this room in Mr. Moffat's own flat.

This interesting interior shows beauty of contrasting colours from the "Dawn" shades. Soft, lustrous and luxurious—"Lisango" is the most hard wearing and economical upholstery fabric on the market.

LISTERS LISANGO MODERN VELVETS

All the well-known designers recommend "Lisango" because of its lovely "Dawn" Colourings, its soft "bloom" of texture, and above all its long wearing qualities.

Contained in the Pattern Book with the Point which any Furnisher or Department Store will show you.

CAN YOU RESIST INFECTION?

Vaccines and the Personal Factor in relation to the Resistance to Common Cold and its Concomitant Infections

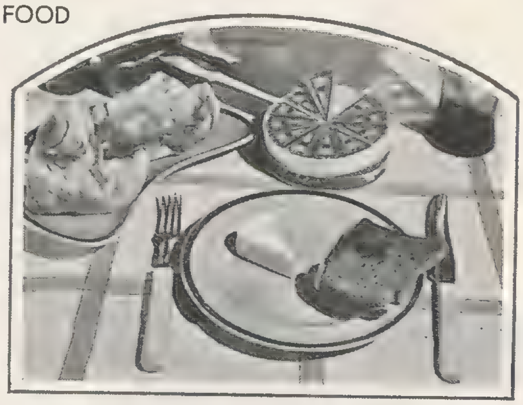
The Three Essentials to Good Health are:—

1 EXERCISE

2. REST

THE daily dozen is important, but so is organised rest and relaxation

3. HEALTHY FOOD



FOOD which contains essential vitamines is necessary to good health, and a luncheon which includes salad and Diploma cheese is already well on the way to perfection

OSCAR WILDE said that there was only one way to get rid of a temptation, and that was to yield to it. There is only one way to get rid of a cold—or rather never to catch cold—and that is to resist the infection. Medical science has done much to assist the defences, chiefly by means of injectional therapeutics (the use of vaccines and sera), and the man in the street has learnt the value of preventive antiseptics, such as gargles and inhalations; but the resistance to disease remains a very personal and, to some extent, mysterious factor.

The subject of vaccines and sera and their differentiation is absorbingly interesting, and I may deal with them at some future date. At the moment I only mention them in general terms, in relation to the prevention and cure of what is known as common cold.

It is something like twenty years since anti-cold and anti-influenza injections became "fashionable," and people who were subject to colds were advised by their doctors to have a course of injections in the early autumn to arm them, as it were, against infection. These injections consisted of what a French doctor of my acquaintance described as a *Salade russes* of all the microbes known to be present in cases of cold, bronchitis and influenza, and the theory was that the blood was thereby rendered immune from infection by these particular bacilli. The weakness of the treatment lay in the fact that it was by no means certain that all the bacilli had been isolated. No one could say with certainty what was the *specific* germ which caused colds and influenza.

In some cases the injection treatment was very satisfactory, and in others patients complained that if they did "catch cold" after having the injections, they were more seriously affected than they had been before. Recently medical men have gradually become less inclined to advocate and rely on this treatment.

The autogenous injection (that is, the injection of serum made from the patient's own "poisons") has proved extremely valuable in the treatment of streptococcal and pneumococcal infection, but to the layman, and, nowadays, to the more enlightened medical man, the prevention of disease is more important than its cure.

Recently the lay press has been full of optimistic, not very accurate accounts of a new "cure" for colds by injection. This has not been long enough in use to have stood the acid test of time, but the theory is interesting and logically promising. Working on the fact that *all* bacilli which participate in causing the condition known as cold and influenza have not been isolated, it has been assumed that what is *left over*, when the known cocci have been removed, contains the anti-bodies or beneficent germs which will attack and destroy the infective and malignant bacilli. On this premise a vaccine has been made which, injected at the onset of a cold, has been found to arrest the symptoms, in some cases entirely curing the threatened cold, in others mitigating the infection so that it was mild and of short duration. A doctor of my acquaintance, with a very large general practice, used this treatment last winter with varying success. From my own observation of cases thus treated I believe that it is most successful in the treatment of children and young healthy people in whom the *natural resistance* is strongest when, presumably, a little extraneous assistance is sufficient to enable them to overcome the assaults of disease.

Thus we come to the most important factor in the resistance of disease in general and that of cold and influenza, common enemies during the autumn and winter, in particular—*natural resistance.*

My opinion is backed by the very wide experience and scientific observation of my enlightened doctor friend. The personal power of resistance is of immense importance in the avoidance of infection. This has two separate but interdependent bases, the mental and the physical. On the mental side fear and anxiety undoubtedly weaken physical resistance; of equal certitude is the fact that they are more likely to be present in those physically unfit. Therefore the real and best preventive of colds and 'flu is the attainment and conservation of general health, by means of exercise and fresh air, proper nourishment and the *strict avoidance of over-fatigue.*

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Stowaway

(Continued from page 19)

which the first step had been made. So, for a time, I dreamt of Pierrette and Australia. I had not bothered to think of my immediate surroundings. I just lived in my thoughts, and, for a time, no coldness could penetrate them. But we are feeble and miserable creatures with feet of clay, whatever else we aspire to. So the cold slowly, but more and more surely, intruded upon my dreams. I was in a refrigerating chamber.

Pains in my back bore in upon me that there were freezing pipes running along the walls behind me. It happened like that. My mind very slowly and stupidly came round to this so obvious fact. My teeth chattered, and shivers ran through me. I tried for a long time to ignore all this. What did a little cold or discomfort matter so long as I got to Australia ?

I tried to roll a cigarette to give me the relief and support of smoking, but my numbed hands tore the paper and spilt the tobacco. And the cold got more and worse. It was not so much the awful discomfort of this cold that worried me as the fact that it invaded my mind—my thoughts and dreams. Again and again I tried to get away from mere physical sensations to the wonderful world of romance that had been in my mind. It was no good. My body and mind both concentrated on their misery of coldness and clamoured for warmth—hot food and drink, warm blankets, blazing fires and sunshine.

Time stood still on me and seemed to kill me without ending. I think I know what is meant by eternal torment and eternal damnation.

BUT I was not entirely beyond time (only temporarily !). These hours without sight or sound had been punctuated twice by the switching on of the electric light from outside the door and the entry of men coming for frozen provisions. This made me crouch even more closely against the ice-piped wall. They went without seeing me. Now that seemed such a long time ago that it was receding into a distance that was unreal and non-existent. This was a form of hysteria. I struggled hard to remember the opening of the door and to connect myself with it. So far I had struggled to forget discomfort, but now I struggled to remember it. Some vital part of me argued drunkenly that feeling of any sort, even pain, was necessary to go on living, but all sensation was going now.

This must have been after about seven hours of refrigeration, with practically no movement. As often happens in delirium, there was a separation into dual and plural personality. Several people seemed to be arguing within me. One had an awful animal fear of death, and this one was supported by a reasoning one which argued that the indifference and non-sensation of these parts would lead to death, that the process of freezing to death went through greater and greater drowsiness to a final sleep—oblivion—death. I don't know which part won. It seemed to happen accidentally. But time was punctuated again by the most awful pain, like daggers of ice being driven slowly into my chest and stomach. This revived the vital, reasoning part, which said : "Now the last stage has come ; your vitals are being frozen, you will die if you don't move. Now or never."

I somehow slumped sideways and rolled my head and body about. I bumped against the cases and shifted them a little. My arms were so numbed and stiffened that they flopped nervelessly at my sides and failed altogether to support me when I moved from the upright sitting position. I fell sideways on to my shoulder and forwards on to my chest, bumping my head each way. My legs were stiffened and bent up like a frog's : they were completely numbed up to well above the knee to the upper part of the thigh. They trailed from my body as it heaved and wriggled about.

I have no idea as to how long it took me to stand up. It was extremely painful, and the more active I became the more painful it was.

Suddenly the light went on. A moment later the door opened and a startled-looking Lascar stood staring at me. I jostled past him without speaking and walked into the warm outer air. Strength and good spirits just surged through me. I ran up the stairway and walked briskly along the alleyway. I felt like a very happily drunken man.

Seeing another stairway, I went down it to look for a place to hide in. It led to a storeroom with cases of beer, wines and spirits everywhere. I laughed, and was thinking about opening a bottle when a man in a blue brass-buttoned uniform stepped through the door behind me. He looked very surprised, then summed me up in a moment as a stowaway, and ordered me off the ship. He was the second steward.

It was now seven o'clock at night and the *Rawalpindi* was still alongside the wharf. The "Blue Peter" had been flying when I went aboard at eleven that morning ; but the ship had been delayed 24 hours waiting for the Eastern mails. My eight hours' refrigeration had been entirely wasted.

But I was on board, and determined to stay on board.

Going along another alleyway, I saw a doorway opening on a grating above the engine room. A steel ladder led down to the engine-room deck from my doorway, and another one led upwards. The latter course seemed the safer. So I climbed up to a landing and then up several other flights of ladder until I was high up in the ship and completely out of sight of anybody. It was a glorious feeling.

The ladder ended on a large bare platform ; it was about 30 ft. in diameter and bounded by a high, circular wall. Looking up the wall, higher and higher, I saw the sky above. It was the ship's funnel.

Once more I seemed to have found the perfect retreat. It was beautifully warm after the ice room and beautifully secluded. This after funnel was a dummy—it ventilated the engine room—the forward one served the fires.

I sat down on the warm plates and rolled a cigarette. The thought of having evaded the second steward, and having gone from the extreme of the refrigerator to the funnel, made me shout with laughter.

My reverie was brought to an end by the increasing heat of the plate upon the seat of my trousers. It was too warm to sit on for long. But by making a cushion of my coat and shirt this difficulty was removed. I smoked another cigarette and went back to my day dreams of Pierrette and Australia.

After an hour or two I noticed that all the sweat on my body had dried, and my lips and mouth had become too dry for smoking. The circle of blue sky through the funnel top was darkening with the evening. Stars began to shine. The clear coolness of them in the black sky was relieving and soothing to contemplate as a contrast to the growing warmth and oppressiveness of that place. I actually found myself wishing for a breath of the air of the ice room. I longed for a drink of water. I stripped to my underpants and began walking about to try to get more air to breathe. There was a steel door in the wall of the funnel and a little draught of cool air came through it. The door was locked from the outside. I lay down and put my mouth and nose to the crack of it and tried to catch the cool air as it came in. I stayed there till my neck became very stiff and painful. The heat of the funnel was beginning to take hold of me as had the cold of the refrigerator. And the one extreme following the other seemed to strengthen it. I was very hungry, very thirsty and very tired.

Some time during that night I remember climbing up a narrow steel ladder leading up the wall of the funnel. After a long climb I looked out over the brim of the funnel, down on to the decks of the *Rawalpindi*, and out over the sleeping

(Continued on page 94)

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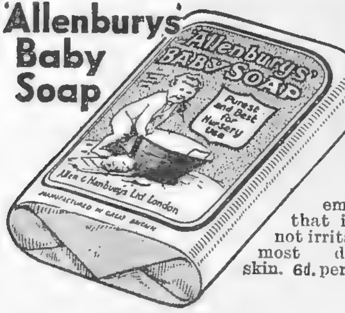
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town of Marseilles. It was a magnificent view, and the beautifully cool air of the night blew on my face. I clung on until the physical pain warned me that my remaining strength must be used to descend the ladder. I trembled badly all the way down.

The rest of the night was spent between trying to sleep and going to the crack in the door for a breath of cool air. When daylight came it was hotter than ever. I wished that I'd taken the risk of looking for a better hiding place during the night. But this was only weakness. The ship was bound to sail that day, and then they could not put me ashore until Port Said. From Egypt I could work a passage on one of the many ships calling there on the way to Australia.

During that day the ship's engines started. It was at about four o'clock in the afternoon. The heat was terrific now. And the long spell of hunger and thirst was taking effect on me. The day before stowing away I had had very little to eat and had stayed up all night talking to Pierrette. Then for another day and night I had had nothing to eat and nothing to drink. Now another day of starvation and thirst was well advanced. The extremes of temperature now began to take bad effect. I wondered very much whether I could hold out till nightfall before taking the risk of looking for a drink of water. That day seemed endless. The thirst was becoming awful.

Finally I decided to go for water. My limit of endurance had been reached. It was still daylight, but I was almost too dazed to know the difference of day and night. I crawled down the ladder leading to the engine room, clutching the rail and flattening myself backwards against the ladder and descending in a sort of sitting position. The steel was very slippery and hard to grip properly. I reached the door opening on the alleyway and went along it holding the wall. The coolness of the air seemed to lift me up and support me.

I was practically naked, but nobody had seen me so far, and, luckier still, another door in the alleyway on my left opened on a small cabin with a water tap just inside. There was a mug hanging beside the tap. I filled the mug with water and my mouth just soaked it up. I felt it soaking all the way down my throat to my stomach. Then I soaked in two more mugfuls. And then three more. I put my head under the tap and let it run all over me. Then I rubbed myself and breathed deeply, drinking air instead of water. There was a porthole in that cabin, so I put my head to it, looking out over the glistening sea, and breathed in the soft freshness of the breeze.

I hated to leave that porthole, but, now the danger of collapse was over, it was necessary to get back to my hiding place. Taking a last look at that cabin, I saw an orange on a shelf. I took the orange and walked quickly along the alleyway and climbed the ladder to the funnel. It was glorious to be in that place again and not to be thirsty. Before my skin had been dried like parchment. Now my body streamed with sweat and the heat did not matter.

I felt very hungry, so I ate the orange. It was delicious—skin, pips, everything.

Sitting naked on my heap of clothes, puffing a cigarette and dreaming my dreams all over again, I suddenly looked up and saw two men standing at the head of the ladder. They were staring hard at me. One was in engineer's dungarees and the other in deck uniform. They walked towards me, still staring; then I began to laugh at the surprise in their faces, and they both laughed with me. Then we talked. They had been told of a strange naked man who went through the alleyway door into the engine room, and so they tracked me. Their informant (somebody in the alleyway) had said that the naked man was streaked with oil and dust and a lot of red paint. So they came up to the funnel, where they knew there was fresh red paint.

I dressed myself and followed them to an interview with the Captain.

The Captain was in the chart-room on the bridge deck, and in order to reach him we had to walk the whole length of the promenade deck. We walked in single file, one officer before and one behind me. Everybody stared at our procession. But I was feeling rather shaky on my legs, and so concentrated on steering a straight course behind my leader.

We stopped and talked a little with a man in uniform, who was even taller and bigger than myself (but not so strong, I thought resentfully, as I stood swaying before him). He was the first officer. Afterwards we went on to the Captain, a nice, handsome little man with a red face and white moustache. I was feeling worse and worse, and, by that time, could not understand what was said to me. Soon afterwards I found myself in the good hands of the crew.

Sailors in general are very good men. There were white quartermasters and watchmen on that ship. They took me into their quarters, got me hot water, soap and towels, and brought me food. For two days I could not manage more than tea and a little bread and butter. Everybody gave me cigarettes and tobacco. The butcher gave me half a crown. He took a special interest in me, because, as he said, if he had not sent the Lascar down to the ice-room for some frozen fish for dinner the place would have been closed for the night and I should have been a corpse.

THE *Rawalpindi* was bound for China, so the Captain could not give me a job as passage worker. Also he could not take me through the Suez Canal. He was responsible to the authorities for every person taken through the Canal on his ship, and stowaways were not officially included. So he must hand me over to the Egyptian water police and charge me with unlawfully being on his ship.

On the morning of the sixth day land was sighted. I was summoned by the Captain to stand by on the bridge. They must keep me under observation until the police came on board. It was an excellent spot for sightseeing, and, in the excitement of discovering the land of Egypt for the first time, I completely forgot everything else.

Coming alongside a pontoon gangway leading to the shore brought me back to hard, hot and noisy reality. But the scene was interesting. To me still more interesting was the arrival of the white police sergeant with several native constables. They wore a plain white uniform adorned with the Egyptian emblem of star and crescent in green and finished off with fezes. Their picturesque appearance somewhat reconciled me to the fact of being arrested.

I was duly brought down to the saloon and handed over. While waiting to be escorted ashore an Australian first class passenger came up and spoke in a friendly way, then asked how funds were. I told him that the crew had collected about two pounds for me. He then took out his wallet and handed me one pound; seeing a loose ten-shilling note, he added that. I only hope this man understood how grateful I felt. This sort of casual, spontaneous generosity is typical of the true Australian. There is something of the Arab-like desert hospitality in it, the fine sentiment of humanity which belongs to the men bred in wild places. He went off and brought me a parcel of expensive Parisian underclothing, also a new Panama hat, and a box of French cigarettes—Fatimas. His name was Robb.

MY star and crescent escort was ready to go, so we shook hands and parted. It is good to be reminded occasionally that there are such people in the world. So it was in a happy mood that I walked ashore with my attendant policemen. My sentence was only seven days.

This is the end of the story, the episode, the chapter. It was the best part of two long years before I got to Australia. So much happened in between that Pierrette is still in Marseilles.

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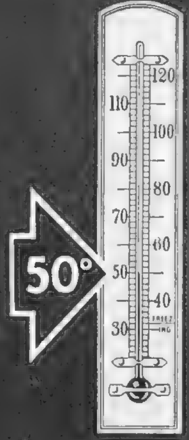

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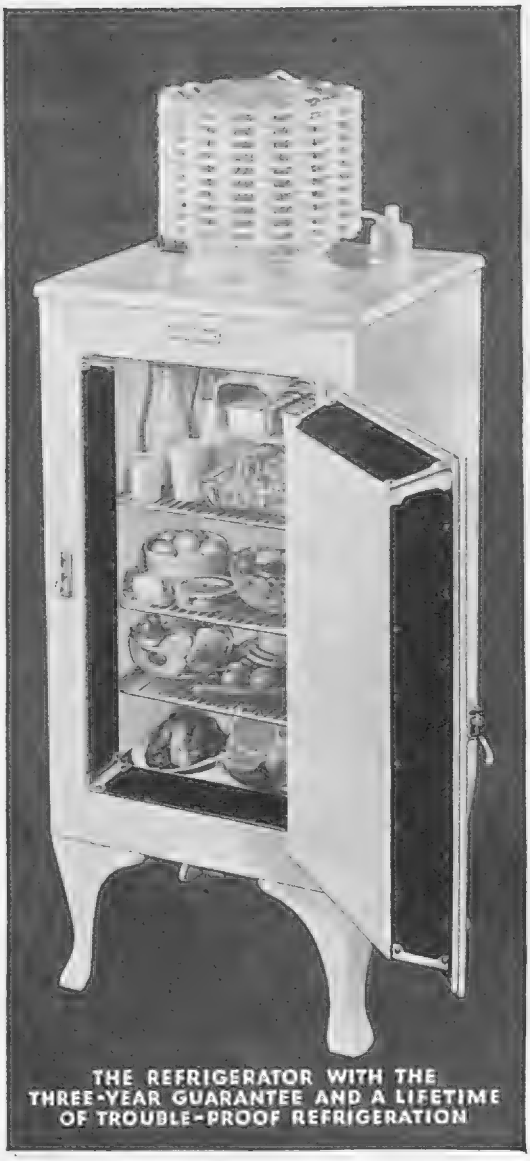

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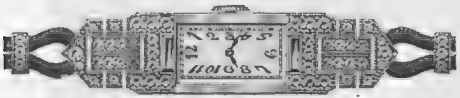

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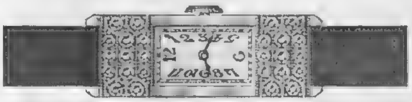

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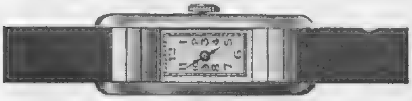

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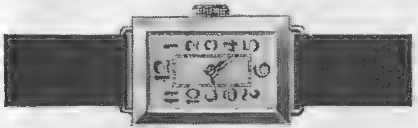

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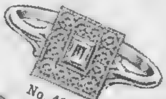

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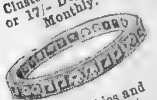

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Hollywood's Poverty

(Continued from page 21)

the people who are hit are not the big stars; their money and their work go on much as usual. It is, as is so generally the case, the half-and-half people—the white-collar brigade of film-land—who are suffering.

First, they are forced to take smaller salaries. Times are hard in the studios; the banking interests, through whom film production is made possible, are shouting "Tighten up! Tighten up!"

Well, no tightening can be done with the players who are lucky enough to have fairly long contracts. They stay as they were. It is the others—the people who represent three-quarters of the cast of every film made—who can be squeezed. Ask any agent out there; you will be told that they have to accept 75 per cent. of the weekly salaries paid to most of their players last year. And they add, with a grim smile, that those players are lucky to get any sort of work at all.

Certainly the star sells the picture. But the picture could not be made without the fine team work forthcoming from men and women who earn (and deserve) one hundred pounds a week against the four or five or six hundred paid to the star. Well, the star goes on, at the same salary; and if each film takes only four weeks instead of six, that means just so much more leisure between pictures. More time to go to Agua Caliente, or on a visit to Arrowhead Springs, where the hot steam baths are so beneficial, or on a yachting cruise.

But the men and women who receive one day's pay, where last year they would have had a full week's salary, are those who are feeling the pinch. Why do they work under such conditions? Because if they did not work they could not pay their rent, or the instalments on their car, or their grocer's bill. Some of them don't pay, as it is.

Just before Christmas, two big banks, within a few yards of each other on Hollywood Boulevard, closed their doors. I arrived about ten days after the crash and little else was spoken about at that time. One heard everywhere of the stars who had lost thousands and thousands of dollars in the Federal-Backed-Bank—which is equivalent to a gilt-edged security in this country.

One did not hear so much of the smaller depositors, who had lost everything they possessed in the world. I listened to the long, woeful tales of hard luck that had come to Richard Dix, Ben Lyon, Wallace Beery, and many other leading favourites. But, listening, I knew that in losing several thousand dollars they had not lost their all.

One heard that cars were given up because instalments due could not be met. One heard of houses and gardens in Beverly Hills sacrificed for a mere song; but it was hard to track these down to film players. Here again, it was not the people at the top of the tree who were hardest hit.

But there were some real tragedies connected with the failure of those two banks. Take the case of an English actor and his wife, both well known on the stage over here and both living and saving money in Hollywood. Two years ago the actor, not then married, lost everything he had saved to date in the Stock Market crash; he had bought on margin and could not cover himself when the crisis came.

From that blow he recovered. Went on working, married, and set up a home in Hollywood with his wife. Just before Christmas they were leaving the house one morning on their way to play golf. Their car was standing at the door, brought round from the garage and left till they wanted it, in Hollywood's usual custom.

And another custom in Hollywood is to pay everything by cheque, even the smallest sum, because cheques do not cost a cent. Which accounts for the fact that this Englishman had expected to stop at a petrol station, on his way to golf, and fill up his car, paying by cheque. As they emerged from the house a strange man approached, white and shaking.

"You are Mr. So-and-So?" he enquired. "Well, I'm sorry to have to tell you, but the bank in which your money is invested has gone smash this morning; and everything you have in it has gone. I advise you to go down as fast as you can, and see for yourself."

The Englishman turned to get into his car, then swung round to his wife, asking—"Darling, how much money have you in your purse? I have none at all—only a cheque book." His wife investigated, and replied—"Exactly two cents." Which is one penny, in our money.

"Then we can't buy any petrol; we shall have to walk to the bank," said her husband.

They set off, side by side, strangers in a strange country, to find out if they had really lost everything they had saved. Five miles they walked; and found it was true. Friends lent them money, for immediate needs; they sold their furniture; and now they are back in England, working in their own country once more. That is a true story of the way poverty hit part of Hollywood.

The Italian barber who cuts my hair in Hollywood was one of the real losers, in the bank crashes. For five years he had been a voluntary exile, saving every cent he could ready for the day he could return to Italy and start in some small business of his own. It was all in the Federal Bank, at six per cent.; nearly two thousand five hundred dollars (close on £500 in our money). And all of it went in one swift swoop; nothing left, after five years of skimping and saving and long hours of hard work.

IT is customary in Hollywood to walk into a shop which has never seen you before, and pay for some quite insignificant article—or for a large purchase—by cheque. Cheques are currency over there; or rather, they WERE. This time, I noticed in most of the shops along Hollywood Boulevard a significant notice that said "No Cheques Cashed Here. Do Not Ask Us."

This is something quite new, and it appears that since the depression has started it is not considered safe for tradesmen to cash cheques. In the shops where a cheque is still accepted one is asked, first, on what bank it will be drawn. And if the answer is not satisfactory the reply is "Sorry, can't be done." From managers of markets, where film stars and ordinary individuals do all their household shopping, I heard of bills outstanding for three and four months.

Generally, monthly payments are made without hesitation; but to-day the manager will say—"Oh, I know So-and-So can't help owing; he hasn't worked for a month or more. I'll give him another month's credit; he'll pay as soon as he has got a job." In the Film Capital it is impossible to hide one's idleness.

Mary Carr, whose performance in "Over the Hill" and in many other films, remains one of the beautiful things in film acting, has gone bankrupt. She says she is starving—not perhaps for actual food, because her children and friends see to that—but for work, which is the breath of life to her.

When Lewis Milestone was filming "The Front Page" recently he needed a big crowd of men for three nights of late work. In that crowd he found no less than three ex-directors of films; all well-known, highly paid men, once. All of them glad to have a chance to earn 30s. for several hours of hard work under another director. Milestone hated it; he told me he would have handed over his megaphone gladly to anyone of the three "but what could I do? he said. "The Casting Bureau has sent them; I knew they needed the money; so there it was."

Against all this, I did not notice that Messrs. Richard Barthelmess, Conrad Nagel and John Barrymore have given up their yachts; or that Wallace Beery and Ben Lyon have pawned their aeroplanes; or that Harold Lloyd has sold his magnificent new estate in Beverly Hills. And John Gilbert, although he undoubtedly lost a lot of money in the Stock Market crash of several months ago, has still his expensive house on the top of a hill.

There is also the Embassy Club, on Hollywood Boulevard, and the very exclusive Mayfair Club in Los Angeles. Both clubs rely for their membership on film stars and directors, and pride themselves on the fact that outsiders are not admitted. One would imagine that if Hollywood had been as hard hit as is rumoured these de luxe establishments would be the first to suffer.

But both are flourishing, on the surface at least. The entrance fee at the Embassy Club is 300 dollars alone, with a heavy subscription tacked on. The weekly Saturday night dinner-dances cost 10 dollars (£2) per person, guest or otherwise, apart from tips and mineral waters, and any other sort of beverages that members like to take in with them.

At the Mayfair Club, on the last Saturday in every month, a crowd of anything from 300 to 500 screen celebrities may be seen dining, dancing, and listening to a cabaret show. If anything is said to them about hard times and the scarcity of money they are inclined to reply—"Oh, I'm as hard up as I can be. But I *daren't* stop this sort of thing! If I did I should lose caste at once. I've got to pretend things are all right, or my stock would drop like a stone."

Which may, or may not, be true. Certainly there is a lot of show and pretence; but if the stars are suffering as many of them like to say is the case, it seems only common sense that they should stop spending money in such an absurdly unnecessary manner.

At Agua Caliente, at Palm Springs, at Lake Arrowhead, and the other luxury holiday resorts much patronised by film people, there is no noticeable falling off in attendance. Indeed, these delightful places seem more crowded than ever. At all the big first nights of new films the same throngs sit or stand outside for hours, the same battalions of film celebrities pay their 10 or 15 dollars per seat, and keep smiling.

There may be a shortage of chinchilla coats, there may be some sort of organised opposition (as at Charlie Chaplin's first night) against the ostentatious display of jewels and fur coats, but the crowds are there, just the same.

Is Hollywood's poverty a myth? All things considered, I know it is not—in certain directions. But, like most events of a similar nature, it is hitting hardest those who can least afford to be hurt.

Remember the Sabbath Day...

(*Continued from page* 41)

plays, with Christ as one of the characters, although the Lord Chamberlain would not pass such a play for public performance in a theatre!

If Sunday opening of the theatres were allowed, the English theatre might start with a new lease of life. There are, up and down the country, thousands of amateur dramatic societies which are doing, however blunderingly, better work than is being done by the commercial theatre.

They produce serious plays week after week and are, indeed, the only link between the new generation and what we used to regard as the serious drama. Workmen act in them, and people of the artist and professional classes. Now, if these shows were permitted on Sunday night—and there is not the slightest reason why they should be barred—they would be of great cultural and educational use.

They are awakening artistic ambitions in the minds of hundreds of thousands of people who, otherwise, lead drab and dreary lives, and if they could perform on Sunday night for money, instead of having to form clubs to do it, they would keep alive a love of the theatre which is now being killed by the craze for mechanical amusement.

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The Gentle Art *of* Social Climbing

(Continued from page 63)

lieu of Shaw and Einstein—all these laugh at the stick-in-the-mud tribals; and all are the object of the social climber's attacks.

But it takes a thick skin, adroitness, taste, peculiar talents, and a minimum income of £10,000 a year to make any impression even on these undermined fortresses. A charming and worldly wise woman, who has done some climbing in her time, but retained her sense of humour, also told me once that it takes three seasons to achieve the inner circle of any worth-while set: one season to be inspected, a second to be tested for social graces, personal attractions and so on, and a third season for angling and wire-pulling for a place on important invitation lists.

EXTREMELY ill-advised was the American millionairess who thought she could crash Mayfair's gate as easily as some impudent young men and women of Upper Bohemia and the cosmopolitan smart set used to crash the gates of certain old-family hostesses to whom they had never been introduced (until one resolute hostess gave them a shock; since then they have been more wary). She did things well, one must say that for her. But she made grave mistakes. She leased a duchess's ancestral town mansion—the first time that mansion had been used by anyone outside the family, but the duke had died and the duchess was hard up—and that was a blatant gesture. She had not tried to pave the way for her advent with the influential Anglo-American clique here. Finally, outside of her treasure chest, there was simply nothing to her. She was neither distinguished, nor beautiful, nor talented, nor intellectual, nor gifted, in any way. She just had money and social aspirations.

There were times during her first season when the unsophisticated onlooker might have thought she was getting on in grand style.

But when you examined the superficially imposing lists of her dinner and ball guests you found that the barons were from the Baltic, that the counts were of Holy Roman Empire vintage and the marquises of that Neapolitan brand which even the Italians laugh at; the fashionable young men were of the type who haunt the bars of town, and, when they work at all, sell stocks and bonds or anything at all on a half-commission basis; the social paragraphists were there in force, so were the hungry stage element.

In all the crush in that quaint house not a single woman of any social consequence, no one who would respond by inviting the hostess to a house she wanted to enter. The lady eventually retired from the English social scene and has not been heard of or from since.

Several other citizenesses of the great and opulent United States have been more successful. The secret? Infinitely superior technique. They have played a long suit. They have, as it were, glided imperceptibly into the social picture.

CABARET and stage stars—of the right sort—are accepted more easily now than their prototypes of the musical comedy stage were in Edwardian times. But there are exceptions. One chorus girl married an impecunious marquis. Her father, a prosperous business man, looked after the marquis. Then there was a divorce, and the marchioness married a financier with a baronet's title and the marquis married a very charming and socially adequate girl. The latter couple got all the pleasant publicity and were to be seen about everywhere. The ex-marchioness found that her business-man husband had no high life contacts and did not know how to make any. She grew so jealous that she sought a press agent to keep her publicity end up. But it was no good. Invitations were not forthcoming, and in a London season she was right out of it. Now you find that couple missing from town during a London season. They find that the nicest time to go out to a dude ranch in Canada or a motor tour in Europe. You may say they are foolish to allow themselves to feel uncomfortable; they should be more self-reliant. But there you are; we are not all philosophers.

SPORT plus wealth is the great main road into the social strongholds of England. Which explains why one finds the shrewd and determined climbers scattered about in big, comfortable houses in shires where the quarry is high-living and prepared to be nice to newcomers who, in their turn, are generous to the hunt, local charities, and in the matter of menus and champagne.

Aspirants who make a good impression on society in a well-selected shire where the hunt is fashionable, and where there are plenty of lords and ladies who matter socially (some don't) knocking about, have a much better chance in the main battle-ground of the London season than the non-sporting climber who cannot sit a horse and who lays subtle schemes for establishing contacts in the winter playgrounds of Europe frequented by the English high world.

Some of the latter go in for art and for music, and some for both. Others are glittering figures at first nights, at the opera and in the concert hall. There are climbers who capture the singer who is the operatic or cabaret star of the hour, or a dancer who has become the craze, or an intellectual lion whom everyone wants to meet. Then a party staged around the central attraction is assured of success.

But if the central attraction falls down—disaster! A woman who had achieved some success, but was still in the fighting stage, made this discovery when the dancer who was to appear at midnight at her party developed temperament and at the last moment refused to come. Many of the smart crowd who had accepted invitations to the party came on from the play and other dinner parties. They met an outgoing crowd and learnt the news; and some did not even bother to go inside and say how-do to the hostess. "Home, James," they called, and the cars swept past the portal without stopping, and round, and away. The ballroom attendance was thin, and the party which subsequently sat down to supper was not at all the brilliant gathering the hostess had anticipated.

A really first-class climber would not allow herself to be so snubbed. She would be, for a start, a woman of character—and liberties are not taken with such women. One may instance the lady—she is now something over fifty, but slim, fascinating, elegant—who, although not liked by the great old-family dames, has put herself in a position where she cannot be hurt by them. Her triumphs are legion. She has for years been able to gather round herself the more brilliant figures of the high world, Cabinet Ministers (not Labour), great financiers, even an occasional bishop, the élite of the diplomatic corps. All the smart and amusing people go to her parties in London and Paris.

The money is American. It used to be invested in old-fashioned things like banks and bonds, but she handed her affairs over to one of America's shrewdest captains of finance, who reinvested in electrical securities and similar solid and growing businesses; with the result that she has never since had to worry about how much she spends. Once the bank gently told her that she was spending too much, but only once.

But the real explanation of her success is that she understands the great game of social climbing, which is, largely, the game of life and people. She knows everything about everybody, and how to handle most people. She is prepared to be useful. She is a great hand at the business of bringing together important people who want to meet. In fact, the knowledge that one will meet a certain person under the most advantageous circumstances at her luncheon or dinner party has often been a bait for catching a very large fish indeed. One does not often meet her in other people's houses. There are some people like that, always host but seldom guest.

No one can deny that she has played her cards beautifully and got the maximum of amusement out of the game. A man is usually either clumsy or pathetic when he tries this sort of thing. There used to be quite a few of them in Edwardian times who achieved their triumphs by making useful friendships at Oxford and Cambridge. Once they had got a footing they kept themselves afloat in the fashionable sea by getting put up for the right club, making little loans, giving excellent little bachelor parties, making a cult of good talk so that they "paid for their dinner," and never, never marrying. One met these low-born, often not at all wealthy, but always fashionable and flattering and witty commoners in country houses and in town mansions. They were invited everywhere. A few remnants crept into the post-war era, poor devils! They were left stranded in their old clubs, and people used to refer to them as "professional diners-out," which really described them very well. All that was when social life was an elaborate business, extremely ceremonious, taking much time and thought, and before music and dancing and the movies and talkies and cabaret arrived to amuse people during and after dinner—in the days when a hostess had to rely upon conversation to amuse her guests, and your witty talker was asked along much as a cabaret entertainer is now hired to keep the devil of dullness away.

Those conditions have gone, and the path of the male climber is much more difficult. Some odd blunders are made in consequence. It must be five years ago now that I was told, by a brace of the exultant huntsmen, of the kill of what the young men of the sporting fraternity call "a fox," meaning a man who wants to burrow in where he isn't wanted. It was not a story that reflected credit on any of the persons concerned.

A YOUNG man had by the exercise of legitimate and brilliant talents achieved fame and fortune. Women were most intrigued by him. Everybody was talking about him. He was one of the celebrities one pointed out to country cousins at the Embassy Club. But although born in this island and speaking the language, he was not English, and he did not look English—too slick, too well dressed, and with dark curly hair and dark, brooding, rather Jewish eyes. For some obscure reason, which still mystifies me—for this is a brainy and sophisticated man (although at that time he was not perhaps so sophisticated as his pose led one to believe)—this too-successful young man aspired to membership of one of those old-fashioned social clubs which are the stamping ground of the landed gentry and their male offspring. A grave error. Mentally, he was an aristocrat among them. Racially and physically and in most other ways, he was as out of place there as a peke in a foxhound pack. He should have known this, for he had been so severely snubbed on one occasion that, if he had been made of the stuff of which the males of this club are made, he would either have challenged his insulter to a duel or have knocked him down. At a luncheon party he had said carelessly to the lady on his left that when he made his first five hundred pounds he went right out and bought a dozen suits; whereupon an adventurous, reckless, hard-bitten scion of old family across the table rudely interjected: "Each one fitting worse than the other." (Our friend's clothes fitted a trifle too well.)

Well, someone put him up not only at this club, but at another similar one. And he was drowned in a torrent of black balls. There was a regular campaign waged by a few young men who met him a good deal about town and did not like him. They wrote and wired and got their fellows to rush over from Le Touquet, Scotland, all over the place, cut engagements, even give up golf and leave shoots, to drop the black pill. The baffled young man retired from the scene of his discomfiture and made Paris his headquarters. He is more philosophical now.

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10 6	×	6 0	£4 12 9	12 0	×	10 6	£9 5 0
9 0	×	7 6	£4 19 6	15 0	×	9 0	£9 18 9
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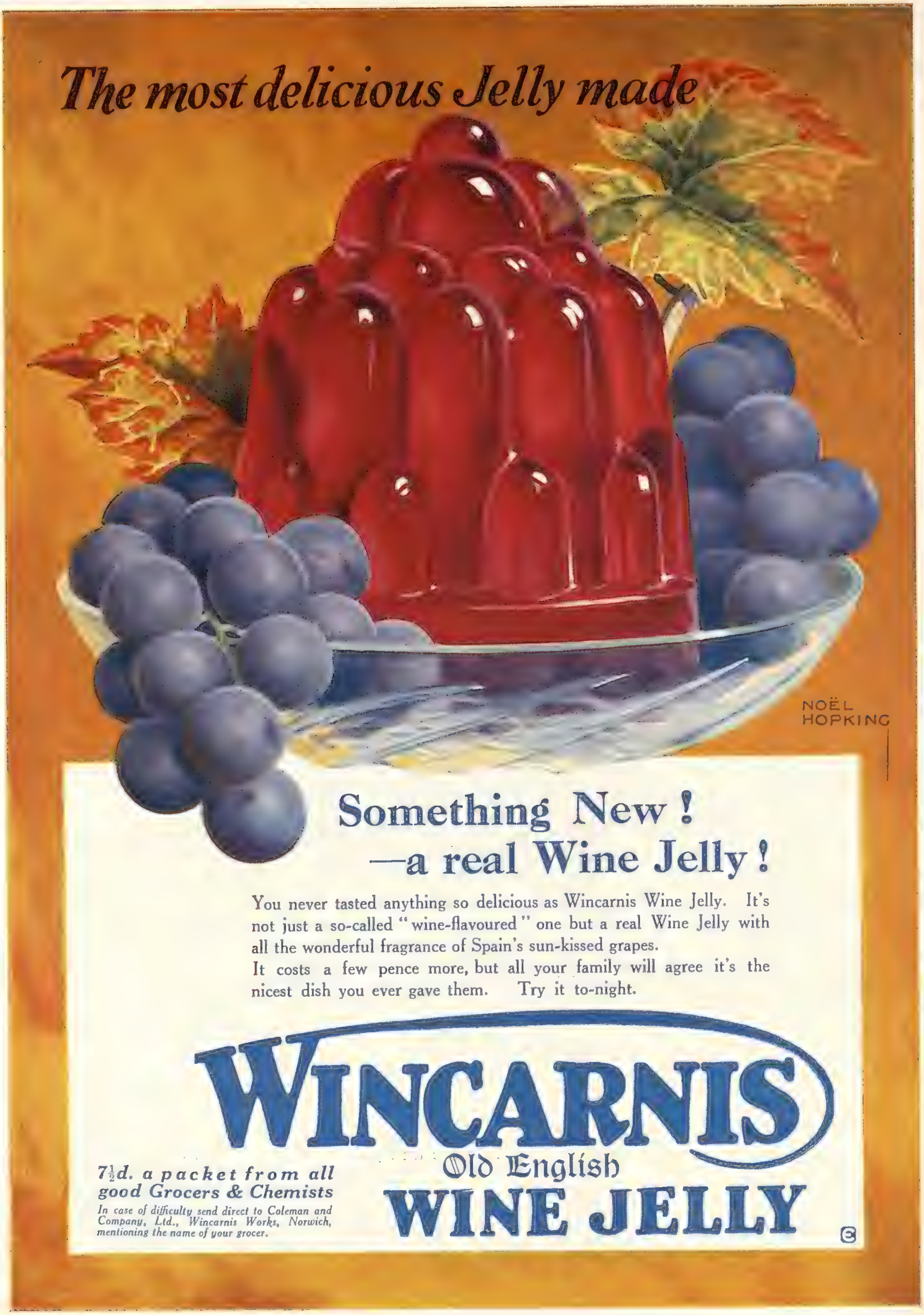
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Expiation

(Continued from page 25)

She stepped into the boat, he slipped the moorings and they went down stream; the moon was pallid gold above a lavender twilight and a low breeze sent all the willows and sedge sighing downwards to the dark water.

Trant fell into dreams of the promised lady; the sensuous ecstasy of his musings became unbearable; the magic of the hour touching the magic of his mood became unendurable.

"Mr. Trant, I do feel shivery. I wish I'd brought a shawl."

He was startled to remember that he had a companion.

"We'll get out and walk about a little——"

"Oh, sir, not here, that's the haunted house."

She pointed to a ruined cottage, doorless, with hollow windows that stood by the bank.

"Nonsense, Kezia!" He was restless, impatient with his thoughts of love. "Walk about a little till you are warm, then I'll take you back."

He was so absorbed with his inner poignant raptures that he did not notice the girl, but when he had to help her out of the swaying boat and felt her warm, light weight, he knew the devastating wish:

"If this had been Harriet, my Harriet!"

"Sir, the cottage is haunted, and I daren't go further."

"Don't be a silly girl, Kezia."

He drew her on, taking her arm; she was, as she had said, "shivery"; too lightly clad in a cheap book muslin that strained across her firm bosom; she seemed part of the sweetness of the evening, so young, so fragrant, so wistful.

"It is getting dark, Kezia, I must take you back."

"It doesn't matter for me, sir; if I'm in by ten it'll do. There's no one to care——"

She pressed closer to him as they passed the ruined cottage.

"Oh, but I'm frightened—there's something lurking inside——"

"You silly, come in and see——"

He drew her across the broken threshold; half the roof was gone, so that the moon still looked on them from the pale, pale sky.

"Where's the ghost here, you foolish girl?"

They stood silent, side by side, in the shadow of the four broken walls, and he, thinking of Harriet, felt his senses begin to swim; Kezia was holding close to him, and the darkness which was not only physical, but of the soul, the luscious, exquisite darkness descended on them.

An owl hooted; she turned with panic into his embrace; her hat was off and her loose fine hair all over his arm; she was soft and warm and delicious in his grasp; he might think this was Harriet, his Harriet."

"Oh, Mr. Trant, sir, if you'd kiss me, it'd be something to remember for always."

He kissed her.

For half an hour the boat rocked lonely by the willows, then two figures crept down, got in and rowed away up stream.

HE saw no more of her for a year; he had sent her a letter with a hundred pounds in notes and she hadn't answered; he went from honour to honour, from success to success, and it was just when he was about to leave college for his brilliant career that this happened.

A little girl stopped him in the street; if he was Mr. Trant, Mr. James Trant, someone wanted to see him. Would he come?

He followed the child to an alley in the outskirts of the town; she took him to a clean, decent, but very poor house.

Kezia was in the parlour, plump, coarsened, neat, an obvious servant girl.

She clutched a baby in a white shawl pulled up to a point over its head.

"Yours, sir. I thought you'd like to see him before you went away," she gulped. "I heard you weren't coming back no more after this summer."

The tall, handsome young man stared at her; he could hardly believe that this was the girl of that moonlit night.

"I spent the money on him—and keeping respectable," said Kezia.

She looked at him patiently.

"Why didn't you tell me?" he murmured desperately. "I never thought——"

"I didn't think you would," she said simply, "you being a gentleman."

He felt horribly stung, bewildered and guilty—mean for the first time in his life.

"What are you going to do, Kezia?"

"I don't know, sir; as long as the money lasts I shall look after him—then I can get work somewhere."

She was meek, matter of fact; he questioned her.

Oh, yes, there had been something to go through at the inn, they'd given her bad names, but his money had made it easy.

"Kezia, I've been a ruffian." His distress was terrible.

"Oh, no, sir. Won't you look at the baby?"

He looked at the baby in her arms, a bold, beautiful baby—his son.

He was most profoundly moved; she was so patient, she asked nothing at all; yet who else was there in the world with any claim on him compared to her claim?

"I'll always look after you, Kezia."

"If you'll do what you can for him, sir; I'd like him to be brought up a gentleman."

She paused and a lively colour spread over her face which seemed so homely now.

"I wouldn't care for him to know me for what I am, sir—not ever that, sir."

"Don't, Kezia."

But she pressed her point brutally.

"I don't want him to know, not ever, that I wasn't an honest woman, sir;" he saw her timid glance flutter to her bare left hand; "not ever that I wasn't married, sir."

"But you'll get married, Kezia."

She shook her head.

"Not likely to have a chance. And then I couldn't. Begging your pardon, sir, I've always loved you and always shall."

"But of course," he said hoarsely, "I meant that you'd marry me."

AT this point in the story we were under the doctor's beeches drinking coffee.

Sixty years ago and more, all this.

"He married her," said Dr. Conyers, "and the family just made hell for him. Cut him off, with curses, from *everything*——"

"Impossible," I interrupted. "Oh, surely impossible."

"Well, in the case of Trant, he'd bitterly disappointed them, remember, and the breaking off of his marriage made a frightful scandal—of course, everything was so defined—you were born a gentleman or a lady just as you were born a crab or a duck—something immutable, obvious, definite—and Kezia was hopeless from their point of view. Well, he had one cousin who stood by him a little and advised him to enter the Church and get a quiet living somewhere——"

"How strange——"

"His own world was utterly closed to him and he had no means of earning a living; he entered the Church. The same cousin, helped by the family, procured him the living of Dryning. They came here in 'sixty-five, the Reverend James Trant, Kezia his wife, and a little boy who, she said, was her orphan nephew, Edward Ferrers."

"No one relented?"

"No one. The old Earl, his uncle, married again out of spite and begot himself an heir. They all regarded him as dead."

"And he?"

"Stayed here fifty years, that's all. Even here he was snubbed, the story had leaked out, and Mrs. Trant was obviously 'common'; they were just tolerated because of his birth and magnificence."

"He never went away?"

"Never. The living is only ninety pounds a year and the house; they had no other means, and the boy to bring up."

I was silent.

"There were no other children," added the doctor.

I felt myself revolt against the horror of the dreadful tale I had discovered.

"But I can't believe it—a man like that—fifty years of Dryning. . . . What did he *do*?"

"His duty, for one thing, very thoroughly; there was from the first no hope of preferment or change, his influential friends and his influential family had agreed on that, he was tacitly buried in Dryning—fifty years before he went under the ground."

"What did he *do*?"

"Pottered in the bit of garden—learnt the few languages he didn't know."

"And she?"

"A very ordinary little woman, plump, common, tawdry, in her dress—she couldn't resist bits of finery from Chelmsford."

"Surely *she* was happy?"

"I don't know. She felt the grandeur of her position, but the bitterness, too, I think. The boy, a handsome child, grew so like her, too, common, dull; when he called her 'aunt' you could see the laugh in people's eyes."

"And the other woman—Harriet?"

"Oh, she married someone else," smiled the doctor. "What else could she do?"

"I know. But she might have written and told him that she understood."

"Perhaps she did. Trant wouldn't tell that. He'd been here twenty years when I came—a man of forty-five, really a splendid fellow, so amiable, so courteous."

"A saint," I murmured.

"I don't know. What is a saint?" mused the doctor. "I only know that man was in the pillory all the time, smiling in the pillory. You never caught him without his mask—at least, I did, just once.

"The boy was no good, they couldn't afford a decent education, and he grew up to hang about the house, to whine round his mother, to idle in the village.

"Then she died of influenza, that bad year—let me see, why, '95, thirty years ago—I came here in '85, I'd known them for ten years then."

I shivered in the sunshine, there was something dreadful in these old dates.

"Those last days," continued the doctor, "she told me a lot of what I've told you—the Oxford business—they'd been married thirty years then."

"He loved her by then," I hoped.

The doctor continued:

"He had gone into the garden for air when I had to tell him she was dying. He smiled:

"'Oh, Kezia, this was the only thing you could do for me—and you've done it too late. I'm an old man now.'

"He went up and took farewell of her with infinite tenderness. I heard her say: 'James, I've noticed you use a word, sometimes in your sleep, sometimes muttering in the daytime, and I've often wanted to know what it meant, but never liked to ask; perhaps you'll tell me now?'

"'Of course, my darling.'

"'Expiation,' she whispered. 'A queer, foreign word, I think.'

"He looked stricken.

"'Did I say that? Did I ever say that?'

"'Often, my dear.'

"'It's a foreign word,' he said softly. 'It means—thankfulness—for a happy, quiet life, Kezia.'

"She died soon after that, and he had her buried where you saw."

"He didn't break down?"

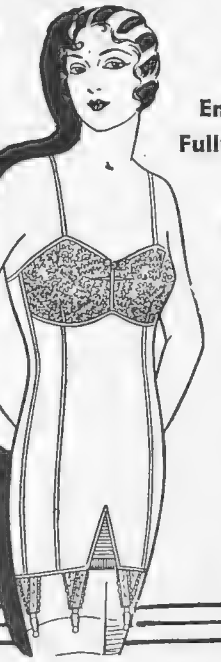
"No—exactly the same. He asked me to help him to tidy away her poor things; there was no one else—all the women had their hand against her."

"There must," I insisted, "be something out of that self-sacrifice——".

The doctor shook his head.

"I told you there wasn't a story. The two men lived alone in the vicarage for another five years, then Edward Ferrers died, thirty-five years old,

(Continued on page 102)



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bronchitis. He, too, was put near the wall."

"He was free at last," I said with a sigh.

"And sixty years old. Soon after he came to me with the signs on him of the malady that I knew would kill him—creeping palsy.

"He was very serene—people were kinder now the wife and son were gone—and the temper of the times was more generous."

The doctor paused.

"And that was the end," I sighed.

"Not quite. A few years after the son died a blousy woman from London came to see him. She spoke to him as I suppose he had never been spoken to before; I was there, and she didn't stop for that. Never mind what she said. There was a little girl in the garden, his grandchild. 'Ned often told me of the fine thing you'd done by his mother; perhaps you'll look after his belongings—I've done enough,' she sneered."

"Ned's child in the garden—the whole story over again—without the romance."

"'You're responsible,' nagged the woman. 'Ned often said he'd never had a chance, being what he was——'

"Think what must have been in his mind—how he must have gone back to that moonlit hour—over forty years ago—then these years of expiation, and now this as the end of it!

"The woman railed on; she mocked at his habit, his age, his 'hypocrisy'; she asked for money.

"'Madam,' he said, 'I am indeed responsible. Leave your child here and I will bring her up as my grandchild. And I will gladly give you all the money I have in the world at the present moment.'

"He went to his shabby desk and took out his poor purse and gave her the solitary five-pound note hoarded there."

"I hope the wretch was abashed," I whispered.

"Yes, I think so; she took the money and went away, leaving the child in the hall—a leggy, half-starved, frightened thing. Trant went out to her, he spoke as he must have spoken to Kezia when he found her with the baby all those years ago—grand and tender—'Come in, my dear child. I am your grandfather, and I hope we'll be happy together.'"

That was all the doctor had to say; the tale enraged me; I wanted to have known James Trant, I wanted to have been the woman he loved.

"The child stayed?" I murmured.

"And looked after him—they were much attached."

"Who put up the gravestones?"

"I, that was my privilege."

"And the girl?"

"A woman now. She's the wife of a young farmer near here, quite content."

"I'm glad of that, at least."

We sat silent in the cool shade; I was much oppressed. Anything as magnificent as James Trant to be so wasted! Do we always stone our Galahads, our Bayards?

I tried to turn my thoughts.

"What about yourself, Dr. Conyers?"

His kind eyes twinkled.

"No story there, either—I suppose Merriless hinted there was?"

"Yes——"

He laughed.

"Why, forty years ago when I took my final honours, I looked round for a practice, saw this advertised, came down, looked at it, took it—and been here ever since."

"Forty years of Dryning?"

"Yes—never been away a night," he said triumphantly. "Nothing in that, eh?"

Nothing in the story behind those three graves? I suppose from the point of view of the passer-by—nothing.

But I wish I hadn't seen the little house behind the chestnut trees. I wish I couldn't picture so vividly the superb man in the threadbare clothes passing from house to church, from church to village, glancing daily at his own grave space, undergoing isolation, poverty, contempt, complete frustration as an expiation for—what?

Can you give it a name? I can't.

Fifty years of Dryning for one meant to overtop the world.

I hate the place, it's like a trap, I shan't go there again.

I wish I had had the honour to be the woman James Trant loved.

Mr. Birnbaum finds an Artist

(*Continued from page* 51)

been even more successful than usual. He spoke soothingly and scribbled on the pad that Nurdo should go to sleep. The knives and the balls were lying on the table—Nurdo insisted on always bringing them home with him—and suddenly he picked up a knife and threw it at Mr. Birnbaum. Luckily it missed him and lodged in the woodwork of the door. Mr. Birnbaum was badly frightened. It was evident that Nurdo must be crazy. He was at the point of calling for help. But it wasn't necessary. As though realising all at once what he had done, Nurdo burst into tears. He trembled like a leaf. Sinking to the floor at Mr. Birnbaum's feet, he embraced his knees. Dumbly he begged to be forgiven. And for days afterwards Mr. Birnbaum could do whatever he wanted with him.

In point of fact, there were not very many days more. It was the great opportunity of Mr. Birnbaum's life that brought matters to a head, or rather—to an end.

This great opportunity came in the form of a cable offering a fabulous contract if Nurdo would come to Hollywood and make a film. The cable arrived late and was delivered to Mr. Birnbaum in the dressing-room. He showed it to Nurdo and scribbled an excited explanation. It was some time before he could make him understand what it meant. Fame and fortune, in truth! He was too excited to notice that Nurdo's manner was rather strange. He remembered that afterwards, when it was too late. Nurdo's turn came, and while he was on the stage Mr. Birnbaum, unable to contain himself, showed the cable to everybody around him, even to the stage hands.

At the end of the act the audience applauded for full five minutes. It was a lovely evening.

Nurdo's mood continued unchanged all the way back to the hotel, and Mr. Birnbaum heaved a sigh of relief when at last he was alone in his room. He undressed and had a bath.

He had been in the bath some fifteen minutes, when he heard a knock at the door.

"Who is it?" he cried.

There was no answer, but the knocking was repeated.

"All right. I'm coming."

Rather annoyed, and realising now that it must be Nurdo, Mr. Birnbaum got out of the bathtub and opened the door a few inches.

It was Nurdo. He had opened the door that connected his room with Mr. Birnbaum's, and was standing on the threshold. He was terribly excited, as Mr. Birnbaum could see at once.

"What's the matter?" demanded Mr. Birnbaum.

He motioned to Nurdo that he would be with him in a minute and returned to the bathroom to dry himself and put on his dressing-gown. What on earth could it be?

But when Mr. Birnbaum came into the bedroom Nurdo was gone. Mr. Birnbaum shrugged his shoulders. Nothing Nurdo did surprised him any more. However, he thought he might as well have a look to see that he was all right.

He found Nurdo's room empty. He couldn't understand it. And then he noticed that the old, battered suit-case wasn't in its usual place. Nurdo's juggling things were gone too.

For some minutes Mr. Birnbaum stood, stunned. He could not, he would not, believe the evidence of his eyes.

Mr. Birnbaum looked under the bed and called to him. Then he returned to his own room. No, he wasn't hiding anywhere. And, all at once, Mr. Birnbaum glanced at the table where, when he went to have his bath, he had left his wallet and his watch. They were gone! He was quite certain that he had put them down there. Besides, he couldn't find them anywhere else.

It was then that he understood. Nurdo had stolen the things—the wallet contained a considerable sum—and had run away.

BUT Mr. Birnbaum saw him once again, years later, in a village in the south of Hungary.

There was a fair, and the *korcsma*, the little inn, was crowded with peasants and travelling salesmen and gypsy horse dealers. Mr. Birnbaum was there on a matter of business. He was travelling now for an Austrian firm. A manager, as he was in the habit of saying, rather sadly, couldn't make a living these days.

He was sitting over a glass of wine listening indifferently to a gypsy fiddler, when Nurdo came in through the door.

Mr. Birnbaum recognised him at once. The same black hair, the rings in his ears, the dirty blue corduroy costume—just as he had looked that afternoon when Mr. Birnbaum first met him.

Nurdo seemed pleased to see him. He sat down at the table, and the waiter brought more wine. Mr. Birnbaum produced paper and pencil and began to scribble excitedly. He asked Nurdo why he had run away, and Nurdo smiled and shrugged his shoulders, and made a vague gesture that seemed to take in the inn and the village, and the fields beyond. He made the same gesture when Mr. Birnbaum mentioned the wallet and the watch he had stolen. Mr. Birnbaum left it at that.

"And you won't come back?"

Nurdo shook his head.

When they had finished the wine Nurdo got up and motioned to Mr. Birnbaum to follow him. He led him to the outskirts of the village, where a number of gypsy wagons were standing. He pointed to these, and Mr. Birnbaum could see a great pride in his swarthy face.

Suddenly Mr. Birnbaum noticed that one of the wagons, the finest and largest one, was most strangely decorated. Sticking to its sides were posters and newspaper clippings and photographs of Nurdo, the king of jugglers.

Then Nurdo left him for a moment, and presently appeared carrying the battered old suit-case. He pointed to this, and then to the advertisements of himself, and he chuckled with satisfaction.

Dimly, Mr. Birnbaum began to understand everything. *Gott über die Welt!* But there was something magnificent about it. Nurdo secretly and carefully collecting those advertisements and locking them up in that ancient suit-case. Nurdo running away and returning to his own people, showing them the great things he had done, impressing them, bluffing them, becoming their leader. A gypsy king, in truth. . . .

When Mr. Birnbaum asked Nurdo whether he still did his juggling, he smiled and shook his head. Just then a little barefoot boy came running up, and at a sign from Nurdo he fetched from the wagon the knives and the balls that Mr. Birnbaum knew so well.

Nurdo's son, the picture of him. Mr. Birnbaum's eyes shone as he watched him performing the old act. First the knives, then the balls, then the grotesque dance. Yes, he was even learning to do that. One of these days he would be a wonder, as his father had been. Mr. Birnbaum tried to make Nurdo see that. But once more he smiled and shook his head. It was evident that he had other plans for his son and heir.

The following morning Mr. Birnbaum watched him riding away at the head of his wagons. His long black hair was blowing in the wind, and he sat his horse proudly.

"There was something about him," Mr. Birnbaum afterwards told his wife. "I don't know what it was. But he really did look like a king. I'll never forget him, Nina."

END

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The Shadow *of* Mike Emerald

(*Continued from page* 33)

pleasure from a sense of revenge in the sound. It surprised him that he couldn't. Her sudden collapse, indeed, had astonished him far more than any other event of this remarkable evening. Somehow it now seemed to him that she shared his danger.

HE went downstairs, slowly, cautiously. The creak of every step, the shape of every shadow, increased the tension. At the lower landing he paused. Now the house was utterly still. The moonlight slanting through the window on his right made the darkness beyond a thick blanket. He held his breath and listened. Then at his side came once more the sharp tapping. He started violently. He inclined towards the sound. It came from the window. With an instinct born of war, he watched the rectangle of moonlight spread across the landing. Any movement at the window must cast its betraying shadow on the floor. There came no shadow. He stared through the blaze of moonlight, but the glare blinded him.

He must think. Thought was his only weapon. He was caught in a house of which every exit was under fire.

It was quite useless to argue that this was London, and London spelt security. Even if he could reach the police, the girl would suffer. The whole affair was obviously deliberately and carefully planned. Time alone could bring release. The obvious release was death. In the kingdom of the underworld the life of Mike Emerald was invaluable. The life of James Colleroy to no one was valuable.

The tapping began again.

It continued intermittently, monotonously, for two hours. For two hours he waited. Then by good fortune he discovered its origin. He knelt below the window sill and looked up. From this new angle he saw high on the right-hand corner pane and on the outside of the glass a small white object. A trick of his boyhood flashed back to him. Someone was above, probably on the roof, tapping at the window with a button on a string.

He wanted to laugh, from sheer relief. Then it occurred to him that nothing in this grim episode had so far been left to chance. He wanted to laugh no longer. If it had been necessary to distract his attention, then the scheme had succeeded admirably. He went upstairs.

The lamp was still lit in the sitting-room. But there was no sign of Miss Dean.

He stood on the threshold of the room, blinking, gaping.

"I say," said Colleroy.

There was no answer. The chinchillas still hung across the arm of the chair and the plates and dishes of that excellent supper still littered the table. He advanced into the room, ran across to the curtains and flung them apart. They revealed nothing but the boarded window.

"Miss Dean! Miss Dean!"

The only answer was a faint tapping below. The perspiration broke out on his forehead. He swung across to a door on his right. His hand shook as it gripped the knob. He flung open the door and fumbled for the switch; the next moment the room was in illumination. There was no doubt it was her room, from the bed with its satin coverlet to the silver brushes and trinket boxes on the dressing-table. But these were all that appertained to Miss Dean.

He left the light on while he made for the adjoining room. Somehow he felt the need of light. As clearly as the former had been her room, so this other had been Emerald's. There was even a photograph of the gangster, in tuxedo and straw hat, on the mantelpiece. He recognised the man at once from press illustrations. But Miss Dean wasn't there.

He returned to the sitting-room. The room was warm, but Colleroy was icy cold. The sensation of evil forces congregating nearby, enveloping, closing in, was well-nigh overwhelming. He leant against the table, breathing hard, his eyes on the open door.

He heard on a sudden a sound that set him upright and quivering. It came from his left. A horrid and terrifying sound as of someone gasping for breath, an animal kind of choking sound. At the same time he noticed beside his feet, across the floor, a white mistiness. There was a burning pain in his chest.

He stumbled across the room and threw open the bathroom door.

She was half kneeling, half sprawling before the fine white porcelain basin. One hand clutched at the edge of the basin and the other beat feebly, futilely before her face.

He lifted her to her feet. She lay limp and gasping in his arms. Her lips were white and her face drawn in pain. She coughed and all her body shook. He carried her out to the sofa. There was now a haze above his ankles. When he laid her down, she clutched at her throat, and then he got a whiff of the stuff himself and knew what it was.

"Out of this!" he said. "Out of this!"

He carried her to the cleaner air of the landing; then he returned. There was now a distant hissing by the mantelpiece, near the chair in which he had first left her. He could see the thin stream of the poison gas driving into the room, through a hole in the wainscotting. In another ten minutes the room would be untenable. He fled to the landing, seized her again, and went to the floor below. The tapping at the window, its purpose of distraction achieved, had ceased.

Her strength was returning. She could speak.

"When you left me . . . I said you shouldn't have left me . . they were working on the wall from next door all the time . . . I may have fallen asleep . . . water!"

"There isn't any water," he said. "We can't go upstairs."

Nor downstairs soon, he thought to himself. He knew the specific gravity of such gases. Soon from above that evil vapour would come floating down. It would drift towards them, sinking into the house, driving them before it. As they descended so it would follow. In the end, on the ground floor . . . The patch of moonlight on the next landing was fading. Grey was lightening the shadows. Outside dawn was coming up the sky. But it was ten o'clock in the morning, with the sun above the chimney-pots, before she had strength to walk of her own accord.

They had reached the second floor. It was impossible to open any of the windows and already the acid taint of poison had descended on them.

"They do things very efficiently," said Colleroy. "It seems anti-climax to prolong the agony."

She caught hold of Colleroy's hand.

"See. I'm sorry."

Colleroy smiled at her.

"Bit late in the day," he said.

"Yes," she said, "it always has been—for me. It's silly to say sorry, isn't it?"

"It's very nice of you," he said.

"If I'd been you," she said, "I'd have left me upstairs, see?"

"Would you?"

"Yes, I would. I wouldn't have troubled about someone who'd put it across me like I have you."

"Oh! you probably would," said Colleroy.

"No, I wouldn't. It would have only been what I deserved. Why did you do it?"

"Good Lord!" said Colleroy, "what else could I have done?"

"Funny," she said, "funny! I've never met a man like you before."

"Well, our acquaintanceship isn't going to be for very long, I'm thinking. Come, we'd better get below."

They descended to the next floor.

"Decent," she said. "Decent. That's what you are."

"Are there cellars to this place?" asked Colleroy.

(*Continued on page* 106)

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"Yes. But no basement openings."

"I see." He paused.

"Look here," she said, "I wish you'd hit me."

"What the devil next?" said Colleroy.

"I'd feel better then. I've been hit before."

"My God!" said Colleroy.

"Listen," she said. "Listen. You're different. I'm rotten. Not all my fault. But if you get out of this, I'll put you right. I've got a place Manotini once gave me, California way. I'll see to it. Fruit farming."

"Thank you," said Colleroy. "But——"

"Yes, I know. You won't get out. You can't. But I mean what I say."

"I'm sure you do."

"I wish you'd curse me. I'd understand that. You don't believe what I say."

"I do," said Colleroy wearily. "But does it make much difference anyway?"

"It does to me," said Miss Dean.

"I'm sorry," said Colleroy.

"Oh, you!" she said, and stamped her foot. "I'll show you. I'll show you."

And she flung her arms round Colleroy's neck and she kissed Colleroy full on the mouth. He jerked his head away.

"None of that!" he said, and he was angry.

"What do you mean?" she said.

"Only," said Colleroy coldly, "I'm a bit particular," and thus took his full revenge. She stared at him for a moment and then laughed. "Sorry," she said shortly.

"I'm getting down to those cellars," said Colleroy, "and see if there's a way out that way." And with that he left her.

He had little doubt but that the cellars would provide nothing, but his first wish was to get away from her, and he must find a suitable excuse. There was in point of fact only one small wine-cellar, dark and noisome. He swept aside the litter of old packing cases and straw that covered the floor, and by aid of a candle found in the kitchen began a thorough search of the place. There was, he felt, just the barest chance that an outlet might be forced, either to the right or left, but how to force it he had no idea. Chiefly he must occupy himself with this forlorn hope, if only to keep his reason.

A poker from the long unused kitchen range provided him with the means of working at the mortar between the bricks. He scraped away steadily. By six o'clock of that evening, grimy and weary, he had made in the right-hand wall a hole big enough for his shoulders to go through. He held the candle through the opening and saw before him a cupboard-like space of some ten square feet. He realised at once that he had wasted an entire day, since the place beyond was merely a wine-bin bricked up years before.

It was, he told himself, the last straw. He sat down on the pile of bricks with his head on his hands. He was exhausted and painfully hungry. He felt he had come to the end of his courage. "I'm done!" he said aloud. From the house next door he heard faintly the sound of footsteps. "Get on with it!" said Colleroy.

He sat on the pile of bricks, with the candle guttering down to a stub, and he thought what a wretched way this was to finish a life, already overwhelmed with ill-fortune. He thought of the splendid days of his lost prosperity and he thought of the girl upstairs. Instinctively he put the back of his hand across his lips.

The candle-flame fluttered in the draught and the shadows wheeled over the ceiling of the cellar. He glanced around him. In every corner the shadows lurked, and to his overstrained senses they took on grotesque forms. There was something curiously human about them. He told himself he must go upstairs and see what the hours had done to the girl.

"Poor kid!" said Colleroy, and every creeping shadow seemed to sway into the shape of a trailing dress and a wavering female form. "Poor kid!" said Colleroy again, and knew, despite his bitterness, that he must admire her. Courage. It was a rare virtue. Pluck. She had that in plenty. Whatever villainy she had performed against him, she had shown a rare courage. She had gone into the streets and chosen her man. She had dared to speak the truth. She had stood her chance of death as well. She was standing it now. And since the end must soon come, from starvation, or the descending fumes or the automatics of Manotini's gunmen, he would go and have a last and friendly word with her.

He went up the stone stairs leading to the hall. It was as he snuffed the candle out with his fingers that he saw facing him by the front door that dark and fatal figure.

He stood stock-still, frozen with fear and horror. There was light enough, though the sun was dropping low over Carey Street, to see the black broad-brimmed hat and the long dark coat, the collar high to the chin.

He could not speak and he could not move. The front door opened an inch and the late yellow sunlight made a fiery outline of those sloping and hunched shoulders. He wanted to shout. He wanted to cry out: "I'm James Colleroy—I'm not Mike Emerald." He wanted to tell the assassin before him that it was a mistake. It was necessary to speak quickly before the door opened further and others came in to make doubly sure of the job. Death was on him and his lips were made of wood.

Then he saw, where the coat had fallen apart, the gleam of a silvery dress, and he knew what had happened and what was going to happen. She had fought her way upstairs, through the deadly fumes. She had taken Emerald's hat and coat from Emerald's room. She was going out into Carey Street, and the killers in Carey Street would see on the steps of Emerald's house the apparent form of Emerald.

Then he heard her speak.

"I meant what I said," she said. "You've got to believe me now. Good luck! Goodbye."

"No," cried Colleroy, and sprang towards her. She was gone before he had covered a yard. He saw her go. She flung the door wide, and for one moment stood silhouetted against the late sunlight. Over her shoulder he saw the blind windows of the house opposite. Then the door slammed in his face.

He tugged at the handle. The door was fast. The chain and bolts rattled. He broke his nails against the lock. He must get out and haul her back. They were ready outside; they had been waiting too long to make any mistake now. A second more and Carey Street would echo to the hideous rattle of the volley.

"Come back! Come back!" Colleroy shouted, and then his frantic fingers found the catch of the Yale lock and the door swung wide.

She stood at the bottom of the steps. As he ran down to her she turned. She was trembling violently. He whipped the hat from her head.

"See!" he cried down the empty street. "It isn't. It isn't."

But in no house neighbour to or opposite to Number Five was there any movement. The sun gleamed on the empty windows and made them gold.

"Gone!" she said. "Gone!"

From the far end of Carey Street, down the main thoroughfare, he heard the newsboy calling. "Late extra. Late extra special."

"Gone!" she said again.

"Gangster killed at Southampton Docks. End of Mike Emerald."

"Listen," said Colleroy.

"Late special . . . Death of Mike Emerald . . ."

"My God!" said Colleroy. "So they got him—there . . ." And then because Miss Dean was sobbing, and despite the fact that the newsboy's callings were growing louder, he took Miss Dean in his arms. And Colleroy kissed Miss Dean very thoroughly, till the hat of the late Mike Emerald rolled across the pavement.

END

Delicious Fruit Pudding.

Sweet, tender, suet crust, steeped in the rich juice of fresh fruit — appetising, nourishing, satisfying! And the pudding is no trouble to make, thanks to "Atora," the good Beef Suet. Just pour from the packet into the flour, that's all.

SUET CRUST

for fresh Fruit Puddings.

8 ozs. Flour. 4 ozs. Shredded 'ATORA.'
1 teaspoonful Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.

Mix the flour, baking powder and salt well together, add the Shredded "Atora," and mix, do *not* rub in. Add water to mix to a firm paste (about a small teacupful) and roll out. Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons. Steam 1½ to 2 hours on slow fire or low gas jet.

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the "Atora" Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from HUGON & Co., Ltd., Openshaw, MANCHESTER.

431

Make it with —

Hugon's

'ATORA'

The Good **BEEF SUET**

The Ware that is Different!

GOOD HEALTH NEEDS
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YOU MUST THEREFORE INSIST ON:

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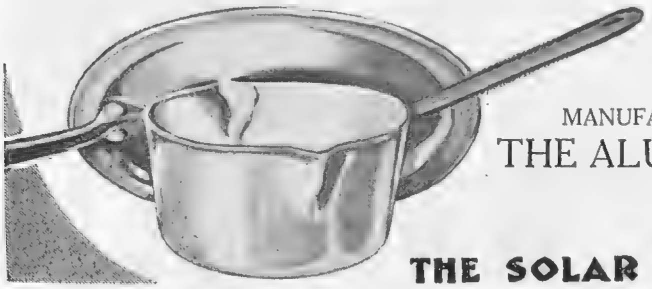


MANUFACTURERS:—
THE ALUMINIUM CASTINGS CO., LTD.
GREENOCK

THE SOLAR SYSTEM LASTS

The Toll of Speed

(Continued from page 27)

destruction and himself powerless to master it.

What he does eventually depends, of course, entirely upon circumstances, because no crash ever happens just as a man expects it.

Given the chance, a driver can either duck into the cockpit and trust to the body of the car to protect him, or jump for it—assuming that the build of the cockpit permits this. Because it is neither easy to get in nor easy to emerge from a modern racing car; any attempt at a hasty exit, whether voluntary or forced, usually results in something being left behind.

Jean Chassagne illustrated this when he was handling a Talbot-Darracq in a 200-miles race at Brooklands. A partly deflated tyre put him into a skid on the curve into the Byfleet Banking, always a difficult turn at high speed.

In straightening out, Chassagne got into a front-wheel slide and shot straight over the top of the banking. The car turned as it left the edge of the concrete and leaped in the air, Chassagne and his mechanic being thrown out, while the machine soared above them, to wreck itself amongst the trees and bushes outside the track.

The crowd, watching breathlessly from the distant enclosures, saw a column of smoke rise, and against this appeared the white-overalled forms of the driver and his companion.

They waved briefly from the banking, then started to descend. Half-way down, Chassagne began to peer amongst the debris. His shoes had been torn off as he was jerked from the car, and he wanted to find them before the ambulance arrived to take him away.

One of the odd things about fast work is that nearly all racing men say that it is safer to crash at 100 m.p.h. than at fifty. The theory underlying this idea is that at the greater speed—providing one doesn't hit anything full on—the car slides to a stop rather than slumps heavily down.

Whatever his speed, the last thing a driver wants is to have his machine turn turtle while he remains in the cockpit. No crash helmet can adequately guard his head against the dragging impact on the ground.

Rawponi, an Italian driver, found himself in that situation while practising for the Ulster T.T. race last year, and escaped through a million to one chance.

He skidded off the road at Bradshaw's Brae, charged across thirty yards of rough ground and ended with his machine leaping high, turning over as it smashed down.

Rawponi and his mechanic were wedged together in the narrow cockpit, but as the car dropped it straddled a ditch—making room for the heads and shoulders of the two. But for the ditch a very different story might have been told.

Rawponi was saved by a lucky circumstance, because he was completely helpless. But over in the States a driver named Dave Evans—who had once been a cowboy—dodged certain death by as quick a piece of thinking as any man has ever done, and in a situation which even the most experienced man could not have foreseen.

DAVE EVANS crashed in the culmination of an astonishing series of accidents which occurred on Rockingham Speedway, in New Hampshire, during a race scheduled for two hundred miles.

Rockingham Speedway is a board track, like all the more important American circuits, with the exception of Indianapolis, which is paved with bricks.

Only a few minutes after the start at Rockingham the leaders were lapping at 125 m.p.h. when Fred Comer, a board-track veteran, burst a tyre and died under his machine.

Almost immediately afterwards the car which held the lead skidded into the guard rail at the top of the banking, sliding down across the track. Close behind was Ray Keech, then holding the world's speed record with "Triplex."

Keech, in trying to miss the leading car, was hit by two following machines and wrecked himself on the inside of the wooden circuit. The cars which struck him also crashed, but the sum of the injuries was a broken ankle and a broken wrist, both sustained by the driver of the machine which had started the trouble.

Thus there had been five smashes and one fatality inside the first quarter of an hour. Fifteen minutes later Dave Evans crashed.

His Miller racer was caught by a gust of wind and flung into a skid. The car shot up the track, completely tearing away its front axle when it hit the retaining rail.

The Miller turned over. Evans was flung out and, as he fell, he glimpsed the machine poised to smash down on him. He rolled himself away from it, and went spinning down the slope at colossal speed, racing the machine as it tumbled after him.

He beat it to the 10-foot dirt margin on the inside of the speedway, and came to his feet as the Miller hurtled past, a mass of smoking wreckage.

Evans suffered almost innumerable cuts and scratches and bruises, but nothing more, and this accident persuaded the authorities to call the race off.

One year later, during the Indianapolis Five Hundred Miles race, in 1930, close upon 150,000 spectators saw yet another mix-up between five cars all moving at over 100 m.p.h.

THE Indianapolis race is the American classic. The brick-paved track is opened once every year and for this race only, which always takes place at the end of May.

The prizes are enormous. The winner receives £4,000. In addition, an award of one hundred dollars is given to the leading car on each lap of the race—and there are two hundred laps.

This means that every time a driver can snatch the lead he is winning money at the rate of £20 every ninety seconds—that being about the time they take to cover a lap at Indianapolis. The money ensures that every driver will keep his foot hard down.

Borzacchini, who had cheated death at Monza, had gone over with an Italian team, but he never got going in the race, and, in any case, Indianapolis is one of the most difficult tracks in the world.

The course is almost square, with rounded corners and the turns only slightly banked. Experienced American drivers hug the turns close in and skid their machines around them. It was on one of these turns that the big crash came.

Peter de Paolo's machine was being handled by his reserve driver, Roberts, who slid too wide, getting into a swerve as he tried to straighten. The uncontrolled skid slowed him, and his tail was hit by a Duesenberg with "Babe" Stapp at the wheel—for another car of the same make to hit Stapp as he skated outwards.

"Deacon" Litz was handling this second Duesenberg and riding close on his tail was Seymour, on a Gauss Special. He tried to miss Litz, but he hit Stapp, smashing a front wheel off his own car, then charging madly into the low wall at the banking's top.

Behind him came a fifth car, a Trexler Special. The driver stood on his brakes, got into an ugly front wheel skid and hit the de Paolo car while it still spun on the brick-surfaced track—meeting it head-on!

Whirling and sliding under the impetus of their initial speed, the five wrecked cars plunged on, finally scattering themselves halfway along the straight to the next turn.

When police and ambulance men reached the scene—accompanied by members of the thousand-strong band with which the race is always heralded—they found that one sprained wrist was the only hurt requiring attention.

That race was won eventually by Billy Arnold, a 26-year-old driver from Chicago, who had averaged just above 100 m.p.h. for the distance, thereby jumping straight into the ranks of the most famous American racing drivers.

Three years earlier an unknown college boy—George Souders—had won, and the year before that the event had been pulled off by Frank Lockhart, who was then barely twenty-two years of age.

That was in 1926, when he was known only on the dirt-tracks of the Pacific Coast. By 1928 he was appearing at Daytona Beach with his "Black Hawk" Stutz car, challenging both Sir Malcolm Campbell's "Blue Bird" and Ray Keech's "Triplex" for the world's land-speed record.

Campbell's car had an engine seven times larger than Lockhart's, and "Triplex" had three engines—each bigger than the single power-unit which Campbell was using!—and giving off a total of 1,500 h.p.

The three cars were out to beat Segrave's 203 m.p.h., set up twelve months earlier with the 1,000 h.p. Sunbeam, and Campbell lifted the figure to a shade under 207 m.p.h.

Three days after Campbell's successful run, Lockhart brought the "Black Hawk" on to the beach, impatient at the delays bad weather had imposed, defying the rain which had fallen and which threatened to return.

He was eager to smash Campbell's time, and he had his little car notching over 200 m.p.h. when a sudden squall drove a patch of mist across his track, blinding him. At the same moment, the wind flung a breaker full on the sand.

Lockhart tried to miss the water, the car swerved, and the fraction of a second later he was diving to the sea at over three miles a minute. The machine struck the water with a colossal splash, then skimmed the surface like a stone skating a pond.

It travelled in a great arc, swinging around and finally sinking twenty yards out from the shore. Helpers waded chin-deep and dragged the car back.

Lockhart's worst injury was a badly cut hand, and as soon as he had recovered from the shock of the crash he commenced repairs. He had almost finished them when Ray Keech took out the mighty "Triplex" and beat Campbell's speed by just three-fifths of a mile an hour.

Three days after that, Lockhart brought the "Black Hawk" on to the sand again. With his first run he touched 204 m.p.h. On his second run he lost the tread of a rear tyre, a burst followed and the car skidded for five hundred feet, travelling broadside for half the time and ending with the car straight but rearing on its tail.

The machine dropped its nose, then did two little jumps as though it was preparing for a greater effort, and at last it leaped through the air for a hundred and fifty feet.

The sight of that machine—at times somersaulting and at others hurtling broadside in skittering plunges—told the fate of the driver long before he was picked up, twenty yards beyond the point where the battered wreckage hammered itself into the sand with a last vicious impact.

The stresses set up at 200 m.p.h. were still something of a mystery at that time. Any man who tried to drive a car at such a pace was adventuring the fringe of the unknown, but this did not prevent Segrave lifting the record to 231 m.p.h. a year later, using the "Golden Arrow."

SINCE then Captain Sir Malcolm Campbell has pushed the record up to 245 m.p.h. Ten years ago, 200 m.p.h. looked more impossible than 300 m.p.h. does now. Someone, it may be soon, will build a car to touch the greater speed.

What is the use of it all? Five men have pushed specially built machines beyond the 200 m.p.h. mark during the past few years, and four of them have paid the toll of speed—where is the gain?

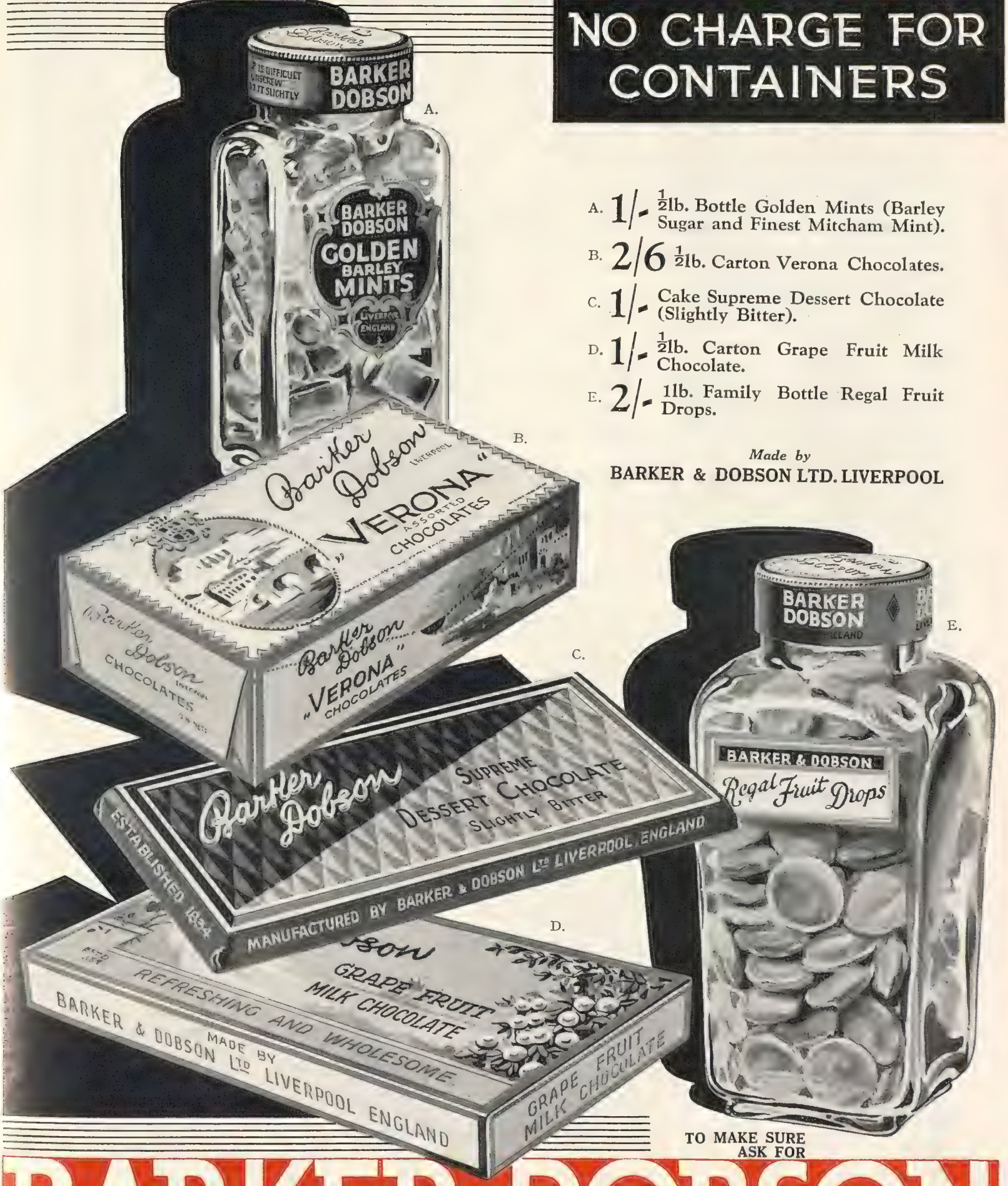
There is an answer to that.

Those drivers were very fine men. They were pioneers, making discoveries which could never otherwise have been attained.

END

FULL WEIGHT

NO CHARGE FOR CONTAINERS



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A. **1/-** ½lb. Bottle Golden Mints (Barley Sugar and Finest Mitcham Mint).

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C. **1/-** Cake Supreme Dessert Chocolate (Slightly Bitter).

D. **1/-** ½lb. Carton Grape Fruit Milk Chocolate.

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Watch your child's toothbrush

Gums that bleed easily warn of pyorrhœa's SLOW POISON!

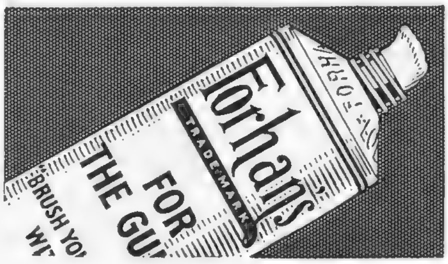
Many a child's mysterious ill-health, and irritability, are due to slow poisoning by Pyorrhœa. For Pyorrhœa *is* poison—a poison that accumulates beneath Pyorrhœa-infected teeth and gradually infects the whole system through the bloodstream.

Be on the safe side with your children. See that they brush their teeth only with Forhan's For the Gums. Children love its pleasant, refreshing taste, and it was made expressly—by a dentist—to prevent Pyorrhœa and check its progress. Use it yourself, too—both as a dentifrice and as massage for the gums, with a little on your finger-tip. Pyorrhœa is too serious to be neglected.

Forhan's

For the Gums

STATISTICS SHOW THAT AMONG PEOPLE OVER 40
4 OUT OF 5
SUFFER FROM PYORRHŒA



THOS. CHRISTY & CO., 4-12 OLD SWAN LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.

The Diamond Necklace

(*Continued from page* 37)

England, where the necklace was broken up and hawked round the diamond merchants of London. De Vilette, having seen the husband safely off the scene, was left free to entertain the very alluring and extremely willing descendant of the house of Valois.

The Cardinal returned to his palace full of deep thoughts of love. The Count de la Motte peddled stones in London jewel shops. Jeanne and de Vilette played high jinks all over Paris. Boehmer and Bassenge congratulated themselves on having disposed of the necklace and an escape from ruin.

De Rohan was to be found at Versailles almost every day. He watched for the Queen to wear the diamond necklace, and when she appeared in public day after day without the string of brilliants round her neck he consoled himself with the thought that she was probably wearing this token of true love in secret. It was too precious and intimate to be shown to the world.

Months passed, and the next instalment on the purchase became due. Boehmer and Bassenge pressed for payment, and de Rohan, who had entered into the adventure with such high hopes and at such great cost, found himself temporarily pressed for ready money. He could not immediately meet the bill, and a first suspicion quickly gave room to the wildest rumours. The jewellers themselves became alarmed and made inquiries from Madame Campan, the Queen's reader. They were informed that the Queen knew nothing of the affair, and that she had certainly never received the necklace. Even then it took several days for de Rohan to realise he had been the victim of a spectacular conspiracy. He hurried to Versailles to explain his position to the King. Louis XVI received him graciously, adding that if he had committed no wrong he had nothing to fear. The Cardinal produced some of the letters signed by Marie Antoinette in which the necklace was distinctly mentioned and in which he was half requested to arrange for the purchase. The King saw at once that the documents were forgeries and dismissed de Rohan from the presence with ignominy.

It had been better for the Bourbon dynasty if Louis XVI and his feather-brained Queen had permitted the affair to end there. But unfortunately they were irresolute, and by this time the whole of the capital was filled with rumours concerning the clandestine love affair between the Queen and de Rohan. The rumours were malicious and unkind, two qualities which are not unknown to the French nature. They gathered ground with each hour and the pamphleteers, who so largely contributed to the revolution, worked overtime.

It was quite obvious that an investigation must be made and de Rohan forced to describe the part he had played.

The Cardinal had the privilege of saying Mass in the royal palace of Versailles on the occasion of the Queen's birthday, and attended to perform his office. The whole court was gathered in the neighbourhood of the private chapel, and de Rohan appeared in full canonicals. This was the tactless occasion chosen for the arrest of the prince. He was apprehended in the presence of half the French nobility and hurried to theBastille, where most of the conspirators had preceded him. He was treated with the dignity becoming so high a personage and granted the use of his own chefs and wine cellar. The less well-born actors in the drama had no such advantages.

There was a spectacular trial which lasted many days and which was extensively reported all over France. The mob saw an occasion to express their anger against the hated Marie Antoinette, and from the first public opinion was on the side of the Cardinal. Everyone thought he had been the victim of the Queen. It was openly avowed that the interview in the garden of Versailles was a real interview, and that Marie Antoinette

(*Continued on page* 112)

MAKE A WOOL RUG

A beautiful rug for a beautiful room can be made at home from Turkey Rug Wool. You will never tire of its exclusive design, or of its harmonious combination of colour. Nor will you lose the feeling of pride that you made it yourself, and that no one can go and buy one just like it in a shop. Moreover, a rug made from Turkey Rug Wool will enhance the beauty of your room, with its luxury and comfort, for many a long year. Send for free samples of Turkey Rug Wool, obtainable in over 100 shades, and for the book "Rugcraft," illustrated in colour, price 6d. post free, which gives full and clear instructions for rugmaking, and contains six easy-to-follow coloured diagrams, including the one in the photograph. Write to Dept. 53, Patons & Baldwins, Ltd., Alloa, Scotland, or Halifax, England.

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Complexions that keep the first fair bloom of Youth —

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offers a simple, effective and complete Beauty treatment which will safeguard your complexion and bring new freshness to your skin.

The modern Woman whose day is filled with social engagements and daily duties has no time for elaborate beauty ritual. Nor any need. Simplicity should be the keynote of her cosmetic rites, and can be, now that the wonderful new **Yardley Complexion Cream** is available—a cleansing cream, a beauty cream and a powder foundation all in one.

One Soap — One Cream — One Powder each the best of its kind, hold the secret of the loveliness of a fair complexion.

This Sensible Daily Care of the complexion fully and completely suffices and will bring a new and lasting freshness to your skin, refine its tint and texture and preserve its fine quality against the unkind years.

Yardley Lavender Soap, known as the LUXURY SOAP OF THE WORLD, will remove the dust and grime from the surface of the skin. It is so gentle and soothing, so fragrant that it may be used as often during the day as you like. But more than surface washing is needed to penetrate the pores and free them from all disfiguring impurities.

Yardley English Complexion Cream completes the cleansing by sinking into the pores of the skin and clearing out the tiny specks of dirt embedded beneath its surface. But it will do more than this: it is a skin food and a powder foundation as well. Use it again at night and let it remain on. While you sleep it is rebuilding the relaxed tissues and refining and beautifying your skin. Use it again in the morning as a base for **Yardley Lavender Complexion Powder** . . . a filmy powder, light as chiffon.

ender Soap
33 Old Bond Street London
Established 1770

Here in these three Yardley preparations you have the entire secret of skin beauty. Lavender Complexion Powder (Seven tints 1/9). Compact 2/-. English Complexion Cream 3/-. Lavender Soap 2/6 box of three tablets. Of all Chemists, Coiffeurs and Stores.

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Either side of the Kotex pad may be worn with equal protection—it is adjustable to changing needs—it deodorizes. Most important, it is as easily disposable as tissue.

Be sure you get Kotex—no inferior pad, because it appears cheaper, can give you the same safe protection as Kotex. Insist on Kotex, do not accept imitations.

Write to the Kotex nurse at Room C., 317, High Holborn, London, W.C.1, for information, vital to you—and a copy of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

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Well tailored shirt in Ivory, Beige and Mushroom. Special value is offered in this model for it represents the fine workmanship obtained in our workrooms, yet is offered at the low price of **29/6.**

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A charming little blouse in Spot Crêpe de Chine. The collar and cuffs are finished with a picot edged frill. Another example of Walpoles real value at **39/6.**
In Ivory with Cherry Spot; Ivory with Black Spot; Beige with Brown Spot.

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had appeared in person. The most cruel insinuations were made against the royal family, and when de Rohan was eventually freed by the Parliament of Paris, the whole capital gave itself up to rejoicing.

But if de Rohan succeeded in proving his innocence, no such happy fate awaited Jeanne de la Motte. The judges condemned her to perpetual imprisonment and the humiliation of branding. She was stripped to the waist and prepared for torture. She was beaten, and gaolers who seemed to enjoy their task branded her shoulders with red-hot irons shaped in the letter "V." It was a grotesque punishment, and after it had been inflicted Jeanne was hauled screaming and cursing to the women's prison of the Salpêtrière. But she did not complete her sentence of perpetual imprisonment. She was most carelessly allowed to escape after the comparatively short interval of three years.

But the odd thing about the story of the diamond necklace, apart from its scandals and its indirect effect on the greatest political upheaval for the last five hundred years, is the fact that most of the stones have completely disappeared.

The history of most important diamonds is known almost as accurately as the history of great families. There were many such historic stones in the famous diamond necklace. Some were broken up and accounted for. Of others equally important there is no record either of their sale or dispersal. They just disappeared.

END

"Red Sunday"

(*Continued from page* 39)

Cossacks. The crowd has now broken and is flying down the broad Nevsky Prospect.

How many are dead this afternoon at the hands of the genial Grand Duke Vladimir? Only about two thousand . . . and only eight hundred are women and children.

3.30 *p.m.*

SOMEONE has scrawled on the walls of the palace of the Grand Duke Alexis two legends. One runs thus: "Our officers are braver against the defenceless public than against the Japanese." And the other: "Ammunition may be scarce in the Far East but plentiful here." No malice, no revolutionary spirit in these two scrawls: just the resigned philosophy of a bullied peasantry.

8 *o'clock*

ALL St. Petersburg is now in darkness. Both gas and electric light power have failed. In the Nevsky Prospect lines of cloaked figures—Cossacks and mounted police—stretch into the far distance. Barricades of telegraph poles and tables and looted goods are being erected in the poorer quarters of the city. But there is neither reason nor organisation behind the puny efforts of the St. Petersburg workers. They have been butchered; but they do not know why. There is no anger in their resentment.

They will sing again, some time, "God Bless Thy People," and ask the blessing of the Czar. But the echoes of those murderous volleys in the Winter Palace Square will girdle the world for years to come, until . . . .

11 *o'clock*

THE Little Father sleeps in his country palace, still ignorant of the massacre committed in his name. And bodies of his children still lie in the Square before his Palace.

* * *

Thus, on "Red Sunday"—26 years ago—did the seeds of revolution against the Romanoffs first burst into flower. In the succeeding days St. Petersburg was both rocked by internal discord, and shaken by the horror of the outside world. Not even the subsequent establishment of a half-hearted form of representative government could efface the memory of the massacres. From that day onwards the Imperial regime was doomed in the eyes of civilisation.

The Sphinx and the Chefren Pyramid, Near Cairo.

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A 27 DAYS' TOUR *(18 days in Egypt)*
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Cheaper Tickets for Second-Class accommodation are also available, and Nile Trips can be arranged in connection with the Combined Tickets.

Combined Tickets, Illustrated Brochure, and further information may be obtained from

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White still holds its own as an influence in decorative colour schemes. White can almost cleanse a room, so refreshing is its effect, while no other hue proves such an unselfish background for setting off bright contrasts.

White Velure Enamel is in constant use in thousands of modern homes, beautifying walls, doors, skirtings, mantlepieces and mouldings. It is made in both flat and glossy finishes and in Broken White, Ivory, Cream and a fine range of other colours. Ask your Decorator to use Velure on your next job.

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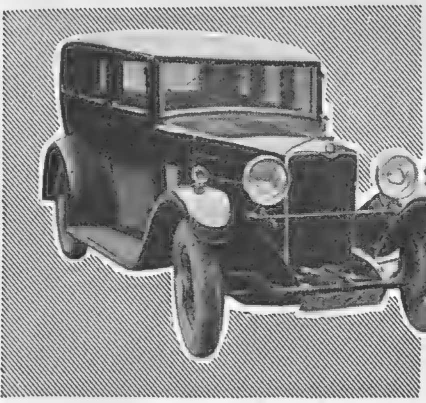

The Golden Crossley

A New Crossley:

The 21 h.p. "Golden" Model on test

By The Earl of Cardigan

IT has been interesting of late to observe how the public taste in motor cars has been veering gradually round towards more powerful engines, more compact chassis, and thus to livelier road performance. Further evidence of this is provided by the introduction of the Golden Crossley—a car of precisely the type to which I have alluded. While probably not the fastest, it is certainly the liveliest car which this famous firm has ever manufactured, having, I imagine, a considerably higher power-weight ratio than has been achieved in any previous model.

In appearance the new car is evidently more compact than the 20 h.p. Crossley of a few years ago. There is, however, no lack of body space, and the general "lines" are harmonious and distinctly pleasing. Moreover, while conforming closely to popular demand, it displays no lack of individual character.

The driver's first impression of this car on the road will be almost certainly a pleasant one. The controls inspire confidence by their light and definite responsiveness; the location of them is convenient, and the driving position comfortable. The front seats are easily adjustable for length, and most people will appreciate the fact that both front wings are clearly visible.

Traffic driving quickly brings to light a number of agreeable virtues. The steering, for instance, is quite exceptionally light, and has in addition a genuinely wide lock. The four-speed gearbox provides a third gear which is admirably silent, very simple to engage, and of the ideal ratio for overtaking trams and buses in a safe and expeditious manner. The engine is as flexible as any reasonable person could desire and, except at very low speeds, there is no trace of "snatch" or hesitation.

This Month's Motoring Hint

That "Third Hand"

"Oh, for a third hand!"—I suspect that there are few motorists who have not, on some occasion or other, made use of this expression. Simple as the controls of the modern car unquestionably are, emergencies will now and then arise when an extra hand or foot would be a valuable asset.

For instance, one sometimes desires simultaneously to steer, change gear, and sound the horn. How is this to be accomplished? My own method, assuming right-hand gear-change and horn button in the centre of the wheel, is to pass the left arm across the steering wheel, gripping and steering with the hand and pressing the horn button with the elbow.

A similar problem arises when it is desired to apply the brake and at the same time change down into a lower gear. It will then be found that there is an insufficiency of feet. The best solution is momentarily to notch the hand brake on, release the foot brake, and carry out a normal change. The hand brake should not normally be permitted to lock the rear wheels, as this will involve a "freak" gear-change. I have once made use of the latter expedient (which I described at the time in these columns), but that was in exceptional circumstances.

AS for the car's performance on the open road, I can speak of this with more than usual authority. The Crossley company was good enough to let me keep the "Golden" model over a long week-end, in the course of which I covered a considerable mileage. Rapid acceleration seemed to be its most outstanding characteristic, for I have seldom driven a car of the non-sporting type which was quicker in "getting off the mark." On hills, it likewise proved itself to be unusually fast. My favourite gradients around Henley were taken very comfortably in top gear, and Postern Hill at Marlborough, which is much steeper than it looks, was vigorously climbed in "third."

The effect of this was to enable me to maintain consistently high average speeds, although I seldom had the throttle more than three parts open. Maximum speed appeared to be between 65 and 70 m.p.h., and up to 60 m.p.h. there was no decline in the rate of acceleration. In third gear 40 m.p.h. was easily attained, with a probable 50 m.p.h. maximum. Between 40 and 50 m.p.h. in top gear was the most comfortable cruising speed, beyond which the engine would discreetly begin to make its presence known.

I was able to test the springing in several places where the Bath Road widening scheme is now in progress, and found it to be excellent, particularly at the higher speeds. The brakes also proved to be admirably efficient and of remarkable power, although, to my way of thinking, a trifle abrupt in their action. Owners, however, will soon learn the correct degree of pressure to apply.

WHEN the time came for me to return the car to London, I was impressed also by its remarkable economy. Petrol consumption under variable conditions was considerably less than I should have anticipated for a 21 h.p. engine, and oil consumption over 200 miles or so was imperceptible. I handed it over to the Crossley company with only one trivial complaint—namely, that the new type of bonnet fastening employed had proved to be somewhat inefficient.

THERE can be no question that, at £575 for the good-looking and comfortable saloon model, the Golden Crossley is, generally speaking, exactly what a great number of modern motorists are looking for. It is a car of individuality; powerful, simple to drive, and capable of really useful average speed. It will prove, I think, a welcome companion to the "Silver" 16 h.p. model which preceded it not many months ago.

The Old and the New. A Golden Crossley in the main street of the picturesque village of Little Milton, Oxfordshire

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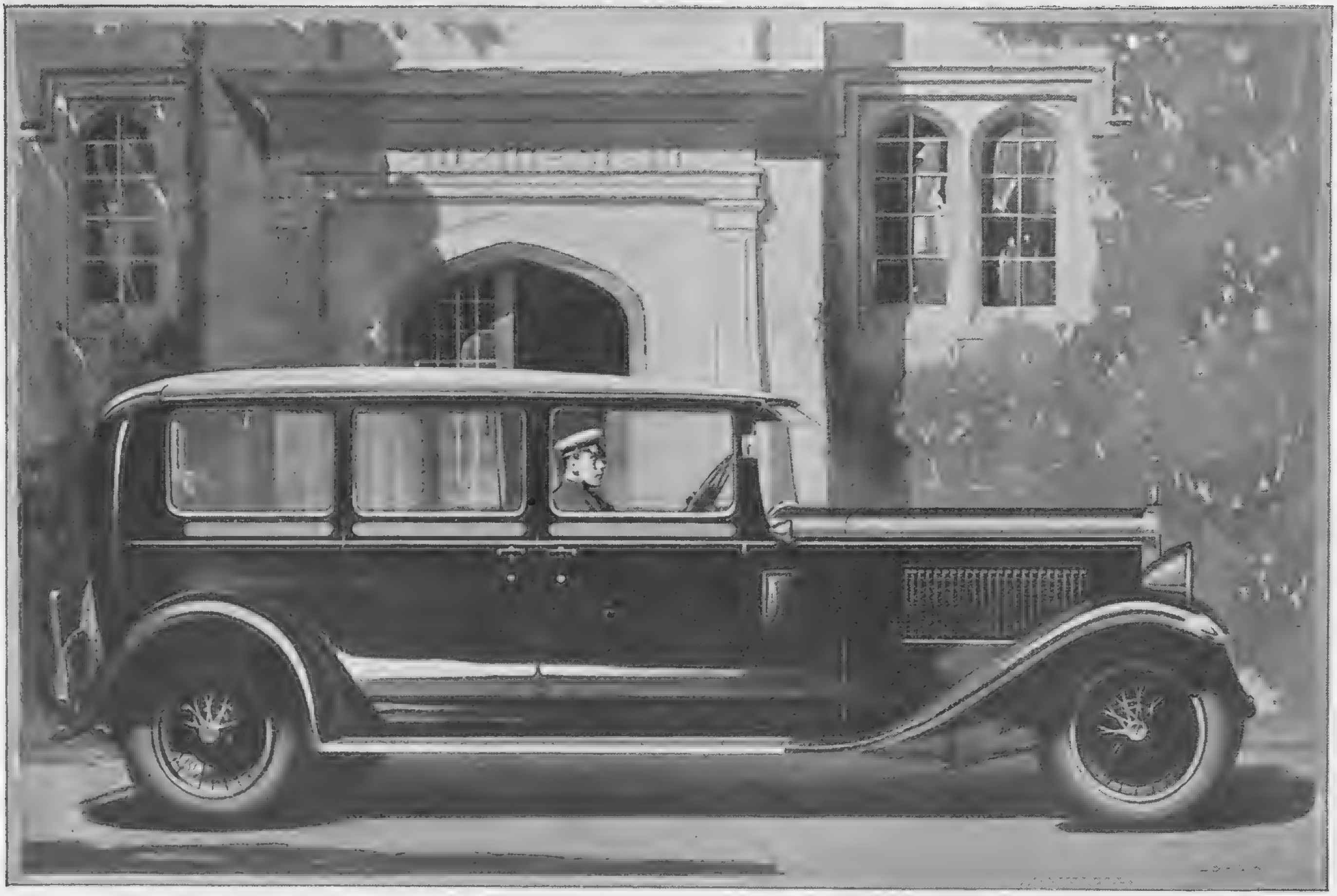

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Insurance Problems

The Careful Motorist's Dilemma

By The Earl *of* Cardigan

THE problem of insurance I have always regarded as one of the most difficult with which the private motorist has to deal, and there is probably no subject on which opinions differ more profoundly. Some owners will describe insurance as a boon, others as a waste of money; nor has the new compulsory insurance against third-party risks done much to clarify the question.

Let us take, for instance, the case of Mr. Smith, who lives in a quiet district, owns an old 20 h.p. car, covers perhaps 6,000 miles per annum, and is a careful, reasonably intelligent driver. He insures his car annually at a cost of £15, and he never claims for minor damage (bent mud-guards, etc.) in order not to lose his no-claims bonus. Can we honestly say that his £15 outlay represents a really sound investment?

If we assume that, in the fulness of time, he will eventually meet with some really serious accident in which his car will be wholly or partly destroyed, then he has certainly invested wisely. If, however, he continues to bend one mud-guard per annum (for which he does not claim), and once every five or ten years to knock in a radiator or twist a front axle, then he will certainly be a loser on the transaction. From his losses we must, of course, make some deduction which may be charged to "additional peace of mind promoted by insurance," and it is really upon the value given to this factor that the profit or otherwise of the insurance must be calculated. Thus we come to the question of individual temperament, which lies at the back of the whole insurance problem.

TO me, the strongest of the arguments against insurance is that the risks which are covered are not those which, with ordinary careful driving, are likely to arise. To take my own case in this connection, I have experienced, in the course of some 100,000 miles of driving, quite a number of various mishaps, but so far not one which has been provided for by my insurance policy. I have had breakdowns by the dozen, ranging from the common or garden varieties to such strange complaints as "Locust in the Carburettor" and "Explosion of the Battery," but never an insurance claim which it was worth while to send in.

A possible explanation, of course, is that the law of averages is just about to assert itself, and that I am shortly due for a disastrous crash which will restore the financial balance between the insurance company and myself. A nice little £100 claim would almost level the account!

Failing this, I should welcome some new form of insurance policy, enabling me to insure only against those risks to which I appear to be chiefly exposed. There is no reason, after all, why an insurance company should not send its clients a comprehensive list of all the individual risks against which they could insure. The clients could then set a mark against those items which they wished to cover, and the company could quote an appropriate premium.

PERSONALLY I should set my mark against the risks of fire, theft and pilfering. The danger of losing my car through fire or theft is one against which, except through insurance, I can make little provision, and it would be very satisfactory to be able to claim for the illicit "borrowing," which frequently occurs in public garages, of the favourite weapon from one's tool-kit.

Others, no doubt, might prefer to take their chance of fire and theft and to insure against road accidents and personal injury. Others, again, would remain faithful to the present comprehensive policy, in which case they would set their mark against all the items quoted, and pay a wholesale premium.

From the insurance companies' point of view, this would entail some extra work and calculation, but it would have the merit of bringing in some business from those who at present doubt the value of motor-car insurance. It would be interesting to know how many people fall within this category—a figure which would be indicated by the number who this year have taken policies only against obligatory third-party risks.

I believe that if this figure were to be published it would prove to be a surprisingly large one, for it is certain that a great number of cars were completely uninsured prior to the passing of the new Act.

Certainly, when so many different views are held by motorists as to its usefulness and value, it is astonishing that motor-car insurance even now takes only one of two different forms. It either covers one risk—third party—or all. There is room for an intermediate policy, particularly for one which can be graded to suit individual needs, and it would be a most interesting innovation if one or other of the big insurance companies would take the lead in introducing it.

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Castaway

(*Continued from page 69*)

once it meant ill luck, and, you see, it has. If you had only gotten us out of this place before——"

"I know, I know, Luella." They had used Christian names from the first; it seemed absurd to Miss and Mister each other on a desert island. "I know, and you can be sure I'll do my very best."

"You've got to do more than that," said Luella darkly. "You haven't reflected on the scandal, and I can tell you, it's a darn sight worse than you know." Upon that she put down, with dignity, the remainder of the damper, and retired to the inner room.

PAUL did not wonder what she meant; there was no use wondering about Luella. Instead he went outside and carefully examined the kitchen window, and Luella's. Coral pebbles led up to both; coral concrete was laid directly beneath. No chance of finding footmarks. The kitchen window was so dark, so covered with tangled vines, that he didn't think anyone could have seen in if anyone had been there. Luella's window was clearer. Paul felt his heart jump like a frog in a schoolboy's hand when he noted that the fastening of the window had been snicked back, probably with a knife.

"Too much similarity about my dream and her 'vision,'" he thought. "Someone's been there."

What had somebody wanted? Paul was unreasonably convinced that somebody had wanted them both; expected, as a matter of course, to find them together.

Luella was sitting on the floor of the inner room, apparently engaged in "making" her bed of piled rags. Through the window came her voice, in a complaining tone. Paul, taking up his load again with a sigh, went into the cottage.

"What's the trouble?" he asked, while his mind kept up a running comment underneath, "I suppose this is the line of talk a man gets when he's married. I suppose she would talk like this if we were. I suppose I'll have to when the time comes—when we get away." Deliberately, he told himself that the girl was beautiful; that half a hundred men would jump at his chances. . . .

"See here," said Luella reprovingly, "I can stand a good deal; I never complain; I've never complained of anything in my life. But some things no decent girl can be expected to stand. No, sir."

"What thing?" he asked patiently.

"Bugs," Luella was going on. "Disgusting and unprecedented bugs. In my bed."

"Surely not! on an uninhabited island—it's impossible. You only get them in cities."

Luella said, "I don't mean the bugs that you mean; I mean the bugs I mean. I despise all bugs, and I won't have these in my bed." Dramatically, with one long perfect arm, she pointed to a couple of tiny black and scarlet spiders.

"Katapos!" shouted the New Zealander, stamping with his shod foot on Luella's "bugs." "That's done for them. But how in the name of common sense did they get here? I never heard of them in the islands."

Luella was not interested in that. "Are they as mean as they look?" she demanded.

"Considerably meaner. If one of those had bitten you, you'd have been dead before sundown. They're worse than snakes."

"You get busy," ordered Luella, "and make me some kind of a broom, and after that you can take all those bits of stuff down to the beach and shake them in the sun."

"It's barely possible," Paul mused aloud, "that they might have come in the rags we took out of those cases. I don't think so; the stuff was all wet; still——"

"Get busy," ordered Luella.

And he went. "She's coming it over me pretty soon," was his mental comment. "I never saw a woman pick up the married manner as quickly and completely. . . . Married! and me behaving like a stained glass saint all the time!"

There was no trace of any other "bug" among the scraps of cotton and canvas that made up Luella's bed. There was no sign of any when they had swept and searched the cottage thoroughly. Paul hadn't expected that there would be. He did not mean to share his conviction with Luella, but he was quite sure now that the same hand which had sent ashore the poisoned tins of flour was responsible for the appearance, on an island eighteen hundred miles from Auckland, of two deadly New Zealand beach spiders. . . .

"Somebody," he concluded, "doesn't want us. Why?"

That was hard to say. If it had been a picture show, or a detective novel, one might have supposed that the beautiful woman's lover was trying, in a fit of crazy jealousy, to destroy them both. "And if there was a lover in the film," he thought, "I'd wager my last tin of meat that he'd be small and what Luella would call 'mean,' with a ghastly pale face and disgusting blue eyes. . . . Bad taste on her part. . . . But then she saw him at her window, and merely thought he was an 'elemental,' whatever that may be. No, the puzzle doesn't fit. Anyhow, there's one thing clear, and that is, that I've got to give up sleeping at night for the present. Also, to stick pretty close to Luella during the day."

He told her, at the first opportunity, "Luella, I've got to sleep in the afternoons instead of at night."

"Suits me," she replied uninterestedly, powdering her face with the aid of a pocket mirror. "This flour," she added, "is sure coming in useful, after all."

Paul opened his mouth; shut it again. "What's the use?" he thought. "A desert island; a beautiful girl; a lurking enemy—romance, romance itself, warm from the throbbing heart of Life—as one might have said in a story. Yes, but this was real, and real was Paul's sore heart, that did not throb at all, just ached, whenever he thought of Harrie, which was almost all the time.

Luella said, powdering her face, "Say, would you kill him?"

Paul jumped. "Kill whom?" he asked amazedly. How could one keep pace with that grasshopper type of mind?

"The man who looked through the window. Say, Paul, I guess you think me awfully dumb. And maybe I am dumb—'beautiful but dumb' was what the Akron, Ohio, *Star* had the impudence to call me, after I'd carried off the Miss Ohio beauty prize from their candidate—well, I'm not so dumb but what I can see you think there's a racketeer of some sort laying claim to this island or something on it. And a racketeer——"

"I understand," Paul broke in. "I've—I've had quite a few talks with Miss van Dyckman—about modern economic——"

Luella looked at him; seemed to swallow something, and then went on, "Well, whatever that Noo Yorker has told you, I tell you the truth, and that is that a racketeer is the meanest thing alive, and if there's one hanging around here, why, the thing to do is for you to bump him off before he bumps us off. Have you a gun on you?"

"I'm awfully sorry—I never thought of—— Anyhow, if I had I should probably shoot myself before anyone else."

"Do you mean that?"

"Not exactly. But I was only sixteen when the war ended, and I haven't acquired the killing habit. All the same, my dear Luella, I'd cheerfully crack his skull with a stone if I get half a chance."

She threw him one of her long side glances, and Paul found himself wondering if any woman before Luella had ever had such amazing eyelashes.

Luella said quietly, "You've been real good," and began to powder her face all over again. She had turned away from Paul to get the light on her mirror. She was taking up her comb now and ruffling her hair; he could not see her face any more.

TRAMPING round the island on his self-imposed patrol a little later, Paul told himself, " That beggar won't catch me asleep, actually or metaphysically, again. He won't run his confounded schooner up in the dark, and slip away, as he did before. . . ." He talked and swore to himself as he tramped and collected firewood.

The United Steamship Company got most of the volley. " If they do drown one in their cursed boats," he said, " they might at least hurry up and collect the fragments. This island should have been among the first to be searched, signals or none. Ua may be deserted, but it isn't unknown; why, I believe I remember the name of the company that once owned it for a trading station. Lord! but their books were in a mess when they went broke; Backup the name of their manager was; he just about escaped jail. The Moon Insurance were pretty slow about paying up for the boat he lost soon after, but they couldn't prove anything. . . ."

It was odd to remember these professional details out here so far from Wellington, from the world. Anyhow, it did one no good to link oneself up, in thought, with the office, the books, the whole run of trade. To know that Ua had once been through his hands professionally didn't make it a scrap more likely that he and Luella were going to get away from it before they were half starved. As for scandal—she had said that " it was a good deal worse than he supposed." He had quite given up trying to fathom Luella's various meanings by this time; he didn't think that half her talk had any meaning at all, but it didn't matter whether that especial item had any, or not; he was going to do the right thing by her. Just as soon as they landed he was going to the husband—undoubtedly the lucky husband, or anyhow the whole world would think so—of " the most beautiful woman of modern times." That was what Luella had said she was, and surely she ought to know. . . .

Chartered accountants are not supposed to cultivate presentiments, " to feel things in their bones." It would be unbusiness-like. One must suppose, therefore, that Paul, being an excellent accountant and very business-like—at home—found himself obliged to break off his patrol and run back to Luella purely by chance. Nevertheless he said in an entirely unbusiness-like manner, " I knew it! " when his ears caught a faint, significant sound that was like, and yet not very like, the crack of a whip just as he came in sight of the cottage. He had been running fast before, but he found he could run faster now.

Luella was sitting on the edge of the stone veranda. The looking-glass lay some distance away, shattered to bits. The comb was beside it. Her face was curiously pale, and one hand, the right, was hidden beneath her hair.

Paul noticed all these things in the fraction of a second. The second was hardly sped before he had Luella in his arms, holding, protecting her. " Are you hurt? " he demanded, with the last remnants of his breath. " What's happened? Is he—did he——? "

Luella disengaged herself calmly, though her breath for the moment seemed almost as scant as Paul's. " Leave go," she panted. " Yes, he is. Must have been hiding on the island. No, he didn't. I got him first."

" Where——? "

" Inside." She had let her right hand slip from under her tumbled hair, and Paul saw in her fingers a tiny, blunt, blue-glistening automatic.

" Where is the man? " demanded Paul. He was burning now with a flame quite new to his sheltered, documented life.

Luella jerked her head, and Paul saw what he had not noticed before—a smallish, crumpled heap inside the bedroom. He was beside it in an instant, turning it over with his foot, bending down and feeling inside the dirty shirt . . . The fellow was certainly dead. A purple mark in the midst of his forehead told the reason.

" I knew it," said Paul.

" Do you know

(Continued on page 120)

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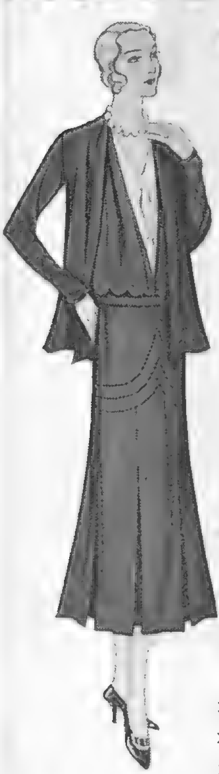

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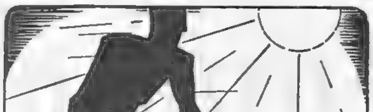

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who he is?" asked Luella from the door.

Paul, mastering his reluctance to touch the thing, pulled out the tail of the shirt. "It might be marked," he said.

It was "J. Backup," shown in grimy woven letters.

Paul gave a shout. "Those cases!" he cried. "The insurance always said that wreck was crooked, but they had to pay for the ship and the cargo; trade goods—sixteen hundred. Why, he must have come here to stay while things blew over; found those crook cases thrown up on the beach—fool that I was not to guess that they told the story—and made up his mind to do away with the witnesses."

"I reckon," was Luella's comment.

"Luella, why on earth didn't you let me know you had a pistol? I'd have saved you this dirty work, and been glad to. Why——"

She looked at him oddly. "It is necessary for a woman of my celebrated beauty," she said, "to protect herself, whenever she's away from . . . I mean, to protect herself."

Luella's celebrated eyes, one would have thought, could hardly grow larger than they were without invading the whole of her face. Nevertheless, that miracle just then occurred. She seemed all eyes, with liquid diamonds glittering, about to fall from each, as she took a single step towards Paul Stevens and held out the tiny wicked pistol. "Take it," she said.

IT was at that precise moment undoubtedly that the smoke of the rescue steamer should have appeared on the horizon. With callous disregard of dramatic unities, the captain of the *Kismet*, steaming towards Ua, allowed ten hours to pass before he reached the island at sunrise on the next day.

He found the two castaways unromantically busy burying the body of one James Backup, deceased. After they had explained, he took them on board. "I'll see you safe," he told them. "A man who would drown a decent ship for the insurance—well, anyhow, he deserved all he got."

The thunder of the screw reversing, as they backed out, almost drowned Paul's hurried and somewhat formal proposal to Luella. But she seemed to catch the sense of it with remarkable ease.

"I knew you'd say that," she told him, as the noise ceased and settled down into the steady throbbing of "Full speed ahead." "And as soon as we get ashore, and I meet my husband, I shall ask him to thank you personally. Yes, sir."

Paul gazed at her, wondering for the first time which of the two castaways was truly "dumb" in Luella's sense. The married manner! The—— "But she *did*," he told himself, and went no further. Luella was speaking again.

"On the whole, and considering the circumstances as they were," she said, "I thought it more delicate not to mention my husband. A beautiful woman must take care of herself."

Paul understood. Not subtle? "Dumb?" Luella could have bought and sold six chartered accountants of his calibre.

"There's one thing, anyhow, you owe me, Luella," he said, "and I don't think—either of them—would grudge it to us."

"Suit yourself," said Luella, looking swiftly over her shoulder.

Paul suited himself.

HARRIE said afterwards on the honeymoon, "Akron's not so very far as we count distance. When you've established yourself in New York, darling, we'll have to ask them both on a visit. I'm sure she is a perfect dear."

But, being a woman, she made a face over his shoulder, unseen, as she said it. And the face, being interpreted, said, "Got him myself."

Inferiority

(*Continued from page 71*)

When I say that I have always been a great upholder of enjoyment, I mean that a sense of joy and well-being and ecstasy should be the right of every child. And the sense of ecstasy can be enjoyed as much—and probably a great deal more—in the mud of some backyard than in a mansion in Mayfair. This article deals, in its lay fashion, with what are called "difficult" children and "difficult" people; therefore to these I can devote the little space that remains to me.

I meet many women with "difficult" children; that is to say, children who seem to have no desire for any particular direction; children who, even to the unprofessional eye, are too meek, too readily satisfied, too diffident. *Too unhappy.*

And if "*too unhappy*" is too strong a term, then I will amend it to this: Children who are not actively happy and restless and active in their new wonderful business of living.

As has been suggested, the lack may be from a physical fault; or if mental it is—unless some definite abnormality of mind is indicated—due to lack of right environment.

A child cannot choose his environment, mental or physical. He must go or stay where he is put.

Now to every perplexed parent of an "inferiority" child I say: Present this child with a means to enjoyment; and if it is physical enjoyment, enlivening the senses, enriching the whole of the immature life, so much the easier and better.

But such a child must be put in the way of attaining the interest which catches most at his heart and his fancy.

He has to learn the joy of life.

The joy of life should be there in him like his blood and his bones and his nerves and his sinews; but we are talking of "inferiority" people—so born from causes of physical inferiorities, or so growing from extraneous mental causes.

Wherever the bent of that child takes him—apart, of course, from real harm—let him go. Let him go and find his pleasure and his joy. Watch to find what it is that he wants. For a long hopeless while you may say: "He wants nothing." But watch long enough and you will see a gleam. If you are lucky, it will be for some pet, or for some game, or for boxing, or some physical fun. When you discover physical fun in your "inferiority" child, you are on the road to a cure.

No inferiority-sufferer ever enjoys the full rights of the pleasures of the physical senses, or of the mental senses either.

The mental can, if needs must, substitute for the physical; and the physical, if needs must, substitute for the mental. But the simplest inferiority cure lies in learning and claiming the uses and enjoyment of the particular world which belongs to any and each of us, mental or physical, or, more happily, both.

This is merely the close observation of a lay mind unlearned in the technical intricacies of the professional mind.

It will be said, and rightly, that not all inferiority sufferers manifest in the above manner. That is true. There are blatant, bullying, insufferable persons of either sex who try to fill their emptiness with sound directed against others, and to mask their own fear and reluctance for life by attacks on others of a violence little short of grotesque. "It is an inferiority complex really," I have heard well-balanced people say pityingly of such. But I myself have no pity for the bully and the boaster, whatever the motive for their manners. They are merely perpetuating by word and deed a danger against which, apprehensively, they feel themselves to be always fighting. By sheer volume of insensate attack against the unattacking, they spread the inferiority disease with which—so say kind critics—they themselves are riddled. So, having no pity for them, I give them no place here.

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Our Record-breaking Scottish Foursomes, June 1931

Mrs. Hugh McCall and Miss D. Allen

Miss Couper and Miss Nell Forrest

Mrs. Noon, Miss J. McKissick and Miss P. Robertson at Gullane

The Autumn Foursomes

At Ranelagh and Roehampton (October 6th to 9th). Conditions and entry form on next page

By Eleanor E. Helme

Miss C. M. Park uses Miss C. Weir as a desk!

COME along, all of you! Less than two weeks more, and the lists for Ranelagh and Roehampton will be irrevocably closed, hope shut out for those who have omitted to enter—unless by some happy chance a friend already entered should fall ill or go suddenly abroad, when the Too Late brigade may come in to fill the gaps with the partners who have been left lamenting.

As there seems still, in spite of rewording of the conditions, some confusion in people's minds about this matter of the waiting list for Ranelagh and Roehampton, perhaps it would be as well to recapitulate. Priority of entry does not entitle any couple to a place in either tournament. Every couple that has entered, even the lordly ones with joint allowances in single figures, has been told the same thing, that acknowledgment of entry is not acceptance; it merely means that the form has been received and filed. Not until that fateful September 11th comes will it be known who is to play at Ranelagh, who at Roehampton, and who nowhere at all. Then the lists will be examined, the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be put into the draw for play at Ranelagh, the 128 with the next lowest will be put into the draw for play at Roehampton, and the remainder will be put on a waiting list, still in order of joint handicap and not of date of entry. The only case in which priority of entry has anything to do with it will be if there are a number of pairs all equally entitled by their handicap to the last place in either tournament. Then, and only then, the pairs who tie in handicap will be taken or left out according to their time of entry. Sufficient inducement that for early entry, then, if you are near the border line! In any case it is a pity to leave entry to the last minute. A great many sad wails over the Scottish Foursomes this year came from players who had booked rooms, even caddies, and omitted to send in their names as wishing to enter!

It is, of course, impossible to say in advance what handicaps will be on the border line between Ranelagh and Roehampton, between Roehampton and the waiting list. Last year no couple with a joint allowance exceeding 17 was originally in the Ranelagh draw, nor over 31 in the Roehampton, but gaps were, of course, filled by pairs exceeding these allowances before play actually started. This time the division may come higher or lower. Nobody knows. All that can be said definitely is that entries close on Friday, September 11th, and no word-of-mouth entries, or casual mention in personal letters, can be taken as entering a pair. The form alone, to be found in both the August and the current numbers of BRITANNIA AND EVE, is definite entry, and if anyone has sent in a form and received no acknowledgment, they should make instant application to this office.

Over-golfed!

Nine Months' "Hard Labour"

THE golfer who can play only at week-ends, whose one holiday of the year is a brief feast of golf, can have little idea of the horrors of being over-golfed. If the holiday lasts more than a fortnight it is just possible that towards the end staleness of the milder kind will creep over the holiday-maker, inducing unintentional carelessness over the easy shots and an inability to concentrate except over some unusual shot of exceptional difficulties.

But the first class golfers this season have been thoroughly over-golfed, to the great deterioration of their game, and it would seem to be a very urgent duty for all who control the making of fixtures to see that this does not happen again.

The season now has reached a pitch when there is important golf continually from early March until the beginning of November, with only a brief respite from the middle of July until the end of August. Those who have leisure or money can travel from one event to another, attempting to keep their golf continually at concert pitch, and growing steadily staler with each week, just like the ordinary humble golfer on holiday who will indulge in three rounds a day for all the length of her stay at some beloved holiday course.

The County Finals, which were won by Middlesex in July, were an

READ "THE TATLER" EVERY WEEK FOR MISS HELME'S "EVE AT GOLF" ARTICLE

emphatic object lesson. The leading players of all four teams were completely stale; there was no snap in their shots, no resolute click as the ball left the club. The best of them missed repeatedly shots which, had those players been fresh and keen, would have been hit in the centre of the club times without number. A blight of bad golf settled down on the event. Burnham is such a magnificent course, beyond dispute the best in Somerset; they were such good teams, Middlesex, Yorkshire, Glamorgan and Norfolk; the weather was reasonable, the course in ideal conditions, but the players simply had not the golfing energy to concentrate on their game. It is sincerely to be hoped that July will never again be chosen as the date for one of the very finest events of the whole year, ruined for 1931 by being played at so unaccustomed and inconvenient a date. Middlesex would probably have won in any case, Yorkshire been second, but the staleness of the players was a grievous pity.

In other respects the event was excellent, with a light-hearted atmosphere which was most refreshing.

THE "EVE" CLUB COMPETITION

Ryde, who were the first holders of the Challenge Cup for the Britannia and Eve Club Competition, were third again last year, and have now played their members' competition for the prizes presented to the club by this paper.

Miss E. Blake won the Flag Competition, arriving on the 19th green, whilst Mrs. Holness was first in the Bogey, returning 4 down. It is interesting to see that Ryde, like Langholm (holders) and Thonock (runners-up 1929 and 1930), are again well in the running for this year.

Leading Results for July

Club.	Member-ship.	No. of cards.	Per-centage.	Club.	Member-ship	No. of cards	Per centage.
Ryde	63	46	68·65	Carlyon Bay	66	1	1·52
Langholm	68	37	54·41	Frilford Heath	200	3	1·50
Thonock	80	30	37·50	Gerrards Cross	70	1	1·43
Cowes	62	12	25·80	Stamford	70	1	1·43
La Moye	45	3	6·67	Harborne	142	2	1·41
Halesowen	50	2	4·00	Prestbury and Upton	144	2	1·38
Trentham	100	4	4·00	Bullwell Hall	74	1	1·35
Macclesfield	63	2	3·17	North Hants	150	2	1·34
Hockley	80	2	2·50	Sale	150	2	1·34
Birkdale	168	4	2·32	Chilwell Manor	135	2	1·29
Gorlestone	87	2	2·30	Chesterfield	78	1	1·28
Leamington	131	3	2·28	Walmersley	80	1	1·25
Great Yarmouth	84	2	2·24	Gosforth	96	1	1·24
West Middlesex	90	2	2·22	St. Albans Notts	82	1	1·22
Bowdon	46	1	2·17	Royston	85	1	1·18
Camberley Heath	140	3	2·14	Kingsthorpe	87	1	1·15
Sutton Coldfield	140	3	2·14	Tamworth	70	1	1·14
Ashford, Kent	48	1	2·08	Langley Park	90	1	1·11
Ashford Manor	98	2	2·04	Oxley Park	90	1	1·11
Aston Wood	50	2	2·00	Sandwell Park	90	1	1·11
West Bowling	100	2	2·00	Dudley	94	1	1·06
Chester	120	2	1·66	Aberystwyth	98	1	1·02
Manchester	140	2	1·56	Southport	98	1	1·02
Woodhall Spa	65	1	1·53	Chigwell	100	1	1·00

Positions of the leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup

	Percentage		Percentage
Langholm	55·66	Trentham	6·04
Ryde	54·69	La Moye	5·07
Thonock	42·72	Bowdon	3·72
Cowes	25·57		

SHOTS OF THE MONTH: Holes in One

Britannia and Eve congratulates the following players on holing out in one:—

Mrs. O. Rabbidge	6th hole at Strawberry Hill.
Miss D. A. Turner	14th hole at Preston.
Miss Macduff	8th hole at Blackpool.
Mrs. P. Ray	7th hole at Sonning.
Mrs. Robert Harris	3rd hole at Northwood.
Miss A. Haworth	16th hole at Dunscar.
Mrs. H. Walker	10th hole at Blackburn
Miss K. Jenkins	15th hole at Clacton.
Miss G. M. Beever	8th hole at Brent Valley.
Mrs. G. Barnett	2nd hole at Benton Park.
Mrs. P. Sheffield	7th hole at Cooden Beach.
Miss D. Moyley	16th hole at Keighley.
Miss Dunbar	17th hole at Bushey Hall.

Britannia & Eve's

Girls' Open Golf Championship

ACCOMMODATION

Accommodation may be had for competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

Stoke Court, Stoke Poges, Slough, Bucks. Terms 18s. per day. Apply to the Manager, Stoke Court.

Stoke Poges Club House. Terms 18s. per day. Apply to the Secretary, Stoke Poges Club, Slough.

Baylis House Hotel, Stoke Poges Lane, Slough, Bucks. Terms 18s. per day, or 15s. without lunch. Apply to the Manager, Baylis House.

Early application is recommended to all of these.

All entries for Eve's *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* Britannia and Eve *for the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* Britannia and Eve, **346, Strand, W.C.2.** *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"EVE" GOLF COUPON **SEPTEMBER**

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* ....

Address ....

....

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of..................*of which I am a member.*

The "EVE" Golf Competitions

Results of the July Monthly Medal Competition

CLASS I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. M. Youings	Ilfracombe	73	14	59	70	11 below
Mrs. I. M. Stephens	Oxhey	80	12	68	78	10 ,,
Mrs. Cowles	Wanstead	83	17	66	75	9 ,,
Mrs. Eatherley	Ealing	81	16	65	73	8 ,,
Miss K. M. Hill	Leamington Spa	82	18	64	72	8 ,,
Mrs. G. Young	Chigwell	81	12	69	76	7 ,,
Mrs. Dutfield	Gerrards Cross	81	12	69	76	7 ,,
Mrs. Hay Smith	Craigmillar Park	80	13	67	74	7 ,,
Mrs. S. G. Smith	Langley Park	85	15	70	77	7 ,,
Mrs. B. M. Cooke	Shirley Park	86	16	70	77	7 ,,
Mrs. Peacock	Bournemouth	77	6	71	77	6 ,,
Mrs. A. J. Jenkins	West Middlesex	78	10	68	74	6 ,,
Mrs. Douglas Arter	Olton	82	14	68	76	6 ,,
Mrs. Buckle	West Bowling	84	17	67	73	6 ,,
Miss M. Nuttall	Ringway	85	17	68	74	6 ,,
Mrs. M. C. Tibbits	Sutton Coldfield	87	17	70	76	6 ,,
Mrs. Grosvenor Varcoe	Carlyon Bay	88	18	70	76	6 ,,
Mrs. H. Gaunt	West Bowling	79	11	68	73	5 ,,
Mrs. Hamilton	North Hants	82	11	71	76	5 ,,
Mrs. Hargreaves	Birkdale	84	14	70	75	5 ,,
Mrs. Kearns	Bowdon	87	16	71	76	5 ,,
Miss M. T. Hodgson	Lanark	91	18	73	78	5 ,,
Mrs. Line	Harborne	80	8	72	76	4 ,,
Mrs. F. Edmunds	Chesterfield	80	11	69	73	4 ,,
Mrs. D. Parvin	Haydock Park	83	13	70	74	4 ,,
Mrs. D. O. Warltier	Leamington	84	14	70	74	4 ,,
Miss E. Fouds	Fairhaven	87	14	73	77	4 ,,
Miss M. B. Stroud	Trentham	86	17	69	73	4 ,,
Mrs. F. H. Smith	Notts	89	18	71	75	4 ,,
Miss Stocker	Ashford Manor	78	5	73	76	3 ,,

CLASS II (Handicaps over 18)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Adams	Bedfordshire	92	29	63	77	14 below
Mrs. Rammell	Sundridge Park	92	30	62	76	14 ,,
Mrs. Bean	Hallamshire	95	33	62	76	14 ,,
Mrs. Aucott	Perivale Park	88	25	63	75	12 ,,
Miss G. Joynson	Warrington	97	33	64	76	12 ,,
Miss M. Darby	Rushcliffe	95	36	59	71	12 ,,
Mrs. Wann	Northampton	101	36	65	77	12 ,,
Mrs. Dearden	Stand	86	22	64	75	11 ,,
Miss L. Lishman	West Bradford	87	25	62	73	11 ,,
Mrs. Turner	St. Albans	86	28	58	69	11 ,,
Mrs. Leonard	Halesowen	90	32	58	69	11 ,,
Miss Howe	Macclesfield	97	34	63	74	11 ,,
Miss F. C. Dermer	Sundridge Park	99	34	65	76	11 ,,
Miss D. Sutcliffe	Wheatley Park	99	36	63	74	11 ,,
Miss M. Price	Hawarden	95	36	59	70	11 ,,
Miss Fith	Flempton	85	19	66	76	10 ,,
Miss M. Burton	Longcliffe	86	23	63	73	10 ,,
Mrs. Craig	Merton Park	90	25	65	75	10 ,,
Miss Boardman	Ashton-in-Makerfield	91	26	65	75	10 ,,
Miss P. Jerome	Aston Wood	94	28	66	76	10 ,,
Mrs. A. Bryan	Croham Hurst	98	32	66	76	10 ,,
Miss Parry	Trentham	99	33	66	76	10 ,,
Miss M. Quayle	Blackpool	96	33	63	73	10 ,,
Miss M. Baxendale	Ashton-in-Makerfield	101	36	65	75	10 ,,
Miss Barnett	Chilwell	100	36	64	74	10 ,,
Mrs. I. W. Goddard	Croham Hurst	86	19	67	76	9 ,,
Mrs. A. Twentyman	Penn	85	20	65	74	9 ,,
Mrs. A. Harvey	North Hants	92	24	68	77	9 ,,
Miss P. A. Kilby	Halesowen	87	27	60	69	9 ,,
Miss G. Rogers	Radcliffe	95	28	67	76	9

"Britannia & Eve's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES (10th YEAR)

Ranelagh, October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, 1931

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES (7th YEAR)

Roehampton, October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, 1931

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.
ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Friday, September 11th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 12th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

Vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list.

Reduction of handicap should be notified at once to Miss Helme.

Pairs who have reached any Britannia and Eve Foursomes final during 1930 or 1931, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, be put into the Ranelagh draw, whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists.*

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Both Foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅜ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss Helme of the change.*

The Directors of Britannia and Eve reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1931 No entrance fee

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, Britannia and Eve Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Friday, September 11th.

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES—
Ranelagh, October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th
ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES—
Roehampton, October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* } ....*of*..............................*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap..............................

Home Address..............................*Telephone No.*..............

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner.

Mrs. / *Miss* } ....*of*..............................*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap..............................

Home Address..............................*Telephone Number*..........

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

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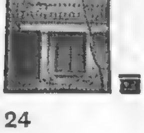

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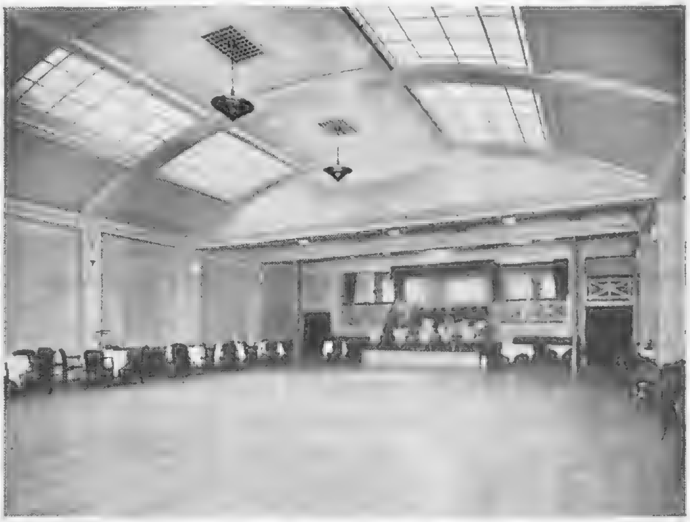
The Amateur Dancers' Club

The Temple of Better Ballroom Dancing

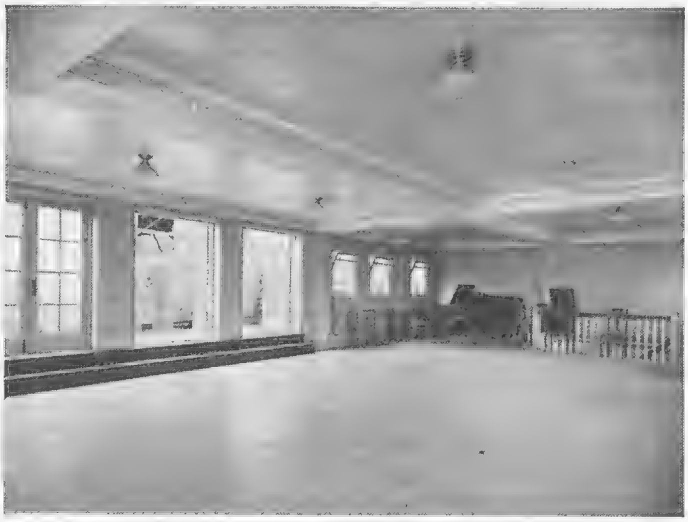
A VISIT to the Amateur Dancers' Club at Queen's Road, Bayswater, reveals the existence of something entirely new among the best dance and social rendezvous of London. It is the creation of the ideal of its proprietor, Mr. Thomas Warwick, founder of the Amateur Dancers' Association, a wealthy business man whose skill at his hobby of ballroom dancing has won him many prizes, and whose love of it has resulted in the existence of what can aptly be described as the Temple of "Better Ballroom Dancing." For such indeed is the Amateur Dancers' Club.

It has an atmosphere of its own. The Club Band which broadcasts every week is probably unique in its perfect rendition of modern dance music, giving the lie to those who say that "Jazz" cannot be tuneful or melodious. Everything that is characteristic of the best in British Ballroom Dancing, which is the most graceful in the world, is a normal feature of the Club, to be seen and marvelled at in its rhythmic smoothness and effortless ease, and the general standard of dancing is probably higher than that to be seen anywhere else in London.

THE lighting arrangements and decorations are both tasteful and harmonious and the food and service excellent. Here one can have dinner and the best wines at prices well below those ruling in the West End. The Club has a full club licence, and every Thursday an extension of dancing until 2 a.m. An interesting feature of the Club is its frequent selection as the venue of Charity Balls in aid of hospitals and other deserving institutions, the floor being easily capable of accommodating over 200 couples at one time.



A VIEW of the top end of the ballroom



THE private ballroom for teaching

DANCING Competitions are frequently held all the year round, and are very interesting in their variety. Novices, experts, amateurs dancing with professionals, veterans' and ladies' competitions are all held in turn. The Tango revival which is a definite feature of present-day dancing has to a large extent originated from the Amateur Dancers' Club, which has a pronounced influence upon what is danced in London's ballrooms.

Quite in keeping with the ideal of better ballroom dancing is the qualification and introductory badge which is another feature of the club's activities.

Qualification dances are held each afternoon and evening during a general dance, which are judged by prominent professionals for the purpose of qualifying for the privilege of holding the badge. Every dancer who shows a sufficiently high standard of proficiency is then entitled to wear the badge, which *ipso facto* means that the holder is a good ball-room dancer. The badge acts as a medium of introduction, any member holding it being able to ask any other member of the opposite sex to dance, without the ordinary conventional introduction which otherwise would be necessary.

THE Club membership numbers some 1,500 and is a most distinguished one, and the annual subscription is 2 guineas. Intending members are invited to inspect the Club before joining, and it should be added that there is an additional private ballroom for teaching, a number of first-class professionals being in attendance for this purpose. The Amateur Dancers' Club is situated at 49, Queen's Road, Bayswater, adjoining the station, and full particulars of its activities can be obtained from the Secretary.

The £ s. d. of High Life

(*Continued from page 17*)

ten days of January, 1930. There is the £ s. d. of High Life personified for you. Another banqueting manager told me last week that he was arranging a banquet, the organiser of which insisted that the entrée should be roast chicken and not chicken en casserole. "Do you know," he said, "that this makes a difference of one shilling a head, and with five hundred guests it means that we drop £25 on this one course? It is not much, of course, but it shows you how carefully we have to budget. Roast chicken means to say that we must give them the best, and without the legs at that. Chicken en casserole would have enabled us to give them inferior birds, legs and all."

THE £ s. d. of High Life shrinks rapidly under investigation. Perhaps the best example of this is in the big casinos of France, like those of Deauville and Le Touquet, and Cannes and Nice. When you go inside one of these gilded places you think how marvellous it must be to have a financial interest in them. The *chemin de fer* tables are crowded. High play is in full swing. Money pours down the *cagnotte*, as they call the slit in the green baize tables through which 5 per cent. of the winning hands is being poured all the time. You are told—as I was, on the best possible authority at Le Touquet at Easter last year—that no less than £40,000 was cashed by English visitors in two days. At least half of that probably found its way into the *cagnotte*. It sounds money for jam. But it is not. First of all, the French Government takes 60 per cent. of it. Then the local borough council takes anything between 12 per cent. and eighteen per cent. Eighteen per cent. is what the "commune," as it is called, takes at Le Touquet. That leaves M. Aboudaram and M. Ranz only twenty-two per cent. on which to operate. With this they have to maintain untarnished splendour with all its luxurious liabilities. What was the result last year? I will tell you, and it is a surprising story.

You know the etiquette which causes gamblers to toss a plaque or a note to the croupier when they have had a win, and the croupier replies "*Merci, Monsieur, pour le personelle*"? Well, the money given in this way by gamblers last year at Le Touquet amounted to sixteen million francs, which is £128,000. In theory the *croupiers* get it all—as their wages. In practice they get forty per cent. It was the remaining sixty per cent. of this sum that enabled Ranz and Aboudaram to show a small profit on the year, having paid all their liability.

Is High Life a bad thing for the country? Socialists would say it was. I deny it. High Life causes more money to circulate more rapidly—except where the credit system is concerned—than any other process ever discovered. Hundreds of thousands of workpeople are employed all the year round as electricians, mill-hands, carpenters, vegetable-gardeners, butchers, seamstresses, and so on, to provide the raw materials without which High Life could not exist.

Is High Life bad for the High-lifers? That is another matter altogether. Anyway, it is their affair and not yours. But I will end on this conversation which I had recently with the proprietor of London's most High Life supper restaurant. He had just come back from a week at a village near Burnham-on-Sea. "It was marvellous," he said, still incredulous of his own experiences. "I stayed at a little old inn. I had eggs and bacon for breakfast and hot salmon and cucumber for lunch, and fresh lamb and strawberries and cream for dinner, and a charming bedroom, and it only cost me, believe it or not, twenty-two shillings for two whole days." That man's career is to minister to the High-lifer, and he had never realised before what a good time people can have without paying him five shillings for a few wood-strawberries.

END

NTEED PURE AND T
PURE FOOD LAWS THROU
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MADE IN CANADA FROM SELECTED FRESH RED RIPE TOMATOES
PICKED & BOTTLED ALL IN A DAY
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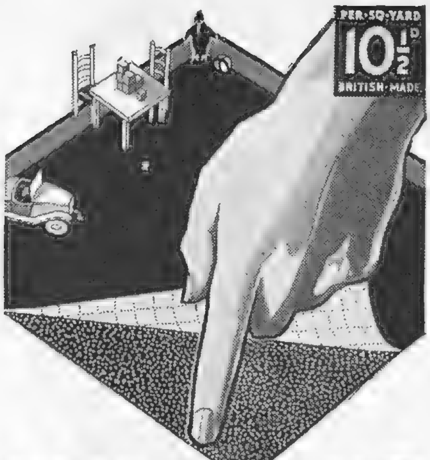

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Goddard's Plate Powder

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Manufactured by J. Goddard & Sons, Leicester.

The Pantomime Horse

(*Continued from page* 13)

I'd go further. I'd say it was sensationalism. Yes." He rolled the word on his tongue, savouring it. "Whatever else it is," he added, "it's not art. What can electric eyes say? Eh? What can they say? When you compare 'em to Miko's—that's to say, when *I'm* inside him!"

Fervently Polly agreed. "That's what Mr. Bernstein thinks, I'm sure. He said he couldn't think why anybody paid to see Asphodel at all."

"Oh, there'll always be fools in the world," said old Joe complacently. And there the discussion usually lapsed.

However, though there might be fools in the world, they were not entirely sightless fools, and the question of how Polly was to be smuggled into rehearsals was still unsolved. On the last day—just a week before Christmas Eve—she sat in the cellar with young Joe and Joette, discussing possible solutions.

It was again young Joe who hit the nail on the head.

"There's only one thing to do," he said, "and that's the simple thing. Take the risk. Be absolutely above board. If anybody sees you, say you've come to help old Joe dress. And if they ask where he is, say he's gone ahead and is in the dressing room already."

MIRACULOUSLY, the plan worked. On the following day Polly slid past the stage door at the Elkington Palace, and followed Joe down a tortuous series of corridors, filled with flying figures in every state of *déshabillé*, until they arrived at their own dressing room. They entered. Young Joe slammed the door and turned the lock. Polly leant against the wall, breathing quickly.

"So far, so good," she gasped.

Young Joe nodded.

"You don't think anybody saw us?"

He shook his head. "Nobody. But it's no use takin' any chances. You'd best hop into Miko right away."

From a cupboard he dragged a forlorn mass of painted canvas. The only human—or, rather, equine—quality that it possessed lay in the immense head, which lolled over his arm.

She begun to unbutton her blouse. Then she paused, flushed, and looked at Joe.

"You'd better get behind the screen," he said awkwardly. "I'll shove the front part over the top when you're ready. You needn't put on the 'ead till the last moment."

She stepped behind the screen. She felt very strange and trembly. She wished the lights were not so bright and cruel. She caught sight of herself in the glass, and she thought "How gaunt and clumsy I look—and how pale!" Positively she longed to bury herself in Miko's comforting skin. She stepped out of her dress, slipped off her shoes, pulled on the thick woollen stockings, smoothed a bathing cap over her hair, and said, in a small weak voice:

"Ready."

Over the top of the screen came the front part of Miko. She seized him gratefully and stepped into the legs. They fitted splendidly. She stepped outside, and Joe ran an expert eye over her.

"Fine," he said. "Fits like a glove. Now I'll get in behind."

He stripped off his coat and waistcoat, and then he, too, paused, with his hands on his braces, and flushed.

Polly guessed his dilemma. "I'll shut my eyes," she said.

She shut them. There were rustling noises behind, and the sound of boots being chucked into a corner. Standing there, with her forehead wrinkled and her eyelids clamped so closely that the blood surged into her eyeballs, she thought "How weird this all is! For what strange purposes were men and women created!"

Her meditations were abruptly disturbed by a knock at the door. She clutched Miko's head impulsively, prepared to dart inside it.

"Yes?" said Joe in a weak voice.

"Can I come in?"

"It's Bernstein!" whispered Joe. "Quick, put the head on."

Polly needed no urging.

The next half-hour passed like a mad nightmare. She remembered Joe telling her not to speak—on no account to utter a syllable; she remembered the terrible moment when the doors opened—she felt the draught even through Miko's skin—and fragments of young Joe's stammering conversation. "Fit as a fiddle, Bernstein, but lost his voice. Yes. Often happens after bronchitis. No, I wouldn't touch the head if I were you; we've got it fixed just right. Of course we will. As good as ever, Bernstein. Better, in fact. Same to you, old man."

Then the slamming of the door again—the whispered assurances of Joe. Then the sound of the call-boy's knock on the door, and the scramble through the corridors, and the terrible fall from which they only recovered by a miracle, and the long wait in the wings while voices buzzed around her; then a sudden silence, and a prodding from Joe in her back and a muffled "Stick it, old girl"; and then, with bursting veins and limbs that seemed to be made of lead, the frantic, agonising performance itself.

The managers, the stage hands, the resting chorus ladies, scattered throughout the darkened stalls, roared with laughter at the old but ever fresh antics of Miko. "Better than ever," they chuckled. Perhaps if they had been able to see through that canvas covering, to see the strained, purple face of the middle-aged woman inside, wet with sweat, muttering "One, two, three, *turn*, one, two, three, stand *still* . . ." they might not have laughed at all.

Or they might have laughed even more loudly. One never knows.

AND now it was Christmas Eve.

Old Joe stood by the side of his bed, alone. With one hand he held on to the bedstead, with the other he made feeble gestures in the air. He was pulling imaginary strings . . . the strings that animated Miko's eyes.

He was much better—oh, very much better. See—he could walk across the room. He did so. He had to rest when he reached the washstand. But still, the journey was accomplished. And when he had drunk his little glass of brandy, there was no doubt whatever that he would be able to get through the performance.

There was a knock at the door. He held himself instantly erect.

"Come in."

It was Polly.

"I thought we'd be getting along," said Polly. "It's seven o'clock."

"Good." His

(*Continued on page* 128)

Let "RANEE" read your character from your Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve" 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply*.

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character. During the month of September "Ranee" will be on a short holiday, so a slight delay will occur in replies to letters.

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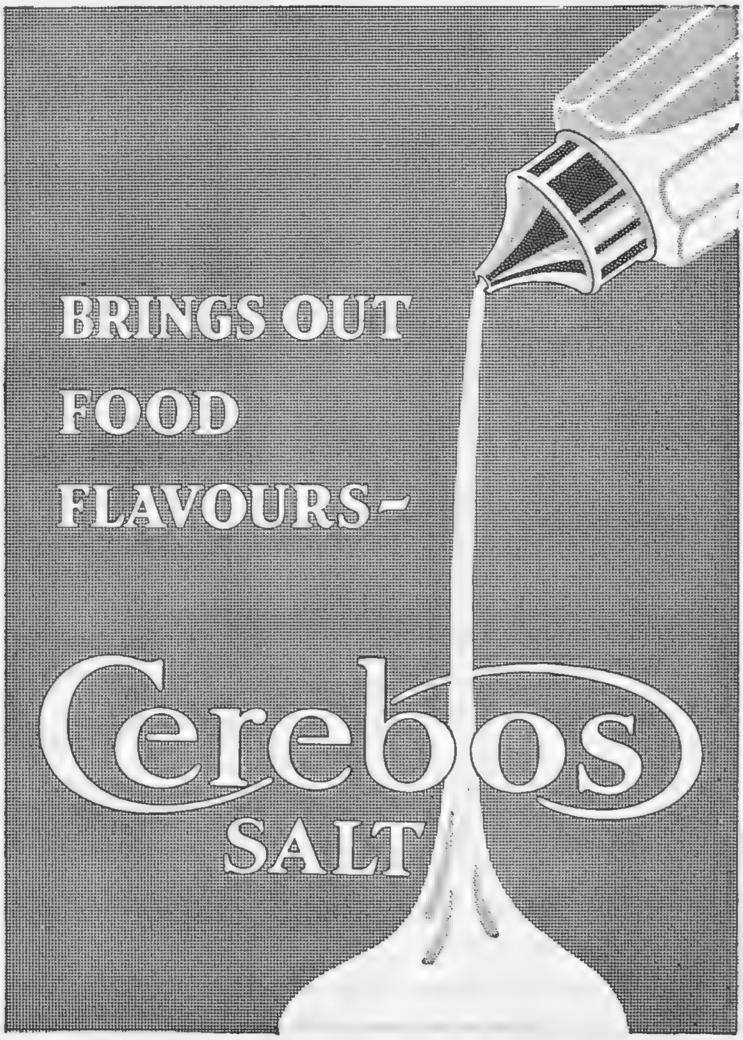

BRINGS OUT
FOOD
FLAVOURS–
Cerebos
SALT

Peter—

with one exception

WITH one exception Peter is an ordinary little fellow. Chubby, likeable, just five-and-a-half, full of life and fun and on occasions—be it admitted—of naughtiness.

Just now Peter's rather important, for this is his first term at school, and he's grappling with the intricacies of "A B C" and "Twice Two": difficult subjects to all men of five-and-a-half, but even more difficult in Peter's case because—bad luck—he's totally blind. That's his One Exception.

Peter learns reading, writing, and 'rithmetic through the medium of "Braille"—dull stuff compared with the coloured picture books of most five-and-a-halfs. However, he's a stout lad is Peter, and he's making great progress. Would you like to know more about him? How, in spite of his "One Exception," he is being educated and, when older, technically trained and usefully employed.

There is a long waiting list of "Peters" throughout the British Isles for whom training and accommodation must be provided in the immediate future.

Will you help with a donation or annual subscription? Any sum, large or small, will be gratefully received.

Here's a suggestion. Your eyesight is worth 3d. a year to you. Send Peter and his handicapped pals 3d. for every year you've had it. Now, please, in case it slips your memory: Good idea?

The Chairman,
SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND
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voice was clear and steady. "I'll come with you."

She put out her arm to help him downstairs. He drew back his head and looked at her scornfully. He went out into the corridors and walked down the stairs slowly, alone, in silence.

But he was afraid.

POLLY sat in the front row of the dress circle. Her hands were icy cold and her brain was numbed. For, try as she would, she failed to see how old Joe was going to get through the performance.

Luck was the one card on which she could count. And it was a card that had been dealt her with miraculous frequency of late. Luck had steered her through the rehearsals. Luck had healed her father's lungs—dulled his suspicions—given him the will to succeed. Would luck also give him the strength?

The last scene in the dressing room had made her doubtful of that. Old Joe was palpably exhausted. It had been an evident effort for him to support Miko's head. Still—there was always the little extra fillip of the brandy that he was to take, just before he went on the stage.

Oh, if *only* the show would run to time! It was dragging terribly. And it was all the fault of this dreadful woman—the principal girl—who would go on singing. She was of the Amazon type, and she was doing her celebrated "Cherry Time" number, dressed in cherry-coloured muslin. It seemed to Polly that she had taken possession of the stage for ever.

Polly bit her lip with impatience. It was already a quarter to eleven, and Miko should have been on half an hour ago. Old Joe, she knew, would have swallowed his little glass of brandy at ten o'clock. The effects would be beginning to wear off.

Ah! The lady was going at last! With a final invocation of the cherry, and a last shriek, the Amazon leapt from the stage. There was a burst of applause, and a quick black out. Through the tail-end of the clapping Polly heard the orchestra playing the soft, quick music that heralded Miko's approach.

A FEATURE of the new type of Frigidaire is the rubber drawer for ice cubes. We all know how annoying it is to disturb an entire drawer of little cubes because we want to get just enough ice to chill one drink, but this rubber drawer neatly solves the problem. Just pull it out and jerk it down a little, and then pick out as many cubes of ice as are required and no more. This is only one of the many excellent points of this invaluable refrigerator, which, happily, is to be found in all the flats of many of the new blocks now being built

MIKO came on. He came on very slowly. Out of time to the music. That was wrong. Polly bit her lip. The audience roared. How funny it was, to see a horse whose front legs could not keep up with its back!

Miko did the first circle of the stage. Then he did the next three tricks, while Joette flicked his flanks. His eyes were not rolling as usual. That was wrong, too. But the audience did not seem to mind.

On went the dance. Always the rear part of Miko was a little ahead of the front.

On and on. And then, a terrible thing happened—a thing that only Polly, in all that vast audience, understood.

The hornpipe was in full swing. Across the stage Miko hopped and ambled—always, it is true, more animated in the rear than in the front, but still a unit, an exquisitely comical unit. The audience rocked with laughter . . . the hopeless, gasping laughter that is beyond criticism, that feeds on itself.

And then Miko stumbled. A fantastic stumble, just at the crucial point. The audience roared. They thought it all part of the fun.

Polly dared not breathe. Her laughter ceased abruptly. The air felt icy around her. Thank God! He had righted himself. Jerkily, slowly. Still the hornpipe was resumed. It was now a sorry scramble, but it was very near the end, and perhaps he might pull through . . . perhaps . . . if they brought down the curtain quickly.

And now he stumbled unmistakably. The whole of the front part of Miko gave a tremendous lurch. The effect was irresistibly comic to all but Polly. Even Joette seemed to double up with laughter, which only added to the general gaiety.

And thus, through increasing pandemonium, was seen the last of Miko's appearance on the stage of England. The legs quivered, slid slowly apart, drooped, and suddenly fell, till Miko seemed to kneel in supplication. Then the shoulders, which had borne up so bravely, collapsed. Only the head remained erect . . . staring out with an expression which, to Polly, was the apotheosis of tragedy—a tortured expression, telling of pride that had been outraged, of strength that had fled, of a soul too fiery for its feeble tenement. The head sunk slowly, inch by inch, with its glazed eyes staring, staring into nothingness. Even Joette realised at last that something was wrong, for she ceased her jigging, and gazed open-mouthed at this unrehearsed spectacle. And slowly the rear part of Miko dragged the front part across the stage . . . a dead weight, scraping and bumping against the footlights. As the curtain fell, the audience shouted its acclamation of the one supremely funny thing they had ever seen . . .

And only a few people in the dress circle were disturbed by a gaunt, middle-aged woman who clambered over them, crying "No, no!" into their startled faces, while the tears streamed down her cheeks.

IT was very quiet in the dressing room. And very bright. The quietness and the brightness seemed incongruous to Polly, as she bent over the figure on the sofa still enveloped in its grotesque canvas sheath.

"Turn out that top light," she whispered to young Joe. He tiptoed to the switch. The room was bathed in a merciful gloom.

How cold his forehead was!

"We got 'em," he said, and his voice was very faint indeed. "We got 'em."

"Yes, yes," whispered Polly.

"Got 'em," repeated old Joe. "Miko's still at the top of the . . ." He coughed again, a terrible cough, because it was so very soft, and yet so hideously racking. It seemed an eternity before he finished the sentence "still at the top of the tree."

"Yes, indeed," said Polly.

"New business," he went on. "New tricks. We'll show 'em. To-morrow." He closed his eyes. Very slowly, very peacefully, he smiled.

Polly could have sworn that in the half darkness Miko smiled too.

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"Among the many regulations under the Road Traffic Act is one which enables a policeman to summon a motorist for driving a car with worn or smooth tread tyres.

"An official of the R.A.C. said to-day: 'Recent cases of car owners being fined under the new regulation for driving on worn tyres show that the motoring public are not generally aware of the regulation.'"

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29×4.40	1	2	3	32×5.25	1	15	3	32×4½ ..	2	1	8	730×130	1	4	0
30×4.50	1	6	4	29×5.50	1	13	9	30×5 ..	2	13	8	775×145	1	12	5
28×4.75	1	1	0	30×5.77	1	16	0	33×5 ..	3	1	0				
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29×4.95	1	7	9	32×6.00	2	2	6	6¾×23 ..	3	7	6	14×50 ..	1	12	0
30×4.95	1	7	9	33×6.00	2	3	0	700×80/85		16	8	15×50 ..	2	0	9
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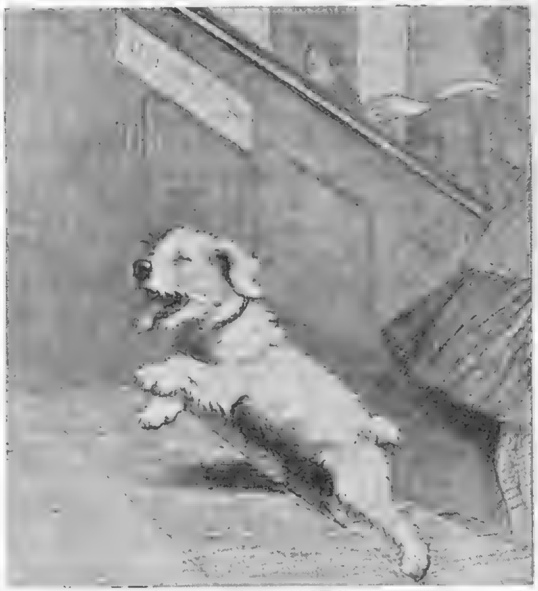

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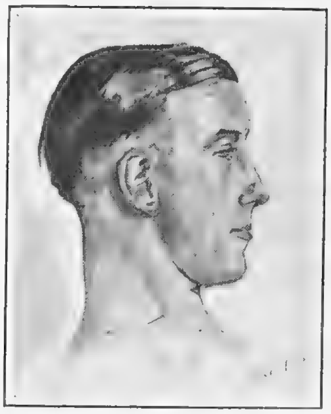
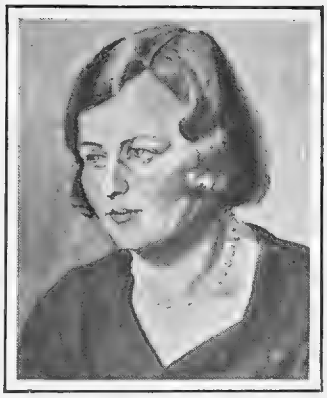


A characteristically vigorous sketch by Ethel Try, G.C.S. 5608, awarded an honourable mention—



—and another by Vera Howell, G.C.S. 5792, submitted for the Graduates' Art Competition of June 18

Irene Petch, whose first volume of poems, "The Waiting Room," with a foreword by St. John Adcock, is being published by Blackwell this week

NEWS of the MONTH

THE promised particulars concerning the Annual Competitions will be found on page 134. Please mark, read and digest these carefully. You will notice that, for the convenience of the many hundreds of Saloners living so far from London that competing at the Hyde Park Hotel in person is practically impossible, there are special Post Competitions. These are now so well supported that separate prizes are awarded for them in the Art and Literature sections.

The majority of you know very well that these Annual Competitions are unique in that the work submitted is personally examined on the day, at the Hotel, by judges who are world famous. Our constant stream of new Saloners, however, will not be so well informed. But in this connection I need only mention the names of Madame Genée, Miss Phyllis Bedells, Miss Marjorie Bowen, Miss Flora Woodman, Mr. John Hassall, Mr. Edmund Sullivan, Mr. W. W. Jacobs, all of whom at different times have acted as judges for us—many of them in an unbroken sequence of years of such kindness—for them to realise what an altogether exceptional affair this is.

So note the date and venue—Saturday, December 5th, at the Hyde Park Hotel—read the instructions *most* carefully, and send in your names and applications in the manner indicated as soon as possible, in order that you may make sure of a chance to compete. With our huge membership, certain sections, such as the Dancing and Recitation, are liable to get full up very quickly, as there is obviously a limit to the number of such entrants who can be examined on the day.

Saloners' Portrait Gallery

Madge Turnbull, a new member, and a keen "fairy godmother"

THE name of Irene Petch will be very familiar to Saloners of some years' standing, who will remember her frequent and successful entries in our Literature competitions. For the most interesting of reasons, namely, the constant acceptance of her work by the Press—in the course of recent years her poems have appeared in *Cornhill*, the *Morning Post, Everyman*, etc., etc.—she has not competed in these pages for some time, and now the first volume of her collected work makes its appearance this week, on September 5th to be exact. Its title is *The Waiting Room* (Blackwell, 3s. 6d.), with a foreword by the late St. John Adcock, and with the very considerable interest which Saloners and members of the Literary Competition Circle take in poetry and in the success of one another in this connection, I can imagine booksellers being subjected to a regular bombardment of enquiries for copies on the morning of September 5th, and woe falling on any neglectful one who has failed to stock it!

New Saloners are constantly writing to ask what the £5 Quarterly Prize means. It is a prize awarded every three months to the Saloner who has shown most regularity of entry and progress in the competitions, and it is sufficient to compete in a single subject, although versatility is, of course, no hindrance.

Competition Results

Award of Prizes, June 18

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Portrait Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Nan Sharpe, G.C.S. 5658. Hon. Mention: Ethel L. Try, G.C.S. 5608; G. E. M. Moss, G.C.S. 5843.

Literature Competition.—An Essay on the Ideal Holiday. Prize 10s. Awarded to Irene McCoy, G.C.S. 5846. Hon. Mention: Amy Read Russell, G.C.S. 5743.

Needlework Competition.—Anything in Colours. Prize 10s. Awarded to Theodora Fuller, G.C.S. 4998. Hon. Mention: Mary Champion, G.C.S. 4772.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A Flower Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Betty Weir, M.C.S. 3242. Hon. Mention: John Waterhouse, M.C.S. 3065; Kitty Earp, M.C.S. 2816.

Literature Competition.—A Short Story. Prize 10s. Awarded to Arnold Parkin, M.C.S. 2791. Hon. Mention: Helen Mary Lillie, M.C.S. 3175; Patricia Appleyard, M.C.S. 3162; Olive Dwyer, M.C.S. 3150.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 10s. Awarded to Cynthia Carrington, M.C.S. 3134. Hon. Mention: Honor Fielding, M.C.S. 3166.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Landscape Study. Prize 5s. Awarded to Veronica Price Harris, A.C.S. 1281. Hon. Mention: Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422.

Literature Competition.—Plans for a Picnic. Prize 5s. Awarded to Doris Osborne, A.C.S. 1284. Hon. Mention: Cecil H. Scott, A.C.S. 1999.

Handicraft Competition

First Prize, 15s.—Awarded to Amy Read Russell, G.C.S. 5743.

Second Prize, 7s. 6d.—Awarded to Marjorie Naylor, G.C.S. 5355.

Hon. Mention.—Nan Sharpe, G.C.S. 5658.

Award of Prizes, July 1

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Helen Fawcett, G.C.S. 4576. Hon. Mention: Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356; May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523.

Literature Competition.—A Sonnet entitled "Summer Days." Prize 10s. Awarded to William H. G. Reed, G.C.S. 5725. Hon. Mention: Florence E. McCoy, G.C.S. 5845; Isabel Garden, G.C.S. 5851; Gladys M. Cumpstey, G.C.S. 4573.

Needlework Competition.—A Pin Cushion. Prize 10s. Awarded to Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583. Hon. Mention: A. G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316; Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Poster for a Seaside Resort. Prize 10s. Awarded to Aylmer Rowntree, M.C.S. 3262. Hon. Mention: Yvonne Earle, M.C.S. 2719; Nancie Berners Wilson, M.C.S. 3099.

Literature Competition.—Dialogue Between Two Schoolgirls. Prize 10s. Awarded to Sylvia Reed, M.C.S. 3087. Hon. Mention: Patricia Appleyard, M.C.S. 3162.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Pencil Drawing of a Tree. Prize 5s. Awarded to Sybil Ingram-Johnson, A.C.S. 1455. Hon. Mention: Desirée M. Picton Seymour, A.C.S. 1452; Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 5s. Divided between Ursula Scott Morris, A.C.S. 1275, and Barbara Heaver, A.C.S. 1354.

Snapshot Competition

A Landscape Study.—First Prize, 10s. Isabel Garden, G.C.S. 5851. Second Prize, 5s. Joan Colyer, M.C.S. 2889. Hon. Mention: Amy R. Russell, G.C.S. 5743; Theodora Gay, G.C.S. 4998; G. Bertelsman, M.C.S. 3126.

Salon and Competition Circles

Conducted by "Levana"

For Girls, Boys and Grown-ups interested in Art, Literature, Needlework, Photography, Handicraft, etc.

Competition Rules

1. The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature, and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.

2. The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.

3. No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.

4. Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.

5. Prizes must be applied for.

6. Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

FUTURE COMPETITIONS

September—October

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, September 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, October 1st. A Poster Advertising Amateur Theatricals. No. III. Closing date, October 16th. A Still Life Study.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, September 15th. A Lyric. No. II. Closing date, October 1st. A Short Story. No. III. Closing date, October 16th. Write the first three hundred words of a novel to be entitled "The Spectre Up At Issingham."

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, September 15th. A Piece of Plain Needlework. No. II. Closing date, October 1st. Do-As-You-Like in Wool. No. III. Closing date, October 16th. Anything Embroidered.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, September 15th. An Out-of-Doors Sketch. No. II. Closing date, October 1st. A Title Page for a Book of Nature Poems. No. III. Closing date, October 16th. Do-As-You-Like.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, September 15th. A Short Story. No. II. Closing date, October 1st. Review of a Recent Book. No. III. Closing date, October 16th. Do-As-You-Like.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 10s. Closing date, October 16th. Anything in Wool.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, September 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, October 1st. A Still Life Study. No. III. Closing date, October 16th. Draw a Group of Common Objects.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, September 15th. Write what you know of Lady Macbeth, Brer Rabbit or Christopher Robin. No. II. Closing date, October 1st. Do-As-You-Like No. III. Closing date, October 16th. A paper on Books I Mean to Read.

Open to All: Age taken specially into account

Snapshot Competition.

First Prize, 10s. Second Prize, 5s. Subject left to Competitor. Closing date, October 16th.

CORRESPONDENCE and CRITICISMS

(*June* 18)

Mary Nourse.—The flower in the immediate foreground is much the happiest part of the composition. Very accurate observation, elsewhere, of facts, without due relation to atmosphere, has produced a somewhat lifeless result. Don't lose the big effect, whilst mastering detail.

Isabelle Patrick-Wilson.—The neck looks very heavy for the size of the head and the features are a bit cramped. Lovely clean colour attractively handled. It would help you a lot to make a number of quick pencil studies aiming at accurate proportion.

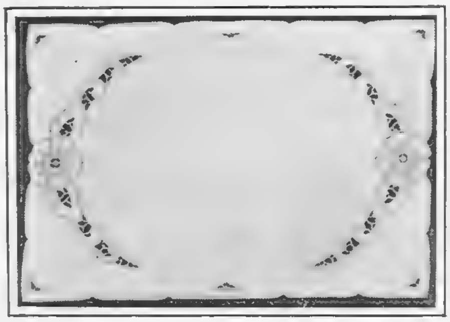
May W. Harrison.—Good sound draughtsmanship attained at the expense of spontaneity. Still very solid and well observed. Look at some good pencil work as applied to portraiture; this should help you to a better appreciation of the possibilities of this lovely medium.

Bridget Hill.—A praiseworthy attempt at a very difficult subject. The complicated background, insisted upon with so much emphasis, destroys the importance of the figure. It would have been sufficient to have indicated these details and left them at that. The attitude is excellent; don't slur hands and feet.

Frances Hudson.—The narrow dimensions of your paper have cramped the effect inevitably. Work on a larger scale. It is impossible to do justice to a group of this type in such a space. The iris are very well drawn and the laburnum charmingly suggested.

Claribel Ireland.—Quite worth putting on to paper, and interestingly done. It should be worked up a little more, particularly in the beginning and at the end. Detail is very important with an episode of this sort.

G. E. M. Moss.—Use a smoother paper and in any case a much softer pencil. You have done very well with materials all against you, but the size of the eyes seems a little exaggerated.



Theodora Fuller's cleverly executed entry for the Needlework Competition of June 18. Awarded the first prize

Gwendoline R. Allen.—The story doesn't quite explain itself in one or two directions, although excellently told all through. John evidently lives near the railway station, but the suggestion towards the end is quite otherwise. Be very careful in such respects.

Mary L. C. Roberts.—Written with much insight and ability. The verse quoted at the end is scarcely good enough as a finish to the essay. I believe you would have done better to rely on yourself!

Dahlia Anson.—You have had to work too hard for your effect; a much softer pencil, say BB, would have avoided the engraved touches which make the softer work look smoky. Apart from this, very well seen, lively and characterful.

Marjorie Naylor.—Michelet paper is hardly fair to the subtleties of pencil, but this is a well drawn, strong and painter-like sketch, full of colour and character. The little brooch is a dainty affair, very cleverly managed in the confined space.

Nan Sharpe.—Your heightened chalk drawing is very stylish and pleasing. The shadow side cheekbone glares a bit, and the strong white of eyes and teeth—particularly the latter—need modifying. A charming and artistic drawing. The d'oyleys are both tasteful and skilful, a very interesting entry.

Vera Howell.—Excellently drawn and good in general tonality though cut up and too much explained in detail. Let things melt a bit more and keep shadows from blackness. You are very nearly there.

Ethel L. Try.—There is a lot of vital and admirable work in your study, it is only in the treatment of the fore-shortened lit planes that you don't quite come off. All the rest is solid and good in handling and colour, but these contours are a bit lost.

John Waterhouse.—Very attractive in depth and strength, a little bit one-textured, with some vagueness as to the actual and reflected. A difficult problem well attacked. Admirable in colour.

Kitty Earp.—Exceptionally vivid and strong effect and technique, but still very cold in colour throughout. The reflexes at least would be warmer and also the deep shadows. In all other respects brilliant.

Betty Metchim.—A charming and clever decoration, very slick and colourful. The lower members of the pewter are not quite right, but this daring personal method of yours is quite a success.

Winifred K. Mitchell.—Very excellent and sincere work, but there should be more of the colour of light in the flowers; the lack of this relief makes them rather dull. It is contrast, not pigment, that makes strong colour.

Some climb! Otherwise the Sychnant Pass. Joan Colyer's prize-winning entry in the July Snapshot Competition

Janet Kennedy.—You haven't quite mastered handling situations, but a good deal of the dialogue is most entertaining. Promising work.

Florence C. H. Woollcombe.—Not a very graceful group for a panel, but very artistically treated. Edges need special attention to give the fragility of flowers. Well suggested and charming in colour, but not quite away from background.

Margaret Smith.—Charming as an effect, although a little exaggerated. The eyelashes of a young child are particularly fine and delicate. Then you haven't joined the neck and head quite as Nature would. Otherwise one of the best entries you have sent in.

Veronica Price Harris.—Well seen and recorded, expecially in respect of the centre bed. The hedge is a bit uncertainly tackled and the foreground suffers in the same way, but good promise is shown. Don't work to the limits of the paper if you can't carry things as far as you would like.

Rena Recaldin.—This tender appreciation of values is admirably done. The difficult detail has mastered you a bit, but seen as a whole the sketch is full of truth. You only need further practice. Seize all the opportunities you can get for working.

Doris Seth-Smith.—Break up your work into paragraphs. This has too solid looking an effect, altogether. Very graphic and interesting, as always, but a little lacking in arrangement.

(*Continued on page* 132)

Olive Dockree, A.C.S. 1433, who, in addition to being an open-air girl, frequently makes good in our Literature contests

Correspondence and Criticisms—contd.

Amy Read Russell.—One of your most successful literature entries. The analysis is excellent. Your other entries also reach a high standard, the handicraft entry being very carefully and daintily achieved even if a little common-place in colouring.

Mabel Sanders.—The end needs a little overhauling. The matter is right enough, but it isn't so gracefully expressed as it might be, whereas the earlier part is very well done indeed in this respect.

Theodora Fuller.—Delightfully expert and dainty. Thank you so much.

Helen Fawcett.—A very sound lay-in, not very subtle in its colour, but excellent in characterisation. The curious complicated background, refusing to explain itself, is not a help to the general effect.

Arnold Parkin.—Not at all badly constructed, and very well handled as far as the murder. After that it goes to pieces, but chiefly, I admit, through lack of experience. You are making progress, however; this is twice as good as the work you were sending in last year.

Trixie Ford.—It is better when attacking a subject of this type to get the impression "over" by means of short conversations and actual happenings. Close-ups of the gambling rooms, or the landing on the island as it actually happened to you, could have been included to assist the effect.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—The head is well constructed and the proportions sound. It fails a little on the artistic side, which is unusual for you, but its solid qualities are thoroughly praiseworthy. As to the paper—it is quite well done—a trifle careless here and there—but refreshing both in matter and manner.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—The end is a bit overdone I do not think it need be quite so serious. A temporary collapse will give you all the effect you want. Excellent otherwise.

Avril Reynolds.—This begins in one key, as it were, and finishes in another. Amusingly done, but the finish is too inconsequent for the beginning.

Irene McCoy.—Quite expert. Well arranged and excellently expressed. There are, however, one or two odd little errors which correction has overlooked.

O. Lawton.—The first half arouses considerable interest, but the climax doesn't quite come off. Some hint of a possible cause for the woman's wholly unreasonable character must be given. Left so stark of any explanation the end just fails to grip. A pity, because there is some unusual work in this effort.

Zenobia Forster-Brown.—It is always wiser to stick to a single episode in a short story and to avoid dealing with a wide space of time. Also whenever possible there should be at least some dialogue to give life and character to the situations.

Gladys Cumpstey.—A bit prosaic, in treatment, for you. You might have pulled my leg a little for setting this subject. I hoped someone would! However . . .

Beatrice S. Little.—Your ideas are a bit ahead of your powers of expression, but with constant practice the latter will soon grow. Compete as often as you can. If you work regularly you will soon make progress, I can see.

Jessie Wilkes.—If you had followed to a definite conclusion one or two of the excellent points suggested, but not stressed, much interest would have been added. Still, even so, it remains a thoughtful and stimulating little study.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—I appreciate the pains you have taken with this. Its chief fault is that it moves far too slowly. The virtue of a story of this class is its rapid plot and counter-plot. Study carefully the work of Dumas and Stanley Weyman if you feel drawn to this sort of thing.

Penelope Burra.—This subject is rather beyond your present powers, but it is nevertheless a gallant attempt. In working at landscape choose an effect which gives you something more definite to go for. This depends upon subtleties which it would tax an experienced artist to record successfully.

Mary Champion.—A charming piece of work, fascinating in design and dainty in execution. Thank you so much.

Patricia Appleyard.—With further experience I think you should be able to write a good yarn in a light style. This is immature but promising. You have an eye for character. Keep on trying.

Betty Weir.—Expert work and a charming result. Your facility grows with everything you do. A crisper touch in the management of the foliage and in the accents is all that this lacks.

Honor Fielding.—On the technical side this leaves little to be desired. I do not quite care for the materials used, but I take it this is a copy perhaps of an early Victorian piece, and therefore with the present vogue, you have every excuse!

Helen Mary Lillie.—Not badly constructed. The chief faults are due to lack of experience, but you are making good progress in the handling of a situation. Cut out all unnecessary matter, and get things moving a little quicker.

Olive Dwyer.—A charming idea, but rather roughly expressed. This delicate, ethereal suggestion needs a "gossamer" touch. Have another shot at it; it is worth the trouble.

Effie Dundas.—Character is very well seized, but the construction of the face is not very sound. The eyes are not a pair in their sockets, the plane of the shadowed side being behind that of the lit one. Perspective, also, is a bit faulty.

Maud Higgins.—It sounds delightful, and as an example of what the subject asked for could not be better. The composition, however, seems a little casual, for you.

Cynthia Carrington.—In style and colour these are most successful. The actual needlework leaves a little to be desired by comparison, but a little more care will quickly correct this.

Sylvia Corbridge.—Delighted to see you competing again. This begins and ends very well, but occasional faults in style need correction. For instance, three consecutive sentences begin with "There are" or "There."

Aziz H. Bhatty.—Such episodes might have been possible in the past, but not to-day. Avoid over-extravagant plots, and read English constantly to note the correct use of words and phrases.

Amy G. Haydon.—This edge is most successful, and the pattern very dainty, but this stitch is always safer with a little padding first.

The Children's Salon

COUPON

(*July* 1)

Nancie Berners Wilson.—For this effect of full daylight the sun is far too low in the heavens. Clever use is made of the birds to assist the design, and if this had been a sunset effect you might have achieved a very useful result. Take some good lettering for your model.

Deirdre Patrick-Wilson.—Well composed, the placing of the figure being particularly happy in relation with the rest, but the detail is a bit spotty. Otherwise the chief colour masses are well managed.

G. E. M. Moss.—Always avoid a coloured surface for a study of this type. It deadens the whole effect. There are some delicate passages of colour, notwithstanding, and the flowers are sensitively drawn, but this background could not fail to handicap you.

Patricia Hepburn.—The engine is far too long. It would have been possible to achieve the same effect by adding a passenger coach or two. In other respects this is quite a good scheme, but it would be better still without the curious upright from the deck of the ship, which so awkwardly conflicts with the lettering above.

Janet C. Robb.—Keep your broad washes of colour cleaner, the sky has lost all luminosity. Not at all bad as design and the simple straightforward effect full of excellent poster intention. The door seems a bit narrow for the space it would need to fill.

Amy G. Haydon.—Very dainty in design and charmingly worked out. I think a stiffer mattress is advisable, but this looks quite well, and does perhaps retain its shape?

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a {*Graduate* / *Member* / *Associate*} *of The Children's Salon Competition Circle*

(Strike out words which do not apply.)

Full name..

Address

....

Age, if under 20..............................

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d. being the Annual Subscription to the Salon.

Joan Guillaume.—Memory sketches are splendid practice, and I am glad to see you indulging in one. For this particular tree the growth seems a little stunted, and the top branches would taper more. Chief characteristics are, however, well seized. Send in regularly if you can.

Veronica Price Harris.—Work on a smoother paper. The grace of the spruce fir and its curious habit are well grasped, but you have been handicapped in carrying the drawing further by the coarse texture of the paper.

Morwenna Nourse.—This curious restriction of colour just fails to come off, but as a piece of interesting patterning it is quite successful and achieves its object in catching the eye. A grey wash over houses and road would have produced a more consistent tone.

May W. Harrison.—A strong and lively effect. The base of the figure and the bowl do not quite agree in perspective, and the handling is a bit harsh in quality—too much dragged and not sufficiently floated. A good group, excellent in colour effect, needing little to be first rate.

H. C. Dorothy Crawley.—Your quaintly decorative scheme would be better for a bit more top and less base. It has an original charm, but the use of gold with its two effects should be confined to illumination only.

Joyce Bidder.—An excellent group, fitting rather tightly into the space, but admirable in quality and handling. The paper bag is a delightful bit of technique, and though the design on the jug flattens the curve a bit, the whole is charming in colour, tone and feeling.

Helen Fawcett.—A strong and dashing bit of oil handling, not impeccably drawn but, except for the pot, delightful in colour effect. With so much delicately seen colour, the pot's foxiness is unaccountable; it needs repainting entirely to live with the rest.

Elizabeth Vere-Hodge.—Your scheme of seeing a prospect through pine stems is good, but the prospect should be attractive. There is charm and atmosphere in this panel, though trees springing from the picture line are rather uncomfortable and the landscape rather desolate.

Aylmer Rowntree.—An original and distinctly clever bit of comedy, well schemed and finished throughout. Clever work though the commercial mind might prefer realism. 30 by 20 and their multiples are standard poster sizes.

Betty Weir.—Flat tones in tempera colour with strong outline would help to these big masses. The chief figure would make a more graceful line with the other arm raised. The general idea and spacing are good, but the effect needs more kick.

Rena Recaldin.—There is considerable feeling for projection and foliage in your pencilling, but if you use a much softer pencil and half close your eyes to see mass and contrast you will take a big step on. The last line of the poem needs thinking out again.

Sybil Ingram-Johnson.—Your tree and scape make a pleasing evening silhouette. The pencilling is good in feeling for mass and tone. Excellent in big effect and in promise.

Bridget Lucas.—If you had placed your lettering outside the sketch this would have been twice as effective. A good white margin all round, with sufficient space below the picture to carry the wording, would improve matters very much. Otherwise pleasantly composed, but the heavy outline is a bit exaggerated.

Penelope Burra.—A clever impression, the accents nicely suggested to indicate characteristic construction. Do you know Leighton's drawing of a lemon tree? I think it would interest you, after having made this study.

Mary Nourse.—For this sky the sea is far too dark, and the sands are too red. A poster may exaggerate an effect, but should be basically correct. A simpler foreground, avoiding the present spottiness, and a better concentration of the interest would greatly assist matters.

Pat Williamson.—The big effect is very good, but you have used your pencil too heavily, and the relation of branch to trunk hasn't been quite grasped. Also projection is only right and left, instead of being all round.

Margaret Smith.—Interesting in design and colouring and distinctly clever in handling, but, for a still life study, a method so entirely decorative is a bit out of place. Still, a very artistic and interesting entry.

Désirée M. P. Seymour.—A remarkable little sketch for your age, full of character and admirably suggested. I shall be interested to see what you do next. Don't cramp your work by using too small a piece of paper.

Sylvia Reed.—Some better climax is essential, but the earlier half is most promising, and the amusing little interludes in verse come in most happily. If you could finish off with one of these, so that it took all the wind out of Dilys's sails, in a good-natured manner, you would get the required effect.

Gladys M. Cumpstey.—A little bit forced, but original and a clever get-away from hackneyed rhymes and expressions. The last line but one needs strengthening.

Diana Wilton.—The dialogue is very well done, but it should lead up to some special point. One expects it to arise at any moment, but it never does, and thus the end is inconclusive. A reader likes to have his awakened interest satisfied, don't forget!

Olwen Lawton.—The dialogue is natural and interesting, but lacks point. I had intended in setting this subject that some sort of story should emerge. Always avoid an uncertain climax unless there is ample justification for it from what has gone before. Otherwise a reader feels disappointed.

Joan Wyatt.—The last few lines are not quite worthy of the good start, but the attempt all through to deal with things at first hand is most praiseworthy.

Ursula Scott Morris.—Good technique and daintily imagined and expressed. You should do very well presently if you persevere.

Elizabeth Hook.—If you had half closed your eyes and realised the masses of light and shade absorbing some of this detail, and simplifying it, you would have arrived at a more exact impression. The trunk and branches show careful observation. Don't attempt to record anything but what you actually see.

Patricia Appleyard.—Carefully thought out, and, although a little long for the slender theme, the detail is well managed, and the character drawing excellent.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—A bit lacking in spontaneity, but good in plot, and not at all badly handled. Dialogue, to sound natural, must not halt. However, carefully constructed, it should appear to have the ease of inevitability to give it life.

Florence E. McCoy.—From the sixth to the eleventh line this reaches a high standard of excellence. Neither the opening nor the close is so good. Have a shot at bringing them to the same level. The rest deserves the effort.

Frances Hudson.—Sea and sky are cleverly managed, but the lettering does its best to obliterate the effect. If your paper had been much longer, permitting a big expanse of sky, then in a clear space you would have been justified in placing a name there. As it is, the space at your command is too limited for such a treatment.

Claribel Ireland.—The ending strikes a rather lame note, although the answers given are doubtless natural enough! Something a little more definitely shamefaced might have been suggested.

Mabel Sanders.—Most cleverly contrived and executed, and novel into the bargain. So many thanks.

Irene McCoy.—The last three lines are weak compared with the rest, which is often extremely good. I think you should attempt their revision. Sentiment is right enough, but grace of expression is curiously lacking considering the high standard of the rest.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—These two competitions must have tried your patience badly! Still life will not present such difficulties if you choose simpler subjects and just try to realise them in paint. Colour is just as lovely and fascinating in indoor subjects as in outdoor ones, really! Look up the definition of a sonnet in the dictionary. This is not correct in metre.

Isabel Garden.—The sharp change of scene from the garden to the sea is a bit inappropriate in so short a poem. It would have been wiser to have kept the interest concentrated in one place. In other respects very good.

Pauline de Ste. Croix.—Pleasing in colour and composition interesting. The lettering would have been better treated as a separate item in a margin. As it is it disturbs the scheme. Promising work.

Barbara Heaver.—The unusual form excites interest, but the repetitions are rather overdone. I should reserve them for the first and last verses only. This will greatly strengthen the effect, I am sure.

(*Continued on page* 134)

The Children's Salon

COUPON

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41st *Annual* Competitions

Thirty Prizes in Dancing, Reciting, Pianoforte, Art, Literature, French and Needlework

To be held at The Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, on Saturday, December 5th, 1931

Entry fee for each Competition—One Shilling.

PIANOFORTE in the LOGGIA ROOM. 11.30 a.m.—Prize A, Associates. Prize B, Members. Prize C, Graduates. Competitors may choose their own piece, which must be short.

ART in the DRAWING ROOM. 10.30 a.m.—Prize D, Associates. Prize E, Members. Prize F, Graduates. Sketch from subject given by the Judges—Figure, Landscape or Decoration. Competitors must bring own materials. Competitions by post. (See Rules below.)

LITERATURE in the DRAWING ROOM. 10.30 a.m.—Prize G, Associates. Prize H, Members. Prize I, Graduates. The Judges will set a subject on the day for a short Essay. Competitions by post. (See Rules below.)

FRENCH in the BRIDGE ROOM. 10.30 a.m.—Prize J, Associates. Prize K, Members. Prize L, Graduates. A Short Paper will be set in French, to be translated into English, and English into French. Competitions by post. (See Rules below.)

RECITATION in the DRAWING ROOM. 10 a.m.—Prize M, Associates. Sections A, B and C.* (See Note at foot.) Prize N, Members. Prize O, Graduates. Competitors may choose their own piece to recite, which must be short.

DANCING in the BALL ROOM. 10 a.m.—Prize P, Associates, Sections A, B and C.* Prize Q, Members. Prize R, Duets (Members and Associates). The Competitors may adopt any style of Dance or Costume.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITIONS BY POST.—Prize S, Associates. Prize T, Members. Prize U, Graduates. Any piece of work made entirely by Competitor.

---

* Associates' Sections A B C in Recitation and Dancing are age Sections: A (6 years and under), B (7 years to 10), C (11 years to 14).

RULES.

Competitors are allowed to enter for one prize only, except in respect of Needlework, which may be taken in addition to the other subject chosen, and must compete in the Section their ages place them in, whether they are attending the Hyde Park Hotel or sending entries by post.

ANNUAL COMPETITIONS BY POST.

(*a*) Saloners living within twenty-five miles of London are not eligible to compete by post.

(*b*) Post Competitors are put upon their honour to complete their competitions in the Art, Literature and French Sections within the time limit stated on the Yellow Entry Forms, and not to obtain any outside assistance from books or otherwise.

(*c*) All entries by post must be sent in not later than Saturday, November 21st.

No one who is a professional may enter for these Competitions.

Salon Members residing abroad are asked to send for entry forms immediately in order that there shall be ample time to compete.

ASSOCIATES are under 15, MEMBERS between 15 and 20, and GRADUATES over 20 years of age. Graduates, Members and Associates who have won a prize in any section at previous Annual Competitions may not compete again in the same section within three years, but may compete in another subject.

Graduates', Members' and Associates' admission tickets to the Hyde Park Hotel, in addition to the entry fee, are 1s. each. (Those wearing Salon Badges will be admitted free. Badges may be bought for 2s. 6d., which are available every year).

Friends' admission tickets, which must be purchased beforehand, are 2s. each.

Admission on the day will be 2s. 6d. for everybody except those wearing Badges.

Yellow Forms can be supplied on application to "Levana," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

Our Literary *Competition* Circle

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of The Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These Competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry) which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND FOURTEENTH SERIES

Entries for the following Competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than the first post, September 15th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best completion of a limerick beginning with "There was a young film star at Hollywood."

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—September 15

HUNDRED AND FIFTEENTH SERIES

Entries for the following Competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post September 29th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best ditty in praise of the pillion girl.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best lyric.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—September 29

Results of 108th Series.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best sonnet.

Awarded to Wrenne Jarman.

Honourably mentioned:—Lettie Cole, Gertrude Pitt, Mary Lang, "J.A.B.," Joan Follwell, Catherine Lawrence, "Dado," Blanche Jones, F. A. Edinborough, May W. Harrison, F. Peel, "N. M. B.," J. H. G. Gibbs, M. A. Jacob, M. W. Burns, G. M. Hudson, H. Broadberry Seaman, Vera Manners, Joyce E. Boyd, "C. A. P.," "A. R. R.," "Una," Ruth Dobson, "G. G."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best verse of four lines describing a dog fight.

Awarded to B. Gibbs.

Honourably mentioned:—Effie Dundas, A. D. Reynolds, B. Porter, Katie Gandy, "C. A. P.," May Belben, "N. M. B.," J. H. G. Gibbs, Catherine Lawrence, Gordon H. Morris, M. Higgins, S. C. Straker, G. M. Hudson.

Results of 109th Series.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to Mary Lang.

Honourably mentioned:—"J. A. B.," Anne Weatherall, M. Higgins, K. Gandy, Irene Doxford, A. D. Reynolds, Gertrude Pitt, M. Asher, M. Scott Morris, Lettie Cole, Evelyn Heaver, M. E. Young, May Belben, "Una," Phyllis Hastings, S. C. Straker, Ruth Dobson, B. Gibbs, H. M. Hancock, H. Broadberry Seaman, B. H. A. Jones, Edith M. Walker, "N. M. B.," C. M. Bliss, Marjorie Crosbie, J. H. G. Gibbs, F. A. Edinborough, B. Paul.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best verse on a topical subject.

Awarded to F. Peel.

Honourably mentioned:—J. H. G. Gibbs, "G. G.," N. Bentley, B. Paul, M. Scott Morris, May Belben, May W. Harrison, Vivien Jameson, "R. S. W."

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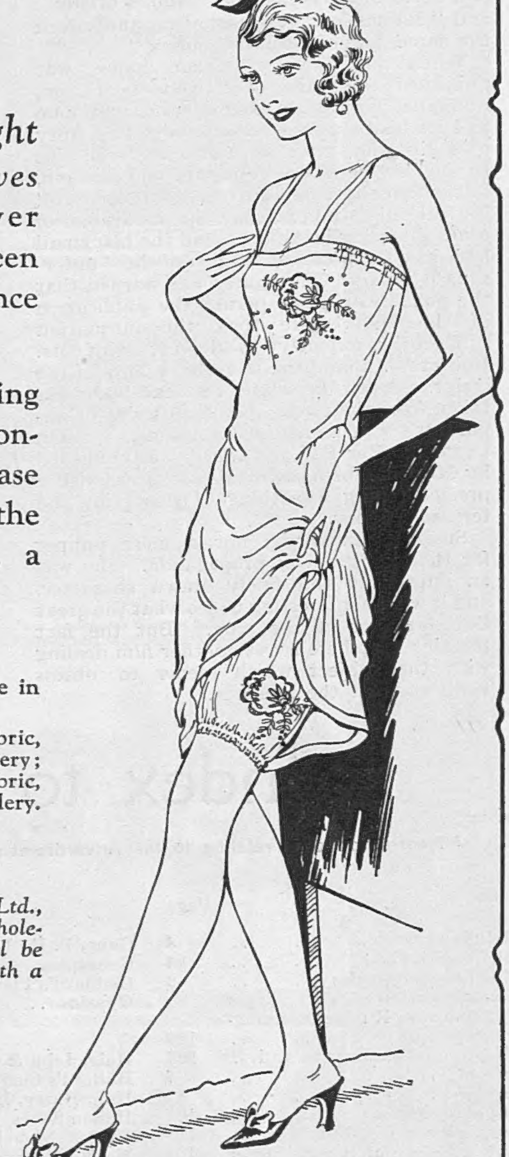

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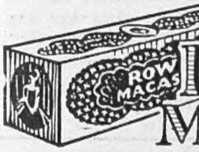

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Nothing Could be Fairer

(*Continued from page* 45)

leads "The Merry Wives of Reno." There can be no doubt about the character of these pictures and of their blonde heroines, but what would you? The producing companies are proverbially imitative, and Tallulah was a "Tarnished Lady," and got away with it, Marlene took a past to "Morocco," and has died "Dishonoured," to the ecstatic delight of her admirers, and Greta Garbo is capping." Anna Christie" and "Romance" by creating for the screen the name part of "Susan Lennox."

When the novel of that name was published, something over twelve years ago, it created world-wide excitement. Its theme and its history were sensational. The story of a girl who, after the usual betrayal, sins to the very depths of depravity and poverty, but eventually escapes from the underworld, its real object was to show up the system of graft obtaining in America and the blackmail levied by the police on women of the "unfortunate" class. The author was warned that the police would not permit the publication of the book. He took the intimation sufficiently seriously to deposit with Mr. Robert W. Chambers, secretly, a copy of the script. A few days later his dead body was taken from the river. No manuscript of importance was found in his rooms. "Susan Lennox: Her Fall and Rise," was published by Mr. Chambers about a year later, with a preface telling something of this grim and terrifying story.

Susan Lennox was not a mere puppet for the exposition of propaganda. She was an interesting and finely drawn character, and it will be interesting to see what the great Garbo makes of the part. But the fact remains that here is yet another film dealing with the subject which seems to obsess Hollywood at the moment.

THERE is some attempt at justification of the recurrent theme inasmuch as, in nearly all these pictures, there is a moral implication, since the immoral heroines certainly have a very rough time of it even if they do, sometimes, achieve a happy ending, and even this is often dubious, and is certainly capable of individual interpretation. Coming away from seeing Norma Shearer in "Strangers May Kiss," I heard an innocent-looking London youth say to his friend with a self-conscious snigger: "Gives our sex a slap in the face! Shows us up proper, what?" When he said "our sex" he took all the glory and all the blame, and yet nothing could have revealed him less accurately than Neil Hamilton's interpretation of the most obvious and bounding cad ever depicted on the screen. This was the chap with whom, in the picture, Norma Shearer inexplicably, chose to run away to Mexico for an unofficial honeymoon.

The Mexican background was very incidental and sketchily indicated: a couple of natives gesticulated and jabbered unintelligibly, from which the well-trained film audience immediately inferred a Spanish *venue*: the hotel or boarding house bore a Spanish inscription and Norma Shearer wore a Spanish hat. That was about all the production "execs" (we must get familiar with these technical terms if we are to become really film conscious) troubled to do about it. The behaviour of the lovers would have been equally appropriate to Southend—then their lodgings might have had to be re-labelled "Bellevue" and, remembering the home-made "Hindle Wakes," one could not help thinking that they have a better time on unofficial honeymoons at Blackpool. Anyway, the cad—believe it or not—turns out to be the hero, since he gets the girl in the end, leaves her with nothing but memories and a ticket back to New York; so the Mexican venue may not have been quite motionless, since a girl who is deserted so far from home has more excuse for taking it badly than if she is left on the parental porch.

The poor thing went to Paris—and we know what that means on the films! When the cad-hero turned up again he was outraged, and called her all the rude names he could think of, but she loved him still, and so *he forgave her* and took her from the broad-minded and loyal young man who had waited about for her in bars all through the picture. (This part was played with distinctive charm and cynicism by Robert Montgomery.) Well, that, one supposes, is Hollywood's idea of pointing a moral. Let us leave it at that.

THERE is one glorious exception to all this authentic and synthetic blonde side-stepping. The Fox Film Company is still exploiting the brown-eyed, brown-haired Janet Gaynor, with all her tears and smiles and simple sweetness. "Daddy Long-legs" is succeeded by "Merely Mary Ann," in which she has Charles Farrell for her screen lover for the first time since his marriage and her breakdown.

A year ago Janet Gaynor was easily the most popular of all the film stars with the great big British public. It seems that they resented it when Fox put her into a film in which she fell from grace and even took to drugs. Now she is back in the wistful, dewy, maidenhood parts in which she excels. It will be interesting to see whether she has been deposed by the showy, scintillating, side-stepping stars whom the producers, in spite of Mr. Cecil Beaton, consider sophisticated and who, of late, have dominated the screen, lubricated the hairdressers and fascinated the film fans.

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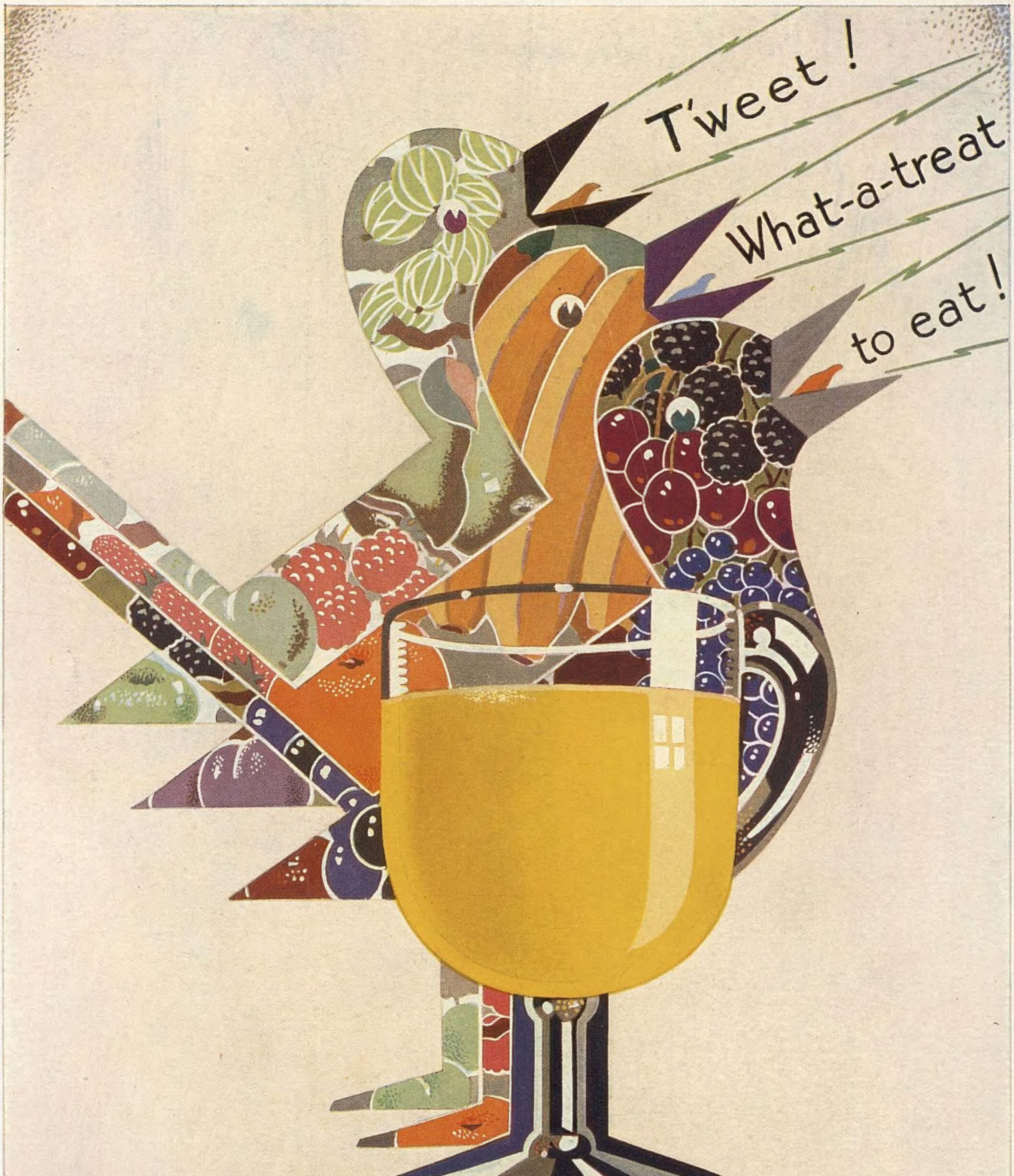
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